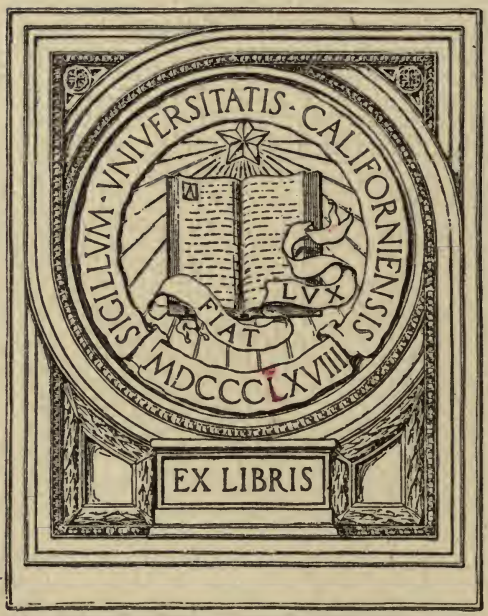
THE MODERN AMERICAN SPEAKER

EDWIN
DU BOIS SHURTER
Ph.B.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The Modern American Speaker

FOR

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STUDENTS, LAWYERS, PREACHERS, TEACHERS AND ALL INTERESTED IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY

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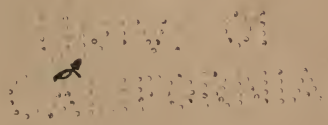

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PREFACE.

The selections in this volume have been collected during the past seven years while the compiler has been engaged in instructing college students along the lines of public speaking.

Despite the deep-seated and perhaps well-founded prejudice among educators against so-called "elocution," it is generally conceded that some sort of training in public speech should be afforded students in the higher institutions of learning, as a preparation for professional life and the duties of citizenship. In the earlier stages of the training of the young speaker, practice in giving expression to another's thought has its value, if directed along right lines. It should be thought adapted for presentation to a present audience, and hence on a subject of present interest. This need has furnished the controlling principle in making the selections herein, culled from a large mass of material. Some "old favorites" are included for purposes of ready reference and class drill; but the selections are for the most part from the productions of writers and speakers of the present generation, and on subjects of present interest and importance. A very large portion of the selections have never before been published in any "Speaker." Some partisan speeches are included, but an effort has been made to give each side an approximately equal representation.

While it would be impossible to include in a single volume selections from all the prominent American speakers of to-day, still it is believed that the selections herein are fairly representative, and will furnish suggestive examples in the study of present day oratory. When used for declaiming, most of the selections will not require more than five minutes in delivery; and by the omission of a paragraph or two, when required, they can all be brought within such time limit.

In communicating the thought contained in another's words, the student should attempt to discover and employ the elements of power which have made so many of the speeches and addresses herein represented a commanding influence in our national and civic

life. In the earlier efforts of the young speaker, the work of the teacher is largely that of aiding the student to discover and develop his own powers. The student must realize that to convince the understanding, he must himself understand what he is speaking; to arouse the emotions, such emotions must be aroused within him at the moment of delivery; that to accomplish this, he must "bound the thought," as Lincoln said of his own method, "north, east, south and west." He should carefully analyze and interpret the selection for himself, assimilating and adopting the thoughts as his own, and speak them as he himself would utter thoughts which he thoroughly comprehends and believes, and of the truth of which he intends to convince his hearers.

Selections from others' writings and speeches, studied and delivered in this manner, can be made most serviceable, even for college students, in cultivating a natural, direct and forcible delivery, and in thus laying the foundation for subsequent training in oratory, debating and extempore speaking.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following for permission to use selections indicated: to Col. Henry Watterson, for the selections from his oration on Lincoln; to Mrs. Henry W. Grady, for the selections from Mr. Grady's speeches; to Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, for the selections from his speeches and orations; to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the selections from the works of Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell; to Harper Brothers & Co., for the selections from the orations and addresses of Curtis; to Small, Maynard & Co., for the selections from Booker T. Washington's "The Future of the Southern Negro;" and to Messrs. Lee & Shepard, for the selections from speeches and addresses of Wendell Phillips. The sources of other selections, when ascertainable, are noted in the text.

For the copies of some of the selections I am indebted to my former students at Cornell and Texas Universities. My thanks are especially due to Professor Duncan Campbell Lee, Head of the Department of Oratory at Cornell University, for the loan of copies of certain selections; and to Herrick Cleveland Allen, Assistant Professor of Public Speaking at the Ohio State University, for valuable suggestions in compiling and arranging.

EDWIN DU BOIS SHURTER.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,
January 1, 1901.

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MODERN AMERICAN SPEAKER.

ELOQUENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(From his oration on Adams and Jefferson.)

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreak of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action.

ELOQUENCE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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Statement, method, imagery, selection, tenacity of memory, power of dealing with facts, rapid generalization, humor, pathos, are keys which the orator holds; and yet these fine gifts are not eloquence, and do often hinder a man's attainment of it. And if we come to the heart of the mystery, perhaps we should say that the truly eloquent man is a sane man with power to communicate his sanity. (People always perceive whether you drive or whether the horses take the bits in their teeth and run.) There is for every man a statement possible of that truth which he is most unwilling to receive—a statement possible, so broad and so pungent that he cannot get away from it, but must either bend to it or die of it. Else there would be no such word as eloquence, which means this. The listener cannot hide from himself that something has been shown him and the whole world which he did not wish to see; and, as he cannot dispose of it, it disposes of him.

Eloquence must be grounded on the plainest narrative. Afterwards, it may warm itself until it exhales symbols of every kind and color, speaks only through the most poetic forms; but, first and last, it must still be at bottom a biblical statement of fact. The orator is thereby an orator, that he keeps his feet ever on a fact. Thus only is he invincible. No gifts, no power of wit or learning or illustration, will make any amends for want of this. All audiences are just to this point. Fame of voice or of rhetoric will carry people a few times to hear a speaker; but they soon begin to ask, "What is he driving at?" and if this man does not stand for anything, he will be deserted. A good upholder of anything which they believe, a fact-speaker of any kind, they will long follow; but a pause in the speaker's own character is very properly a loss of attraction. If you would lift me you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me you must be free. If you would correct my false views of facts,—

hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought, and I cannot go back from the new conviction.

Eloquence, like every other art, rests on laws the most exact and determinate. It is the best speech of the best soul. It may well stand as the exponent of all that is grand and immortal in the mind. If it do not so become an instrument, but aspires to be somewhat of itself, and to glitter for show, it is false and weak. In its right exercise, it is an elastic, unexhausted power,—who has sounded, who has estimated it?—expanding with the expansion of our interests and affections. Its great masters, whilst they valued every help to its attainment, and thought no pains too great which contributed in any manner to further it,—resembling the Arabian warrior of fame, who wore seventeen weapons in his belt, and in personal combat used them all occasionally, — yet subordinated all means; never permitted any talent—neither voice, rhythm, poetic power, anecdote, sarcasm—to appear for show; but were grave men, who preferred their integrity to their talent, and esteemed that object for which they toiled, whether the prosperity of their country, or the laws, or a reformation, or liberty of speech or of the press, or letters, or morals, as above the whole world, and themselves also.

ELOQUENCE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

(Adapted from his lecture on O'Connell.)

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that never since God made Demosthenes has He made a man better fitted for a great work than He did Daniel O'Connell.

You may say that I am partial to my hero; but John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old slaveholder threw up his hands and exclaimed: "This is the man, those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day," and I think he was right.

Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could

magnetize a senate; and Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand, but no one of these men could do more than this one thing. The wonder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin, he could charm a college better than Everett, and leave Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a senate.

It has been my privilege to have heard all the great orators of America who have become singularly famed about the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to melt under the magetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun, but O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett, and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit, and pathos; before the masses, a whole man. Emerson says: "There is no true eloquence, unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech,—one who could be neither bought, bullied, nor cheated.

When I was in Naples, I asked Thomas Fowell Buxton: "Is Daniel O'Connell an honest man?" "As honest a man as ever breathed," said he, and then he told me the following story: "When, in 1830, O'Connell first entered parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it, and we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer him up, and when I spoke he should cheer me, and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came with one Irish member to support him. A large party of members (I think Buxton said twenty-seven), whom we called the West India interest, the Bristol party, the slave party, went to him, saying, 'O'Connell, at last you are in the House, with one helper. If you will never go down to Freemason's Hall with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with those Abolitionists, count us always against you.'

"It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded. O'Connell said: 'Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave

to the roof of my mouth, if to help Ireland—even Ireland—I forget the negro one single hour.'

"From that day," said Buxton, "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

And then, besides his irreproachable character, he had what is half the power of a popular orator; he had a majestic presence. In his youth he had the brow of a Jupiter or Jove, and the stature of Apollo. A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sydney Smith says of Lord John Russell's five feet, when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had passed, the stalwart hunters of Yorkshire exclaimed: "What, that little shrimp—he carry the Reform Bill!" "No, no," said Smith; "he was a large man, but the labors of the Bill shrunk him."

These physical advantages are half the battle. You remember the story Russell Lowell tells of Webster when, a year or two before his death, the Whig party thought of dissolution. Webster came home from Washington and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest, and 4,000 of his fellow Whigs went out to meet him. Drawing himself up to his loftiest proportions, his brow charged with thunder, before that sea of human faces, he said: "Gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig, a revolutionary Whig, a constitutional Whig; and if you break up the Whig party, sir, where am I to go?" "And," says Lowell, "we held our breath thinking where he could go. If he had been five feet three, we should have said: 'Who cares where you go?' "

So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke, and he added to it what Webster had not, and what Clay had,—the magnetism and grace that melts a million souls into his. When I saw him he was sixty-five,—lithe as a boy, his every attitude a picture, his every gesture grace—he was still all nature; nothing but nature seemed to be speaking all over him. It would have been delicious to have watched him if he had not spoken a word, and all you thought of was a greyhound.

Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say, "I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunderstorm against the breeze, to tell the slave-holder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to re-

mind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking."

You seemed to hear his voice reverberating and re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. And then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh, and the next moment there would be tears in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears. And all the while no effort—he seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up, and paint them blue."

THE ELOQUENCE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(Adapted from a eulogy delivered before the municipal authorities of Boston, Mass., April 18, 1884.)

Wendell Phillips was distinctively the orator, as others were the statesmen, of the anti-slavery cause. The tremendous controversy inspired universal eloquence, but supreme over all was the eloquence of Phillips, as over the harmonious tumult of a vast orchestra one clear voice, like a lark high-poised in heaven, steadily carries the melody.

His position was unique. He was not a Whig or a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him; he must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him; he must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. Yet he did not pander to the passion of the mob. The crowd did not follow him with huzzas. If it tried to drown his voice, he turned to the reporters, and over the raging multitude calmly said: "Howl on; I speak to thirty millions here."

The tone, the method, of the new orator announced a new spirit. With no party behind him and appealing against established tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under the cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded

his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial or feigned emotion. It was simply colloquy—a gentleman conversing.

It used to be said of Webster, "This is a great effort"; of Everett, "It is a beautiful effort"; but you never used the word "effort" in speaking of Phillips. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. And this wonderful power,—it was not a thunderstorm; yet somehow and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory,—that is the secret of genius and eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with richness of illustration, with apt illusion, and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> "Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought
> That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

FREE SPEECH.

THEODORE TILTON.

Free speech is not merely a spark from an eloquent orator's glowing tongue, even though his utterance has power to kindle men's passions or melt their hearts. Free speech is an eloquence above eloquence. It is an oratory of its own, and not every orator is its apostle.

For many years a Carmelite monk touched the souls of men with the consolation of faith; and Paris, listening, said: "This is eloquence." Then, in that trial hour of his history, this same preacher, against the impending and dread anathema of Rome, exclaimed: "I will not enter the pulpit in chains!" And the world said: "Hark! This is more than eloquence—it is Free Speech." Yes; eloquence is one thing and free speech is another. Open Macaulay's history. Lord Halifax was the chief silver-tongue among a whole generation of English statesmen; but though he woke the ringing echoes of many a parliament, and though wherever he went he carried a full mouth of fine English, yet never, in all his public career, did he utter as much free speech as John Hampden let loose in a single sentence, when he said: "I will not pay twenty-one shillings and sixpence ship money."

Edward Everett leaves many speeches; Patrick Henry few. But the great word-painter, who busied himself with painting the white lily of Washington's fame, never caught that greater language of free speech that burned upon the tongue of him who knew how to say: "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

Free speech is like the angel that delivered Saint Peter from prison. Its mission is to rescue from captivity some divinely inspired truth or principle, which unjust men have locked in dungeons or bound in chains. For thirty years the free speech of this country was consecrated to one sublime idea: an idea graven on the bell of Independence, which says: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." After thirty years' debate on human liberty, this idea is like Ophelia's rosemary: it is for remembrance; and it calls to mind the champions of free speech

in New England. They are the choice master spirits of the age. Some of them have been hissed; others hailed; all shall be revered. As the legend runs, Saint Hubert died and was buried. A green branch lying on his breast was buried with him; and when, at the end of a hundred years, his grave was opened, the good man's body had dissolved into dust, but the fair branch had kept its perennial green. So the advocates of free speech shall die and their laurels be buried with them. But when the next generation, wise, just, and impartial, shall make inquiry for the heroes, the prophets, and princely souls of this present age, long after their bones are ashes their laurels shall abide in imperishable green.

CAMPAIGN ORATORY.

(From an editorial in the Century for August, 1900.)

It is undoubtedly true that the tone of political oratory has been cheapened in the last decade. Those who are usually charged with the business of supplying the spoken arguments of a campaign, should consider that the ablest speakers may be more useful at the outset than at the end of the canvass. It has been the custom to save the heavy guns for an awful detonation at the close; and so far as they are guns of percussion rather than of precision, they are well placed at the end, when everybody is longing to have surcease of the noise, as well as of the suspense. But at the outset the ablest speakers—meaning thereby the men who always have something serious to say, and know how to say it well—perform a double service: they predispose the public to lend an ear to the discussable issues of a campaign, and they set the style for the young men who talk at the minor meetings.

Grand rallies are made up almost entirely of the party zealots, but the neighborhood gatherings draw largely from the people who are in a mood to welcome information, and are therefore the most important of all the political meetings, in so far as it is possible nowadays to influence the mass of voters by personal exhortation. Speakers who appeal merely to the prejudices of men or chiefly seek to amuse them may succeed in holding to a party those who have already yielded their consciences, but they seldom make converts to a cause. Citizens who are capable of having political convictions form them, and change them, only on facts presented in arguments which arouse serious reflection. The larger newspaper activity in political discussion undoubtedly is often considered a reason for some indifference to the character of what is spoken from the stump. Instead of being a valid excuse, that is the strongest indictment of such indifference. Unquestionably the thinking citizen becomes weary of the iteration of the press, which in its partisan capacity wears the aspect of a professional advocate; and the finest wisdom diffused in cold type lacks something

of the persuasion of the earnest voice and the conviction of the flashing eye and the magnetic manner. The quickness of apprehension of the average American audience is of itself a sign that the shortest avenue to the greatest political influence with the American people will always lead from the rostrum.

Certainly it has always been so. No American statesman has a greater reputation for geniality of temper and a large vein of private humor than Abraham Lincoln. Probably no American statesman has ever been more influential in what he addressed by speech and letter to the public. But Lincoln's aim before an audience was never to amuse; neither did he seek merely to interest; with a purpose of lofty seriousness he always sought to convince.

And yet the "silver-tongued" forever have vogue with the managers of political meetings. In the stress of filling time they seem to have enormous value, but it may be doubted if they fill ballot-boxes. Demagogic leaders have a special fondness for them, and often thrive in spite of the inutility of such eloquence. But the political speakers who steadily grow in influence as their powers mature, who are a help to their party and a credit to their country, are men who have a capacity for facts, and an overmastering sense of the seriousness of political thought and action.

BIMETALISM.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

(Extract from the speech delivered before the Democratic National Convention, July 9, 1896, in concluding the debate on the adoption of the platform.)

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention:—

We have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people. We do not come as individuals. It is not a question of persons; it is a question of principles, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side.

The gentleman who preceded me spoke of the State of Massachusetts; let me assure him that not one present in all this convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the State of Massachusetts, but we stand here representing people who are the equals before the law of the greatest citizens in the State of Massachusetts. When you come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day—who begins in the spring and toils all summer—and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak for this broader class of business men.

Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—the pioneers away out there who rear their children near to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected school houses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead—these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not

a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them.

Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses, who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country," and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will the Democratic party fight: upon the side of the "idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses"? That is the question which the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

TRUSTS.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

(Extract from an address delivered at the Chicago Anti-Trust Conference, September 16, 1899.)

A monopoly in private hands is indefensible from any standpoint, and intolerable. I make no exceptions to the rule. I do not divide monopolies in private hands into good monopolies and bad monopolies. There is no good monopoly in private hands. There can be no good monopoly in private hands until the Almighty sends us angels to preside over the monopoly. There may be a despot who is better than another despot, but there is no good despotism. One trust may be less harmful than another. One trust magnate may be more benevolent than another, but there is no good monopoly in private hands, and I do not believe it is safe for society to permit any man or group of men to monopolize any article of merchandise or any branch of industry.

My contention is that we have been placing the dollar above the man; that we have been picking out favorites and bestowing upon them special privileges, and every advantage we have given them has been given them to the detriment of other people. My contention is that there is a vicious principle running through the various policies which we have been pursuing; that in our taxation we have been imposing upon the great struggling masses the burdens of government, while we have been voting the privileges to a few people who will not pay their share of the expenses of the government.

Every trust rests upon a corporation—at least that rule is so nearly universal that I think we can accept it as a basis for legislation. Every trust rests upon a corporation and every corporation is a creature of law. The corporation is a man-made man.

When God made man as the climax of creation he looked upon his work and said that it was good, and yet when God finished his work the tallest man was not much taller than the shortest and the strongest man was not much stronger than the weakest. That was God's plan. We looked upon

his work and said that it was not quite as good as it might be, and so we made a fictitious person called a corporation that is in some instances a hundred times—a thousand times—a million times stronger than the God-made man. Then we started this man-made giant out among the God-made men. When God made man he placed a limit to his existence, so that if he was a bad man he could not do harm long, but when we made our man-made man we raised the limit as to age. In some states a corporation is given perpetual life.

When God made man he breathed into him a soul and warned him that in the next world he would be held accountable for the deeds done in the flesh, but when we made our man-made man we did not give him a soul, and if he can avoid punishment in this world he need not worry about the hereafter.

My contention is that the government that created must retain control, and that the man-made man must be admonished: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" and throughout thy entire life.

Let me call your attention again to this distinction. We are not dealing with the natural man; we are not dealing with natural rights. We are dealing with the man-made man and artifical privileges.

What government gives the government can take away. What the government creates it can control, and I insist that both the state government and the federal government must protect the God-made man from the man-made man.

God made all men and He did not make some to crawl on hands and knees and others to ride upon their backs. Let us show what can be done when we put into actual practice the great principles of human equality and of equal rights. Then this nation will fulfill its holy mission and lead the other nations step by step in the progress of the human race toward a higher civilization.

EXPANSION.

SENATOR WILLIAM P. FRYE, OF MAINE.

(From an address delivered in New York City, April 27, 1899, at a dinner given by various New York associations in honor of Senator Frye.)

What shall we do with the Philippines? In my judgment there will be no uncertain sound in the answer of our people. They have been acquired honestly, and in their acquirement we have dealt generously with Spain. We will hold them as our own, for the good of the peoples who inhabit them and for the immense advantage, commercially, they promise us. We will give them a good government, relief from burdensome taxation, ample security in all their civil and religious rights. We will build highways, construct railroads, erect school-houses and churches. We will allow them to participate in government so far and so fast as we may find them capable. We will give employment to labor and good wages to the laborer. We will arouse in them an ambition to become good citizens, competent to manage their own local affairs and interests. We will make it possible for them, some time in the future, to form a stable republican government, capable of making treaties, enforcing their rights under them, and observing their obligations. Then we, alone being the judges of their competency, will surrender to them the sovereignty, reserving to ourselves the naval and coaling stations necessary for our commerce and its protection. In the meantime, we will not restore a rod to Spain or sell a rod to any nation of the earth; nor will we permit our supreme authority to be diminished or questioned by any power within or without the islands.

Such utterances as these may subject me to the charge of being an expansionist. I plead guilty to the indictment, and find myself in most exalted company.

In 1803, when our area was only a little over eight hundred thousand square miles, the Louisiana Territory was annexed. It included Arkansas, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Colorado, North and South Dakota, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, 1,171,000 square miles. What an

outcry the anti-expansionists raised! Senator White of Delaware declared "it would prove the greatest curse that could befall us."

Representative Griswold of Connecticut: "It will prove the subversion of our Union."

A voice of Massachusetts was heard, as now. Josiah Quincy, when it was proposed to admit Louisiana as a State, speaking of the purchase of the Territory, said:

"If this bill passes, the bonds of the Union are virtually dissolved. The Constitution never was and never can be strained to lap over all the wilderness of the West. You have no authority to throw the rights and liberties and prosperity of this people into hotchpot with the wild men of Missouri, nor with the mixed race of Anglo-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi. This bill, if it passes, is a death blow to the Constitution."

Dickerson of New Jersey said: "Oregon can never be one of the United States. The Union is already too extensive."

Even as late as 1845, when Texas was under discussion, Daniel Webster deplored the tendency to enlarge our territory, and declared that it was dangerous to our institutions.

But in spite of the prophecies of evil, we kept right on extending; in 1819 added Florida; Texas in 1845; New Mexico and California in 1848; Alaska in 1867, until we have increased our original 800,000 square miles to over 2,800,000, and our Constitution survives; our Declaration of Independence lives, and our Union is more powerfully cemented than ever. I am encouraged and strengthened in my faith that the Republic will survive the acquisition of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and that the advantages to be derived by us, commercially, will compensate us a hundredfold for all the cost, while the war waged for humanity's sake will, if we are faithful, lay up for the Republic treasures in heaven.

EXPAND AT HOME AND NOT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

D. A. DeARMOND, OF MISSOURI.

(From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, February 10, 1899.)

It is argued that if we are to be the leading nation of the Anglo-Saxon race, we must undertake the task of governing the Filipinos. Sir, our tasks are here. Our duty is to our own people. When we have builded a greater republic here, when we have advanced in the development of our resources, when we have furnished the steady light for the guidance of the world, then we shall have performed well our part in history. Here is our theater. Here Providence has cast our lot. Here is the scene of our duty. Here is the field of the glorious achievements of our fathers. Here is the arena for our children. Why seek to enlarge it in the Old World? Why seek to add to it that which can never be harmonized with it?

Some gentlemen suggest that the Filipinos shall not come in as citizens of the United States. What then, do you want with them? What is to be their relation to the people of this country, if they are not to become citizens of the United States? I do not wish them to be citizens of the United States. I do not believe in lowering the level of citizenship so that they can reach it. I do not believe in adding to the bulk of illiteracy, of venality, of corruption, that which is to come in by the incorporation of the Filipinos.

But do you say, "Let us hold them?" What a magnificent spectacle that would be to the rest of the world! What a travesty upon republicanism for the giant Republic, the exemplar Republic, the Republic in the van, to go into the business of holding colonies and subduing and governing people as the monarchies, absolute and despicable, do!

What encouragement could we thus afford to struggling humanity the world over? How many thousands, aye, how many millions of people, have looked across the dark scenes of the present, hoping to see the brighter light of the future—hoping to see the gleam of the star of liberty blazing in the great Republic of America, in the western world, and trusting that thence the inspiration would

come, teaching that man can govern himself, and inviting the brave, the resolute, the true, the generous, to escape from onerous conditions existing and partake of that liberty which we Americans have long enjoyed.

What message shall we send out to those people if, instead of continuing the champion of personal liberty, we now turn to be the oppressor? How shall we hope to maintain a Government such as we have so long boasted of—a Government of freemen by freemen—if the Government itself is to engage in the business of subjugating and oppressing the Filipinos, lately our allies, in another hemisphere? How shall we hope, after having taken up the business of protecting the oppressed and affording an asylum to the weak and suffering throughout the whole world, to escape condemnation, if in turn, we, ourselves, adopt a policy of subjugation and force rule?

Let us not stumble along blindfolded until the fact, that we never have parted with any territory once regarded as our own, may be used as an argument and a sentiment against doing what is certain, if we persist in this course of imperialism, soon to be proved necessary for our own welfare—to get away from the Orient and devote our energies to our own country and hemisphere, to the protection and the upbuilding of our own institutions at home.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS "IMPERIALISM."

BISHOP DOANE.

(From a sermon to his diocese at Albany, N. Y., 1898.)

I am not frightened by the alarming sound of this newly coined word "imperialism," which may mean much of good, or much of evil. I look with grave anxiety upon the tremendous problems which demand the utmost wisdom of a statesmanship for whose creation we have need to pray. But the duties are upon us, and the dangers are before us, and we must meet them like men and in the fear of God, and not apply to the conditions of to-day counsels that were wise a hundred years

ago, nor whine like babies at a bitter dose of medicine, or school boys over a lesson that is hard to learn.

The brave and honest, and it seems to me, the sensible and only attitude is that of waiting upon God, to learn and get from him the wisdom and the grace to work out his will, which has carved out with sword and cannon and musket, by fleets and armies, a new place for this people among the nations of the world. Courage and not complaining, prayer and not vain regrets, confidence and not cowardice, ought to be the spirit of every citizen of America to-day. We have won, not a victory over a brave but feeble foe, but we have won unity among ourselves, the knitting together of the English speaking race, the deliverance of an oppressed people, an open way among the nations for a purer faith, a truer liberty, a finer civilization. And we must pay the penalty, too, of the grief and losses of the war and of its heavy burden of national responsibility.

Of the duty of this nation to the world, we ought to think and speak on our knees. If we believe in a perpetual providence of God, if we believe in his active government of the world, we cannot doubt that, no matter by what means it comes about, the God who made all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, not once in the beginning as a final act, but continually by the revelations of His will, assigns to them the bounds of their habitations.

The discovery of the continents, the inhabitations of distance by electricity and steam, the hearts that beat in unison because of this one physical descent, across the ocean from England to Australia, from America to England, the tongues that speak the same language under every sky, the bonds of commerce, the common interests of similar civilization and of one religion, which bind into a great family of numerous nationalities that composite race of Anglo-American-Indian-Australian men; these are the signs of God's will in apportioning habitations and assigning duties to the men who are the creatures of his hand and the instruments of his sway. It is God who hath wrought this out and who hath changed the face of the world, who hath made the little one a strong nation, who has wiped out, piece by piece, off the map of America the name even of the nation whose illus-

trious son discovered the existence of its southern hemisphere, who has built up the domination of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin races, who has almost reversed the miracle of Babel by the mastery of the English speech in all civilized nations of the world.

These are the conditions which confront us. We cannot go backward to the circumstances of a century ago. Not conquest, not new worlds to conquer, but the acceptance of responsibility, in the world of which we are a part, among the nations and people of the earth, to whom we have a message; this is our duty, written, it seems to me, for him who runs to read.

THE TREATY OF PARIS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

One of the American Commissioners to negotiate terms of peace with Spain.

(Extract from a speech delivered before the Union League Club, of Chicago, February 22, 1899.)

You ask me why we demanded the cession of the Philippine islands. Practically the entire question as to the Philippines was finally left by the President to the judgment of the American commissioners. It was at first thought that it would be sufficient for naval and strategic purposes to take the island of Luzon only; but the best military and naval authorities laid the situation before us from a military, naval, and strategic point of view, and made it perfectly clear that we must either take the entire archipelago or abandon it entirely; that the situs of those islands as to each other was such that the acquisition of one, with a hostile power, or a foreign power of whatever disposition, holding any of the others, would only reproduce the conditions of Cuba as against the United States and create a perpetual threat and danger in the waters of the East. In view of the astounding changes which the Chinese Empire has been subjected to, and is destined to further undergo, it was necessary for the United States to have a sufficient naval station

and also a commanding commercial position in those waters. Besides, considering the case from a higher point of observation, who in this audience would have advised us to leave the Philippines, or any portion of those islands, to the ineffable atrocities of Spain? When Dewey set the stars of that flag among the antipodal constellations of those Oriental skies, he imposed upon the American people a responsibility of which we did not dream, and which we cannot avoid.

In view of our past and coming interests in the Chinese Orient, we cannot endure that the Philippines shall be dismembered by foreign powers, as they will be if this Government removes itself from that situation. Above all things, my fellow-citizens, although appearing perhaps dimly before us now, I believe there is a profound perception in the minds of the American people that part of all this force which has pushed and established us there is an impetus which tells for civilization, for a better Christianity, and that the United States, as the great evangelist of the nations, is destined to play a leading part in the regeneration of the Asiatic Orient. It has been asked, "Why did you not take a relinquishment of sovereignty as in the case of Cuba, or establish a protectorate?" The conditions were not the same. We had pledged our faith that we would not acquire Cuba. We can establish a protectorate or exercise a vigilance over Cuba with comparative ease, but who wishes to establish at once and now a republic under our protectorate in the Philippines which can involve us in all sorts of complications with foreign powers, make us responsible for its diplomatic relations, for its failures, delinquencies, and its aggressions, and involve us in wars which we did not cause, but which we must inevitably enter into when once caused by another?

To us the acquisition of the Philippine archipelago is not the mere gratification of the lust or pride of conquest. Let us all endeavor to look a little beyond day after to-morrow, into a visible future, and let us mark certain great tendencies, proceeding with all the force and regularity, and sometimes with the slowness, of a great geological process, and see, if we can, what is meant by that which has thus been transpiring on the surface of human affairs within the last fifty years,

namely, the tendency (shall I call it of humanity, or shall I call it the forces which move the human race?) towards the Chinese Orient—the Asiatic East. France has acquired Madagascar, looking towards India. In Africa the great centers of annexation are upon the eastern coast. Russia is constructing across Siberia that great transcontinental railroad which was forecast two hundred years ago, when Peter the Great sent Vitus Bering overland to the straits which bear his name. By the Cassini treaty of 1896 Russia has obtained practical control of Chinese Manchuria, an area as large as Texas and containing twenty millions of people. She has obtained Port Arthur, always open, for a terminus of the trans-Siberian railroad instead of Vladivostok, frozen four months in the year. France has seized Tonquin, Annam, Cambodia, and Cochin China. Germany has made a compensatory seizure opposite to Corea. These operations are of evil portent. I am not in favor of the dismemberment of the great Chinese Empire—an empire which was old when Alexander watered his steed in the Indus; an empire so ancient that it has undergone all the great experiences of the human race, and has, in the process, survived. I am in favor of the integrity of that empire, and desire that it may become accessible to all the civilized world and to its commerce. Accordingly, I have said and I think that it would safeguard the peace of the world for fifty years if Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, as to all those Oriental waters, and the lands bordering upon them north of the equator, should declare that there should be no dismemberment of that immemorial empire.

THE "OPEN DOOR" POLICY IN CHINA.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

(From an address delivered before the students of the University of Pennsylvania, June 12, 1900.)

The subjection of China to full intercourse with Western civilization is the most stupendous secular event since the discovery of America by Columbus.

No diplomatic achievement in our history, excepting the treaty negotiated by Franklin by which our independence was acknowledged, and the conventions by which Louisiana and the Provinces of Mexico were acquired, can be placed before this negotiation. It did not expand our possession, but it will expand our influence and ascendency immeasurably. It is the result, however, of the two expansions as to Louisiana and Mexico, and of the acquisition of the Philippines, Alaska and Hawaii, without which the United States would have been the most remote from, instead of being as it is now, the nearest of all the nations to, the great Asiatic market. These negotiations bound all the powers reciprocally to identity and equality of right and duty as to everything which can pertain to commerce and intercourse with China.

The sovereignty of the United States has been expanded immensely by the war with Spain. I believe that for this the American people were ordained. There need be no fear for the future. No administration will ever attempt, it will not be permitted by the controlling majesty of that people to attempt, to contract that sovereignty within the limits from which it has expanded, bearing with it all the imperial powers of righteous government, regenerating civilization and irreversible progress.

With all this the United States will, as always heretofore, stand for peace. It is as true of nations as it is of the smallest villages, or of two families, or of two men, that peace is secured by obedience to that precept of righteous selfishness—"mind your own business." We shall attend to our own affairs. We shall not entangle ourselves in the controversies of European States; nor, by any unfriendly act, intermeddle with that which does not concern us. Those

states will fight to the utterance their own wars in their own way, and be judges for themselves of the causes for which those wars shall be waged.

The United States is the great armed Neutral of the world. It will have peace, not as the boon of a suppliant non-combatant, but as the right of a peace-loving, armored, puissant nation whose rights are secured by its manifest ability to cause other nations to respect them.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

EX-GOVERNOR C. A. CULBERSON.

(From a speech delivered at Winsboro, Texas, October 8, 1898.)

In harmony with its advocacy of a strong central government, inviting extravagance and profligacy, as well as perverting the high and original mission of the nation, the Republican party would expand our territory beyond the limits of this hemisphere. It would abrogate the wise policy announced by President Monroe, and now a part of the law of nations, that we would not become involved in European affairs, but would confine ourselves to this hemisphere, and regard with disfavor all efforts to establish monarchical governments upon it, or extend those already founded. It would amount to national bigotry and reverse the history of a century to declare against foreign interference with the western hemisphere, and yet presume to invade the eastern hemisphere. The annexation of the Philippine Islands and the revolutionary policy it would inaugurate, to which the Republican party is committed, would embroil us in the quarrels of Europe and Asia; compel the enlargement of the army and navy to the extent of oppressive taxation to maintain them; admit to citizenship ten millions of people who are aliens in race and religion, and by reason of their character and distance from the United States, incapable of assimilation with us; and turn the thought and aspirations of our

people from the ways of peace and happiness to those of armies, and war, and conquest. Under such a policy this mighty Republic, dedicated to manhood liberties in the precious blood of heroes, intoxicated with martial glory and the ephemeral splendors of empire, would be moved from its high purpose and driven from its noble mission. On the contrary, the policy of the Democratic party as to the acquisition of territory, would avert these perils to our national peace and safety. Broadly speaking, it would be confined to this hemisphere, which would relieve us of foreign environment; avoid the necessity of a burdensome army and navy for its defense; enable us, by proximity to the territory, to people it with our own citizens and gradually assimilate the population to our own; enlarge our trade and commerce; strengthen and fortify and perpetuate our dominion of the continent, and yet preserve unimpaired our institutions and civilization. By the annexation of Cuba, when it may be done consistently with our declaration made at the outset of the war, the pestilential fevers which originate there, and which yearly paralyze trade and destroy life in the South, would be averted; our commerce greatly expanded; our mastery of the Gulf of Mexico and the countries bordering upon it secured; the recognized policy of the Democratic party followed, and our mission as the dominant and enlightened power of the continent advanced. Expansion of territory within these limits has always been the policy of the Democracy. It originated with its founder and philosopher; was often pursued by its subsequent leaders, and upon repeated occasions has been publicly and solemnly declared. If there be Democrats who object to this, we answer that we are walking in the footsteps of the fathers, and advancing the manifest destiny of the Republic.

Jefferson declared with deep significance that we would dominate the Gulf of Mexico by the acquisition of Cuba, and then look northward. There was in this neither dream nor prophecy of universal empire, but of continental solidity and world reaching influence. We are not legislating for today, or tomorrow, or next week, or next year only. We are building for all the ages. Not in our time, nor for many generations to come, perhaps, but if we could rise to the

height of the centuries it might be that the boundaries of this great Republic without war, or conquest, or wrong, and in spirit with its struggle for the betterment of mankind, will be the two great oceans and the Northern and Southern seas, and its power and influence for enlightenment and liberty as boundless as the globe.

"OUT OF THE PAST."

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

(Selected from a sermon delivered before the students of Harvard University, March 26, 1899.)

National history abundantly illustrates the truth of the proposition that movement is not progress. Spain was anchored to the past; she was bound by her own traditions; she knew no progress. Spain had nineteenth century guns and sixteenth century men behind them; we know what came. On the other hand, France broke with her past, cut sharply asunder from it. She brought together a convention of men who were, on the whole, patriotic and prophetic and desired well for their country; but they sundered her from all the traditions of the past, and it was many years before she could begin again a new course of progress. Great Britain has held to her traditions, but has not been tied by them. She has made her future grow out of her past, and has kept the connection between the past and the future; and the history of Great Britain has been a history of continuous and, on the whole, of almost unbroken progress.

America has turned a page in her National history. What shall she write on the new page? She may, on the one hand, say nothing which has not been written in the past. She may bind herself by traditions of the past; she may try to be in the future exactly what she was in the past—and she will not succeed. On the other hand, she may break asunder from that past entirely. She may say "thus far we have grown rich and strong and prosperous by principles of liberty and self-government, and now we will take a new tack and see what we can do by principles of imperialism and despotism." Neither the one nor the other course will give her progress. We are not to be bound by the traditions of the past. Traditions are not manacles to bind us, but are harness for us to use in the forward movement. There is no more reason why the counsels which were appropriate in the beginning of the nineteenth century should bind us in the beginning of the twentieth than why the creeds that were the best thought of the seventeenth century should

bind us in the nineteenth. We must do our own thinking, and guide our own ship by our own wisdom. But we must not break away from the past, and we must learn how to develop the future out of the past.

And the nation has a right, young men, to look to a great university like this, and to the young men who are coming forth from this university, to guide it in the progress of the future. It has a right to look to you to tell the nation what shall be in the larger life that lies before it. The country needs leaders. It needs them sadly. It is glad to welcome them—so glad that it takes them, not infrequently, without asking whence they have come or whither they lead. You have eternity before you. Begin, not from an imaginary past, to which you can never go back; not from an imaginary future which you have not reached. Begin from the present, with all its treasury of good—ay, with all its treasury of evil. And, keeping the pathway unbroken from the past to the future, lead on to life, to larger life and yet larger life, answering the call of Him whose call is ever upwards.

COLONIES AND THE CONSTITUTION.

JOSEPH WELDON BAILEY, OF TEXAS.

(Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, 1900, the House having under consideration the Tariff Bill for Porto Rico.)

I understand and appreciate the situation of the gentlemen who are supporting this bill. They realize the utter impossibility of governing colonial possessions according to the constitution of the United States and they have resolved upon the dangerous course of boldly setting the constitution aside. If I could derive a personal satisfaction from any circumstance which I deemed a misfortune to my country I would rejoice in their decision, because it abundantly confirms what I said in the very beginning of this controversy. Eighteen months ago, when the fever of war and conquest was in the blood of our people, when men talked only of battles and victories, when the music of the fife and drum aroused our martial spirit, I did not yield to this general excitement; but in the midst of it all I stood unmoved and warned my countrymen that the constitution of this free American Republic could not be applied to colonies. When emotional statesmen cried out to know who would take down the flag I dared to say that I would take it down from any land where the constitution of my country could not follow it.

Gentlemen of the Republican party, are you ready to present to the world the anomaly of a government restrained by a constitution in one quarter of the globe and yet possessed of despotic powers in all other regions of the earth? How long will our constitution shield us and our children if we withhold its protection from the meanest under our jurisdiction? It was ordained to limit the powers of this government at all places and over all men; the greatest are not exempt from its limitations, nor can its protection be denied to the humblest.

Under this new and strange philosophy which we are invited to embrace, the people of our new possessions will neither perform its obligations nor enjoy its blessings. To

them those sacred guarantees which we hold more precious than our lives are meaningless. Their houses may be searched; the altars of their religion may be leveled to the ground; soldiers may be quartered on them in time of peace, and when they have peacefully assembled to petition for a redress of their grievances they can be dispersed at the point of the bayonet. They can be arrested without a warrant; they can be tried without a jury, or condemned without a trial. The greed of one American pro-consul may strip them of their property and the lust of another may despoil their homes. And yet, sir, against these unspeakable atrocities they cannot invoke those great provisions which our fathers deemed the heritage of all freemen.

Gentlemen, are you ready to divide our people into citizens and subjects—half monarchy and half republic? Let us borrow the immortal words of Lincoln, and applying them to new conditions, let me remind you that this Republic cannot endure one-half free and the other half slave. Either we must all be citizens or in time we shall become subjects. I did not want these alien and inferior races, and I fervently pray that we may yet be delivered from the impossible task of assimilating and governing them. But, sir, if you will take them, you must make them a part of us; we must share our destinies with them and they must share their destinies with us, for there is no place under this form of government of ours for that wretched creature without a citizenship. Every man who stands beneath the ample folds of that flag which adorns yonder speaker's stand shall have the right to face the world, and with that prouder than Roman boast upon his lips, proclaim, I am an American citizen.

NO COLONIES.

G. G. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

(From a speech in the United States Senate, December 12, 1898.)

It seems to me peculiarly appropriate at this time to examine what are the powers of Congress in regard to the acquisition and government of new territory. When eminent statesmen ridicule "the swaddling clothes" made by Washington and Madison, it is surely time to ask whether the American people are ready to follow these apostles of the New Evangel in revolutionizing our Government, and trampling upon the teachings and policies which have made us great and prosperous.

Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that the Revolutionary War, which gave us existence as a people, was fought for four years exclusively against the colonial system of Europe. Our fathers did not in the commencement of that struggle contemplate independence from the mother country. When the people of Rhode Island burned the British war sloop Gaspee in Narragansett Bay, and the people of Massachusetts threw overboard the cargo of tea in Boston harbor, they acted as British subjects, proclaiming their loyalty to the Crown of England. When Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee met at the old Raleigh tavern in Williamsburg, Va., and indorsed the action of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, they proclaimed themselves English subjects, loyal to the King, and only demanded the rights that were given to them as Englishmen by Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

What is the colonial system against which our fathers protested? It is based upon the fundamental idea that the people of immense areas of territory can be held as subjects, never to become citizens; that they must pay taxes and be impoverished by governmental exaction without having anything to do with the legislation under which they live.

Against taxation without representation our fathers fought for the first four years of the Revolution, struggling against the system which England then attempted to impose upon them, and which was graphically described by Thomas Jef-

ferson as the belief that nine-tenths of mankind were born bridled and saddled and the other tenth booted and spurred to ride them.

When war became flagrant and battles had been fought and blood had been shed, the patriots of the Revolution came to the conclusion that there must be final separation from the British throne. Thomas Jefferson then penned the immortal Declaration upon the basic idea that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Mr. President, it is incredible that the men who fought for seven long years, without money, without men almost, and without arms, against the proudest and strongest nation in the world, resisting the doctrine upon which the colonial system of Europe is based, should, after being rescued by Providence from its thraldom, deliberately put this doctrine in the written Constitution framed to govern them and their children.

Sir, we are told that this country can do anything, Constitution or no Constitution. We are a great people—great in war, great in peace—but we are not greater than the people who once conquered the world, not with long-range guns and steel-clad ships, but with the short sword of the Roman legion and the wooden galleys that sailed across the Adriatic. The colonial system destroyed all hope of republicanism in the olden time. It is an appanage of monarchy. It can exist in no free country, because it uproots and eliminates the basis of all republican institutions, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

I know not what may be done with the glamor of foreign conquest and the greed of the commercial and money-making classes in this country. For myself, I would rather quit public life and would be willing to risk life itself rather than give my consent to this fantastic and wicked attempt to revolutionize our Government and substitute the principles of our hereditary enemies for the teachings of Washington and his associates.

BIMETALISM OR INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY.

B. R. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

(From a speech in the United States Senate, January 29, 1896.)

The money changers are in the temple of our liberties and have bought the sentinels on guard. It may be too late. God grant it be not so; but this great Republic can only be saved from the miseries of revolution and internecine strife in the near future by its citizens casting aside blind allegiance to party and marshaling themselves under the banner of Jefferson's Democracy and Lincoln's Republicanism, determined to restore the Republic to the form in which it was left to us by the fathers, and since consecrated by the blood of brothers, shed in civil war, engendered and brought about by just such statesmanship as we have here. The encroachments of the Federal judiciary, and the supineness and venality—corruption, I may say—of the representative branches of the Government are causes of deep concern to all thinking and patriotic men. We are fast drifting into government by injunction in the interest of monopolies and corporations, and the Supreme Court, by one corrupt vote, annuls an act of Congress looking to the taxation of the rich.

A day of reckoning will come, unless there is no longer a just God in heaven; and when it does come, woe be unto those who have been among the oppressors of the people. The present struggle is unfortunately too like that which preceded the late civil war, inasmuch as it is sectional. The creditor and the manufacturing States of the North and East, those which have grown inordinately wealthy at the expense of the producing classes of the South and West, are urging this policy with the besotted blindness of Belshazzar. The old slaveholders of the South were not more arrogant or more determined. "The sordid despotism of wealth," to use the apt phrase of Justice Brown, is already felt throughout the land. The Representatives in Congress from those States, without regard to party affiliations, are solidly arrayed under the banner of monopoly and the gold standard. Greed and self-interest seem alone to actuate them.

Self preservation and patriotism should bind the South and West in equally strong bonds of union. We cannot afford to longer put party above country.

You have already been told in glowing language by the eloquent Senator from Missouri that the conflict is "irrepressible," and it is easy to see from the temper and feeling of the equally distinguished Senator from Colorado and other Western Senators that the struggle for the new emancipation has begun. And the new Mason and Dixon's line which is drawn, not by the surveyor, but by the denial of the natural and inalienable "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" to a large majority of citizens, will sooner or later bring together in the bonds of union the toiling and now down-trodden masses of the cities and the equally desperate masses of the country; agrarianism and communism will join hands. There are millions now on the march, and they tramp, tramp, tramp; tramp the sidewalks hunting work and tramp the highways begging bread. Unless relief comes they will some day take a notion to tramp to Washington, with rifles in their hands, to regain their liberties which have been stolen from them or which their representatives have sold; and the hitherto conservative force of the Republic, the well-to-do agricultural class, will lift no hand to stay the march, but join it. God grant that our country may be spared the enactment of such scenes as were witnessed in Paris in 1789. But the fair flower of liberty planted by Jefferson in the immortal Declaration of the 4th of July, 1776, watered by the blood of our Revolutionary sires under Washington, cannot be uprooted or smothered by the noxious weeds of monopoly and class privilege without bloodshed; and a cataclysm, which will give us a military despotism, or leave the Republic redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, is just as sure to come as yonder sun shines in the heavens, unless we do our duty here and take the hands of these conspirators off the people's throats and give them an opportunity to breathe, to work, to live.

EXPANSION.

HENRY L. WATTERSON.

The traditional stay-at-home and mind-your-own-business policy laid down by Washington was wise for a weak and struggling nation, and, if it could be adhered to, would be wise for every people. But each of the centuries has its own tale of progress to tell, each raises up its own problems to be solved. The difference between a scattered population, fringing the east Atlantic seaboard, and eighty millions of people occupying and traversing the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is too great to admit of contrast.

As no preceding cycle the intervening century has revolutionized the world. Another century may witness the transfer of human ambitions and activities from Europe and America to Asia and Africa. The Pacific, and not the Atlantic, may become the washbasin of the universe. Can the United States stand apart and aside while these movements of mankind, like a running stream, pass them by, an isolated and helpless mass of accumulated and corrupting riches? We could not if we would and we should not if we could.

We must adapt ourselves to the changed order. We must make a new map. The vista, as it opens to our sight, is not so great as would have been the vista of Texas and California, Florida and Alaska to the eye of Washington. For all his wisdom the father of his country could not foresee electricity, nor estimate the geographic contractions it would bring. Already the old world is receding. Another world is coming into view. The statesmanship of the twentieth century must address itself to this and will be largely constructive in its character.

The United States from now on is destined to be a world power. Henceforth its foreign policy will need to be completely reconstructed. From a nation of shopkeepers we become a nation of warriors. We escape the menace and peril of socialism and agrarianism, as England has escaped them, by a policy of colonization and conquest. From a provincial huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a

rope of sand, we rise to the dignity and prowess of an imperial republic incomparably greater than Rome.

It is true that we exchange domestic dangers for foreign dangers, but in every direction we multiply the opportunities of the people. We risk Caesarism, certainly; but even Caesarism is preferable to anarchism. We risk wars, but a man has but one time to die, and, either in peace or war, he is not likely to die until his time comes. In short, anything is better than the pace we were going before these present forces were started into life. Already the young manhood of the country is as a goodly brand snatched from the burning and given a perspective replete with noble deeds and elevating ideas.

EXPANSION.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

The greatest expansionist of the last century was Washington himself. Scientists tell us of the reversion of organic beings, after the lapse of generations, to the form or habits of an earlier type. If this law of biology holds in politics, as I believe it does, then our Chief Magistrate in his policy of expansion, would seem to have been possessed by the spirit of Washington, who extended the national domain from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, or of Jefferson, who, impelled by the same imperious instinct, trampled under foot his dearest political theories and secured for the Union the vast territory beyond the Mississippi, where the flag now waves over the prosperous and intelligent citizens of a dozen populous States.

This century is unlike all the centuries that have gone before. Our most distinguished scientists have christened it "the wonderful century." And so, indeed, it is, not merely in the free hyperbole of popular speech, but in the severe exactitude of scientific description. A miracle is a departure from established ways, and the whole history of mankind shows nothing that could have augured the intellectual and material achievements of the last three generations.

What is the token of this wonderful century? I say, in a word, expansion—a boundless extension of human knowledge and a vast enlargement of human power. In this century, for the first time, the might of the intellect has given dominion over the forces of nature. The miracle of the nineteenth century is the systematic harnessing of the powers of nature. The last three generations have learned more about the universe in which we live than all the earlier generations of mankind. The nineteenth century has been a century of expanding knowledge, a century of abounding invention, a century of amazing increase in the means of communication and transportation.

Into our reluctant lap the hand of destiny dropped the Philippines. We have accepted them, and with the aid

of Providence we propose to discharge our responsibilities to them, though territorial expansion was never dreamed of when the war began, and we did not desire it when the war closed. Territorial expansion has been the law of the Nation's life. Thanks to steam and electricity, which abolish distance, the modern state admits of unbounded territorial organization without loss of supreme control at the center or of local self-government in any of its members. The equipoise between central sovereignty and local independence is the balance wheel of the American system. This is our contribution to the politics of the world. And this is the surest guarantee of the performance of our Republic.

We cannot be true to ourselves or loyal to the new obligations that have come upon us unless we recognize that this last expansion of our Republic is a summons to work for the material, intellectual and moral elevation of the Filipinos, to teach them to practice in ever-growing measure the unwonted lessons of self government, and by so doing to make our flag, which is already the symbol of irresistible power, the star of promise and the emblem of benediction to all the oppressed peoples of the benighted Orient.

"LEST WE FORGET."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

(Extract from the President's address to the Graduating Class of Stanford University, June, 1898.)

Patriotism is the will to serve one's country, to make one's country better worth serving. It is a course of action rather than a sentiment. The shrilling of the mob is not patriotism. It is not patriotism to trample on the Spanish flag, to burn fire-crackers, or to twist the Lion's tail. The "glory" of war turns our attention from civic affairs. Neglect invites corruption. Noble and necessary as was our Civil war, we have not yet recovered from its degrading influences. The war with Spain has united at last the North and South, we say. So at least it appears. When Fitzhugh Lee is called a Yankee, and all the haughty Lees seem proud of the designation, we may be sure that the old lines of division exist no longer. But our present solidarity shows that the nation was sound already, else a month could not have welded it together.

It is twenty-eight years ago to-day that a rebel soldier who says,

"I am a Southerner,
I loved the South and dared for her
To fight from Lookout to the sea
With her proud banner over me."

stood before the ranks of the Grand Army and spoke these words:

"I stand and say that you were right;
I greet you with uncovered head,
Remembering many a thundrous fight
When whistling death between us sped;
I clasp the hand that made my scars,
I cheer the flag my foemen bore,
I shout for joy to see the stars
All on our common shield once more."

This was more than a quarter of a century ago, and all this time the great loyal South has patiently and unflinchingly accepted war's terrible results. It is not strange, then,

that she shows her loyalty to-day. The "Solid South," the bugaboo of politicians, the cloak of Northern venality, has passed away forever. The warm response to American courage, in whatever section or party, shows that with all our surface divisions, we of America are one in heart. And this very solidarity should make us pause before entering upon a career of militarism. Unforgetting, open-eyed, counting all the cost, let us make our decision. The federal republic, the imperial republic—which shall it be?

The policing of far-off islands, the maintenance of the machinery of imperialism, are petty things beside the duties which the higher freedom brings. To turn to these empty and showy affairs is to neglect our own business for the gossip of our neighbors. Such work may be a matter of necessity; it should not be a source of pride. The political greatness of England has never lain in her navies nor the force of her arms. It has lain in her struggles for individual freedom. Not Marlborough, nor Nelson, nor Wellington is its exponent, let us say rather Pym and Hampden, and Gladstone and Bright. The real problems of England have always been at home. The pomp of imperialism, the display of naval power, the commercial control of India and China—all these are as the bread and circuses by which the Roman emperors held the mob from their thrones. They keep the people busy and put off the day of final reckoning. "Gild the dome of the Invalides," was Napoleon's cynical command when he learned that the people of Paris were becoming desperate.

A foe is always at the gates of a nation with a vigorous foreign policy. The British nation is hated and feared of all nations except our own. Only her eternal vigilance keeps the vultures from her coasts. Eternal vigilance of this sort will strengthen governments, will build up nations; it will not in like degree make men. The day of the nations as nations is passing. National ambitions, national hopes, national aggrandizements; all these may become public nuisances. Imperialism, like feudalism, belongs to the past. The men of the world as men, not as nations, are drawing closer together. The needs of commerce are stronger than the will of nations, and the final guarantee of peace and

good will among men will be not "the parliament of nations," but the self-control of men.

Some great changes in our system are inevitable, and belong to the course of natural progress. Against them I have nothing to say. Whatever our part in the affairs of the world, we should play it manfully. But with all this I believe that the movement toward broad dominion would be a step downward. It would be to turn from our highest purposes to drift with the current of "manifest destiny." It would be not to do the work of America, but to follow the ways of the rest of the world.

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday.
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

THE MISSION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

CHARLES EMORY WEDDINGTON.

(From a speech delivered at Athens, Ga., February 20, 1900.)

England was the cradle in which the Anglo-Saxon principles were first rocked and the home in which this God-favored race grew and waxed strong and mighty.

Toward England every phase of the world's civilization was destined to wend its way. When Christianity sprang from the humble manger in the plains of Judea, after a stormy career it was wafted in gentle breezes to the shores of Britany, and there it found a lasting receptacle in the bosom of the Anglo-Saxon.

When Grecian learning was drifting, as it were, aimlessly about the ruins of blighted Europe, it finally found an avenue into the heart of England, and there it was fostered with a new zeal by the active intellect of the Anglo-Saxon.

When Roman laws, and Roman customs, and Roman traditions seemed all but lost to the world, they were carried in peaceful messages across the British channel, and there they contributed an immeasurable allotment to the strength of the Anglo-Saxon.

Well might it be said that civilization has been blessed with the learning of the Grecian, the law of the Roman, the religion of the Judean and the manhood of the Anglo-Saxon.

When, indeed, this new race sprang like magic upon the stage of action, strong and vigorous, brave and true, its every fiber teeming and pulsing with energy and enthusiasm —a type of manhood, the noblest, the most courageous and sublime, was born into the world, and the world was blessed by its advent.

And so all the essential elements of the past political, intellectual and spiritual growth, were harmonized each to each, and, as a beautiful united whole, were implanted in the fertile being of the Anglo-Saxon, and with this motive power of Anglo-Saxon manhood results were accomplished that have thrilled the world. The rapidity with which our

race sprang upon the scene of action is, indeed, a marvel, but the eagerness with which it grasped the helm of civilization, and the ease with which it guided that old shipwrecked and distorted vessel to the shore of safety, is phenomenal.

To say that these precious relics of past ages which were given over to his care and keeping were raised again to their wonted high standard is putting it mildly. Indeed, after this old ship had been piloted to the shore of safety, and after she had been repaired and renovated with ingenious skill, she was started on her journey anew and guided down the ages by the Anglo-Saxon's watchful eye; and never since he has assumed command of her destiny has this grand old ship of civilization been checked or thwarted in her noble career; until today she is traveling onward with a rapidity that has never before been equalled in the annals of time.

The mission, then, of the Anglo-Saxon is the mission of true manhood—the mission of Christianizing and civilizing the world. He will accomplish this not by a resort to oppression, but upon the platform of genuine sterling manhood. His mission is one of justice, not of the cruel, harsh, relentless, unpardonable justice of Rome, but a justice beautifully tempered with love and mercy. His mission of war is not that of greed, or self aggrandizement, but one of principles, a war that is more noble and sublime because it is ever subservient to Anglo-Saxon manhood. The progress of the world lies largely in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon, and will vary as does the diffusion of his idea of true manhood.

OUR POLICY TOWARD PORTO RICO.

S. W. T. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

(From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, February 26, 1900.)

The time has come when, in Porto Rico at least, it would seem that in some degree civil government is to be substituted for military rule. It is not to be forgotten that the people of this island greeted our approach and welcomed American sovereignty, and the assurances we then gave them ought to be constantly kept in mind and faithfully executed. They have not engaged in any insurrection against our authority since it was first asserted. No insurgency on their part has menaced our peace, nor taken the lives of our soldiery. Our flag has floated serenely over the Porto Ricans. That they will cheerfully acquiesce in any just dominion we may establish, and under proper treatment from us will continue to rejoice in the transfer of their allegiance from Spain to the United States and their permanent connection with our great Union, it seems reasonable to assume. How shall we demean ourselves toward them, and what shall we do with them? It is recorded that when Alexander invaded India and captured Porus, a rich and powerful king, he inquired of his captive how he thought he ought to be treated. "Like a king," was the proud answer made to the conqueror's question; and it is said that Alexander gave him back his kingdom, to be held, however, subject to the Macedonian crown. How shall we treat the Porto Ricans, and what treatment have they the right to expect at our hands? Are they less deserving than was Porus, the Indian king? Are we less magnanimous than was the ancient Grecian warrior? Is there with us more of barbarism and less of human toleration in the closing year of the nineteenth century than there was with the heathen in 327 B. C.? Is the spirit of American greed stronger than was the rapacity of Grecian conquest? Is Punic faith a trait of American character? We must either treat this people like Americans, or as an alien

race unworthy of sharing the blessings of our Government and beyond the pale of our Constitution.

As a patriotic American, I would not have my country shirk any proper responsibility or evade any duty it owes to itself or to those whom the fortunes of war have placed within its care and keeping and beneath its shield and protection. I earnestly desire that it should suitably discharge every honorable obligation resting upon it and mete out entire justice, both to its perfect and inchoate citizens. It cannot afford to do wrong. Its conscience must be preserved and its good name and national character and plighted faith must be maintained. I earnestly pray that it may be equal to every present and future emergency; that it may hold fast to the faith of the fathers, and that every "blessing of liberty" may continue to abide with us and be transmitted unimpaired to those who shall come after us.

LIBERTY FOR THE FILIPINOS.

WILLIAM E. MASON, OF ILLINOIS.

(From a speech in the United States Senate, January 10, 1899.)

When Kossuth wrote the declaration of Hungarian independence he had in mind our own Declaration of Independence. So he said here in Washington. For over one hundred years every lover of liberty has pointed to this sentence within this resolution: "All just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed."

This sentence, Mr. President, has been a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day to the downtrodden and oppressed all over the world. In the light of this sentence crowns have fallen to the dust and men have stood anew in their own manhood. In the light of this sentence Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America, laid in blood and carnage the foundation stones of the South American republics. In the light of this sentence Kosciusko led his Spartan band against the hosts of Russian and Austrian oppressors of his native Poland.

This burning sentence attracted the attention of Lafayette, across the water, and his ships set sail for our relief. In the light of this sentence Garibaldi struck down Bourbon tyranny and carved his name not only in the hearts of lovers of liberty in Italy, but all over the world. No, Mr. President, we will not amend that sentence now. We will not insert the word "some" just yet. It has passed beyond the power of this country to amend the Declaration of Independence, and when the distinguished Senator from Connecticut and I, and all the rest of us, are moldering in forgotten dust, that sentence will continue to live and to burn, a menace to tyrants and a beacon light to the downtrodden and the oppressed.

I am for the independence of the people of the Philippine Islands, as I am for independence of the people of Cuba. I am bound by a solemn promise made in this chamber. Senators may haggle and say it is not nominated in the bond; but it is an implied promise, more sacred to an honorable gentleman than though it were written in blood.

Mr. President, let us say to them, as we have said to Cuba, "Go on your way; learn by evolution"—for that is the only way. "The use of power develops power. You cannot learn to swim outside of water. You may take lessons in swimming each summer, my dear Filipinos; we will send you 4,000 teachers of swimming; but you had better not get in out of your depth until you have taken a trial yourselves." Give them the independence they plead for, and we shall have kept our promise with the people of the world.

Anything else will be the breaking of a national promise and a personal disgrace to 70,000,000 people. Then we can say to the world, "See, there is Bedloe's Island; the Goddess of Liberty has not changed the liberty cap for a crown; the goddess has turned on her pedestal and with her mighty searchlight sweeps the continent to Cuba; aye, and across the water 10,000 miles away the seed sown at Concord has taken root; there is a new flag in the sky—not the flag of the western giant, with 70,000,000 people back of it, seeking to extend territory and accomplish sovereignty, but the brave little republican flag which flaunts its saucy colors in the very portals of the Orient.

I had hoped for some power of language that the old masters were said to have who stood within this forum in the past. I have almost prayed for some magnetic power that I could turn the tide for the liberty of those people, for some magnetic power that I could draw you so close that I could write in living letters upon your hearts the word "Liberty." Not liberty, Mr. President, for your family as I prescribe it, not liberty for me or my children by your dictation, not Austrian liberty for Hungary, not Spanish liberty for Cuba, not English liberty for the United States, and not American liberty for the Philippines, but universal liberty—universal liberty for which our fathers died.

OUR DUTY TO THE PHILIPINOS.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From a speech delivered in New York City, February 13, 1899.)

It is, I am sure, the desire of every American that the inhabitants of the Philippine islands, as rapidly as they show themselves fit for self-government, shall be endowed with a constantly larger measure of self-government. But it would be criminal folly to sacrifice the real warfare of the islands, and to fail to do our own manifest duty, under the plea of carrying out some doctrinaire idea which, if it had been lived up to, would have made the entire North American continent, as now found, the happy hunting ground for savages. It is the idlest of chatter to speak of savages as being fit for self-government, and though it is occasionally heard from excellent and well-meaning people, people who believe what they say, it usually covers another motive behind—it means that people are afraid to undertake a great task, and cover up their fear by using some term which will give it the guise of philanthropy. If we refrain from doing our part of the world's work, it will not alter the fact that that work has got to be done, only it will have to be done by some stronger race, because we will have shown ourselves weaklings. I do not speak merely from the standpoint of American interests, but from the standpoint of civilization and humanity.

It is infinitely better for the whole world that Russia should have taken Turkestan, that France should have taken Algiers, and that England should have taken India. The success of an Algerian or of a Sepoy revolt would be a hideous calamity to all mankind, and those who abetted it, directly or indirectly, would be traitors to civilization. And so exactly the same reasoning applies to our own dealings with the Philippines. * * * We have put an end to a corrupt medieval tyranny, and by that very fact we have bound ourselves to see that no savage anarchy takes its place. What the Spaniard has been taught the Malay must learn—that the American flag is to float unchallenged where it floats now. But, remember this, that when this is accomplished our task has only just begun. Where we have won entrance by the prowess of our soldiers we must deserve to consinue by the righteousness, the wisdom and the even-handed justice of our rule. The American administrators in the Philippines must be men chosen for signal capacity and integrity; men who will administer the provinces on behalf of the entire nation from which they come, and for the sake of the entire people to which they go. We are bound to face the situations that arise with courage, and we are no less bound to see that where the sword wins the land, the land shall be kept by the rule of righteous law. We have taken upon ourselves, as in honor bound, a great task, befitting a great nation, and we have a right to ask of every citizen, of every true American, that he shall with heart and hand uphold the leaders of the nation as from a brief and glorious war they strive to secure a lasting peace that shall redound not only to the interests of the conquered people, not only to the honor of the American public, but to the permanent advancement of civilization and of all mankind.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA.

(From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, February 9, 1900.)

Mr. President, the times call for candor. The Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the Constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not refuse our duty in the Archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world. And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens, but with gratitude for a task worthy of our strength, and thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has marked us as His chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.

This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected when we will; every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture all it needs—secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus? Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the east. Lines of navigation from our ports to the Orient and Australia; from the Isthmian canal to Asia; from all Oriental ports to Australia, converge at and separate from the Philippines. They are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently anchored at a spot selected by the strategy of Providence, commanding the Pacific. And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of

the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American Republic.

China's trade is the mightiest commercial fact of our future. Her foreign commerce was $285,738,300 in 1897, of which we, her neighbor, had less than 15 per cent., of which only a little more than half was merchandise sold to China by us. We ought to have 50 per cent, and we will. And China's foreign commerce is only beginning. Her resources, her possibilities, her wants—all are undeveloped. She has only 340 miles of railway. I have seen trains loaded with natives and all the activities of modern life already appearing along the line. But she needs, and in fifty years will have, 20,000 miles of railway. Who can estimate her commerce then? That statesman commits a crime against American trade—against the American grower of cotton and wheat and tobacco, the American manufacturer of machinery and clothing—who fails to put America where she may command that trade. The Philippines command the commercial situation of the entire East. Can America best trade with China from San Francisco or New York? From San Francisco, of course. But if San Francisco were closer to China than New York is to Pittsburg, what then? And Manila is nearer Hongkong than Havana is to Washington. And yet American statesmen plan to surrender this commercial throne of the Orient where Providence and our soldiers' lives have placed us. When history comes to write the story of that suggested treason to American supremacy, and therefore to the spread of American civilization, let her in mercy write that those who so proposed were merely blind, and nothing more.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

(Source: Same as preceding.)

Even granting that the Philippine islands did not command China, India, the Orient, the whole Pacific, for purposes of offense, defense and trade, they are so valuable in them-

selves that we should hold them. I have cruised more than two thousand miles through the archipelago, every moment a surprise at its loveliness and wealth. I have ridden hundreds of miles on the islands, every foot of the way a revelation of vegetable and mineral riches. No land in America surpasses in fertility the plains and valleys of Luzon. Rice and coffee, sugar and cocoanuts, hemp and tobacco, and many products of the temperate, as well as tropic zone, grow in various sections of the archipelago. I have seen hundreds of bushels of Indian corn lying in a road fringed with banana trees. The forests of Negros, Mindanao, Mindora, Paluan and parts of Luzon, are invaluable and intact. The wood of the Philippines can supply the furniture of the world for a century to come. The mineral wealth of this empire of the ocean will one day surprise the world. I base this statement partly on personal observation, but chiefly on the testimony of foreign merchants in the Philippines, who have practically investigated the subject, and upon the unanimous opinions of natives and priests. And the mineral wealth is but a small fraction of the agricultural wealth of these islands.

This question is deeper than any question of party politics; deeper than any question of isolated policy of our country, even; deeper even than any question of Constitutional power. It is elemental. It is racial. God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns. He has given us the spirit of progress to overwhelm the forces of reaction throughout the earth. He has made us adepts in government among savage and senile peoples. Were it not for such a force as this the world would relapse into barbarism and night. And of all our race, He has marked the American people as His chosen nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world. This is the divine mission of America, and it holds for us all the profit, all the glory, all the happiness possible to man. We are trustees of the world's progress; guardians of its righteous peace. The judgment of

the Master is upon us. "Ye have been faithful over a few things. I will make Ye ruler over many things."

What shall history say of us? Shall it say that we renounced that holy trust, left the savage to his base condition, the wilderness to the reign of waste, deserted duty, abandoned glory, forgot our sordid profit even, because we feared our strength and read the charter of our powers with the doubter's eye and the quibbler's mind? Shall it say that, called by events to captain and command the proudest, purest race of history in history's noblest work, we declined that great commission? Our fathers would not have had it so. No! They founded no paralytic government, incapable of the simplest acts of administration. They planted no sluggard people, passive while the world's work calls them. They established no reactionary nation. They unfurled no retreating flag."

THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES.

GEORGE F. HOAR, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

(Extract from a speech delivered in the United States Senate, April 12, 1900.)

Mr. President, this talk that the American flag is never to be removed where it has once floated is the silliest and wildest rhetorical flourish ever uttered in the ears of an excited populace.

Now, what are the facts as to the Philippine islands and the American flag? We had occupied a single city, part of one of four hundred islands, and with a population of 120,000, or thereabouts, out of 10,000,000. The Spanish forces were invested and hemmed in by the people of those islands, who had risen to assert their own freedom, when we got there. Now, what kind of Americanism, what kind of patriotism, what kind of love of liberty, was it to say that we are to turn our guns on that patriot people and wrest from them the freedom that was almost within their grasp and hold these islands for our own purposes in subjection and by right of conquest because the American flag ought not to be hauled down where it has once floated, or for the baser and viler

motive still, that we can make a few dollars a year out of their trade?

Mr. President, this is the doctrine of purest ruffianism and tyranny. There is nothing of the Declaration of Independence in it. There is nothing of the Constitution of the United States in it. There is nothing of the fathers in it. There is nothing of George Washington in it, or of Thomas Jefferson. There is nothing in it of the old Virginia, or of the old South Carolina, or of the old Massachusetts. If every territory over which the flag of a country has once floated must be held and never shall be yielded again to the nation to which it belonged, every war between great and powerful nations must be a war of extermination or a war of dishonor alike to the victor and to the vanquished.

We expected, did we not, at the time of our declaration of war that we would not wrest Cuba from Spain for any purpose of our own aggrandizement, but only that there might be established there a free government for the people thereof, and that the people of Cuba were, and of right ought to be, a free, independent state; that our flag would float in Cuba while the operation of the war was going on as it has floated in glory and in honor. Was that a pledge to a course which should dishonor and degrade the flag of our country in the face of mankind? Who shall haul it down when the time comes? The man who signed his name to that promise, a man with whose name no thought of dishonor or degradation to his country's flag was ever associated, will keep his own honor and that of the country and that of the flag unstained by hauling it down himself.

Certainly the flag should never be lowered from any moral field over which it has once waved. To follow the flag is to follow the principles of freedom and humanity for which it stands. To claim that we must follow it when it stands for injustice or oppression is like claiming that we must take the nostrums of the quack doctor who stamps it on his wares, or follow every scheme of wickedness or fraud, if only the flag be put at the head of the prospectus. The American flag is in more danger from the imperialists than it would be if the whole of Christendom were to combine its power against it. Foreign violence at worst could only rend it. But these men are trying to stain it.

It is claimed—what I do not believe—that these appeals have the sympathy of the American people. It is said that the statesman who will lay his ear to the ground will hear their voice. I do not believe it. The voice of the American people does not come from the ground. It comes from the sky. It comes from the free air. It comes from the mountains, where liberty dwells. Let the statesman who is fit to deal with the question of liberty or to utter the voice of a free people lift his ear to the sky—not lay it to the ground.

Mr. President, I know how feeble is a single voice amid this din and tempest, this delirium of empire. It may be that the battle for this day is lost. But I have an assured faith in the future.. I have an assured faith in justice and the love of liberty of the American people. The stars in their courses fight for freedom. The Ruler of the heavens is on that side. If the battle to-day go against it, I appeal to another day, not distant and sure to come.

I appeal from the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet and the brawling and the shouting to the quiet chamber where the fathers gathered in Philadelphia. I appeal from the spirit of trade to the spirit of liberty. I appeal from the empire to the republic. I appeal from the millionaire, and the boss, and the wire-puller, and the manager, to the statesman of the elder time, in whose eyes a guinea never glistened who lived and died poor, and who left to his children and to his countrymen a good name, far better than riches. I appeal from the present, bloated with material prosperity, drunk with the lust of empire, to another and a better age. I appeal from the Present to the Future and to the Past.

NOTIFICATION SPEECH.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

(From the speech at Canton, Ohio, July 12, 1900, notifying President McKinley of his nomination for the Presidency.)

Without faction, without dissent, with profound satisfaction and eager enthusiasm, you were nominated for the presidency in 1896 by the united voice of the representatives of our great party, in which there is neither sign of division nor shadow of turning. Such unanimity, always remarkable, is here the more impressive because it accompanies a second nomination to the great office which you have held for four years. It is not the facile triumph of hope over experience, but the sober approval of conduct and character tested in many trials and tried by heavy and extraordinary responsibilities.

True to the declarations which were made at St. Louis in 1896, you, sir, united with the Republicans in Congress in the revision of the tariff and the re-establishment of the protective policy. You maintained our credit and upheld the gold standard, leading the party by your advice to the passage of the great measure which is to-day the bulwark of both. You led again in the policy which has made Hawaii a possession of the United States. On all these questions you fulfilled the hopes and justified the confidence of the people, who four years ago put trust in our promises. But on all these questions you had as guides not only your own principles, the well-considered results of years of training and reflection, but also the plain declarations of the National Convention which nominated you in 1896. Far different was it when the Cuban question, which we had also promised to settle, brought first war, then peace, with Spain. Congress declared war, but you, as Commander-in-Chief, had to carry it on. You did so, and history records unbroken victory from the first shot of the Nashville to the day when the protocol was signed. The peace you had to make alone. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines; you had to assume alone the responsibility of taking them all from Spain. Alone and weighted with the terrible responsibility of the unchecked war powers of the

Constitution, you were obliged to govern these islands, and to repress rebellion and disorder in the Philippines. No party creed defined the course you were to follow. Courage, foresight, comprehension of American interests, now and in the uncharted future, faith in the American people and in their fitness for great tasks, were your only guides and counselors. Thus you framed and put in operation this great new policy which has made us at once masters of the Antilles and a great Eastern power, holding firmly our possessions on both sides of the Pacific.

The new and strange ever excite fear, and the courage and prescience which accept them always arouse criticism and attack. Yet a great departure and a new policy were never more quickly justified than these undertaken by you. On the possession of the Philippines rests the admirable diplomacy which warned all nations that American trade was not to be shut out of China. It is to Manila that we owe the ability to send troops and ships to the defense of our Ministers, our missionaries, our Consuls and our merchants in China, instead of being compelled to leave our citizens to the casual protection of other Powers, as would have been unavoidable had we flung the Philippines away. Rest assured, sir, that the vigorous measures which you have thus been enabled to take, and all further measures in the same direction which you may take, for the protection of American lives and property, will receive the hearty support of the people of the United States, who are now, as always, determined that the American citizen shall be protected at any cost in all his rights everywhere and at all times. It is to Manila again, to our fleet in the bay, and our army on the land, that we shall owe the power when these scenes of blood in China are closed, to exact reparation, to enforce stern justice, and to insist in the final settlement upon an open door to all that vast market for our fast-growing commerce. Events, moving with terrible rapidity, have been swift witnesses to the wisdom of your action in the East. The Philadelphia convention has adopted your policy both in the Antilles and in the Philippines and has made it that of the Republican party.

Your election, sir, next November, assures to us the continuance of that policy abroad and in our new possessions.

To intrust these difficult and vital questions to other hands, at once incompetent and hostile, would be a disaster to us and a still more unrelieved disaster to our posterity. Your election, also, means not only protection to our industries but the maintenance of a sound currency and of the gold standard, the very corner stones of our economic and financial welfare. Should they be shaken, as they would be by the success of our opponents, the whole fabric of our business confidence and prosperity would fall into ruin. Your defeat would be the signal for the advance of free trade, for the anarchy of a debased and unstable currency, for business panic, depression and hard times, and for the wreck of our foreign policy. Your election and the triumph of the Republican party—which we believe to be as sure as the coming of the day—will make certain the steady protection of our industries, sound money, and a vigorous and intelligent foreign policy. They will continue those conditions of good government and wise legislation so essential to the prosperity and well being which have blessed our country so abundantly during the past four years.

ACCEPTANCE SPEECH.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

(From his reply to Senator Lodge, at Canton, Ohio, July 12, 1900.)

Have those to whom was confided the direction of the Government four years ago kept their pledges? The record is made up. The people are not unfamiliar with what has been accomplished. The gold standard has been reaffirmed and strengthened. The endless chain has been broken and the drain upon our gold reserve no longer frets us. The credit of the country has been advanced to the highest place among all nations. We are refunding our bonded debt bearing three and four and five per cent. interest at two per cent., a lower rate than that of any other country, and already more than three hundred millions have been so funded, with a gain to the Government of many millions of dollars. Instead of free

silver at 16 to 1, for which our opponents contended four years ago, legislation has been enacted which, while utilizing all forms of our money, secures one fixed value for every dollar, and that the best known to the civilized world.

A tariff which protects American labor and industry and provides ample revenue has been written in public law. We have lower interest and higher wages; more money and fewer mortgages. The world's markets have been opened to American products, which go now where they have never gone before. We have passed from a bond issuing to a bond paying nation, from a nation of borrowers to a nation of lenders, from a deficiency in revenue to a surplus; from fear to confidence; from enforced idleness to profitable employment. The public faith has been upheld; public order has been maintained. We have prosperity at home and prestige abroad.

Some things have happened which were not promised, nor even foreseen, and our purposes in relation to them must not be left in doubt. A just war has been waged for humanity, and with it have come new problems and responsibilities. Spain has been ejected from the Western Hemisphere, and our flag floats over her former territory. Cuba has been liberated, and our guarantees to her people will be sacredly executed. A beneficent government has been provided for Porto Rico. The Philippines are ours and American authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago. There will be amnesty broad and liberal, but no abatement of our rights, no abandonment of our duty. There must be no scuttle policy. We will fulfill in the Philippines the obligations imposed by the triumph of our arms and by the treaty of peace, by international law, by the nation's sense of honor, and more than all by the rights, interests and conditions of the Philippine peoples themselves. No outside interference blocks the way to peace and a stable government. The obstructionists are here, not elsewhere. They may postpone but they cannot defeat the realization of the high purpose of this nation to restore order in the islands and establish a just and generous government, in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation for which they are capable. The organized forces which have been misled into rebellion have been dispersed by our faithful soldiers and sailors, and the people of the islands, delivered from

anarchy, pillage and oppression, recognize American sovereignty as the symbol and pledge of peace, justice, law, religious freedom, education, the security of life and property, and the welfare and prosperity of their several communities.

We reassert the early principle of the Republican party, sustained by unbroken judicial precedents, that the representatives of the people, in Congress assembled, have full legislative power over territory belonging to the United States, subject to the fundamental safeguards of liberty, justice and personal rights, and are vested with ample authority to act "for the highest interests of our nation and the people intrusted to its care." This doctrine, first proclaimed in the cause of freedom, will never be used as a weapon for oppression.

We have been moving in untried paths, but our steps have been guided by honor and duty. There will be no turning aside, no wavering, no retreat. No blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity, and none will be. We will perform without fear every national and international obligation. The Republican party was dedicated to freedom forty-four years ago. It has been the party of liberty and emancipation from that hour; not of profession, but of performance. It broke the shackles of 4,000,000 slaves and made them free, and to the party of Lincoln has come another supreme opportunity which it has bravely met in the liberation of 10,000,000 of the human family from the yoke of imperialism. In its solution of great problems, in its performance of high duties, it has had the support of members of all parties in the past, and confidently invokes their co-operation in the future.

(Extract from the speech of CONGRESSMAN JAMES D. RICHARDSON, of Tennessee, notifying Mr. Bryan of his nomination for the Presidency, at Indianapolis, Ind., August 8, 1900.)

Sir—On the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of the birth of this republic there assembled in Kansas City the most intensely American convention that ever came together in its history. This great body was made up of men from every State and Territory in the Union. They came from their respective districts filled with unfeigned enthusiasm for the inspiring cause which brought them together. Their seven millions of constituents had empowered them to frame a platform of principles and select a candidate for President and Vice-President of the United States in what they conceived to be the supremest political crisis that ever came to our country. These delegates all realized that the Republic is in peril. They felt that the duty was theirs to take such action as would rescue the State from the gulf of imperialism in which it had been plunged, and thus preserve for themselves and posterity unimpaired the priceless blessings of free government and civil liberty.

The delegates assembled at Kansas City did not take hasty action. Their conduct was characterized by the greatest firmness and determination. In the alarming condition in which the country has been placed by the present weak and vacillating and un-American Administration at Washington, they realized, as do our fellow-citizens generally, that a change of men and policies is imperiously demanded. They proceeded deliberately, and chose you to lead in the battle for the restoration of the true political faith.

Four years ago you led the party in the most brilliant contest it has ever experienced. You then failed to win the goal, the Presidency, but you did more; you won the respect and admiration of your political foes, and the ardent love and devotion of your followers. That contest was made by you against stupendous odds, in the face of a hostile press, and with unhappy division in your ranks. I congratulate you, and the country, that all these unfortuitous conditions do confront you to-day. It is true you were then bitterly, sometimes wantonly, assailed, and when partisan rancor ran high.

Occasionally coarse things were said of you, and your party. But you and they survived them all, and were, perhaps, stronger for them. We trust this campaign will be pitched on a higher plane, and that it will be conducted in a manner worthy of the great dignity which attaches to the two most exalted offices at stake.

It is true that you and your party friends have already been characterized as dishonest and lawless at home, and as cowards abroad. I feel sure, however, it will stop at this, or, at least, if such hyperbolic flowers of speech are used at all, it will be in rare instances, and only then by some one whose coarse manners before the public are equalled only by the roughness of his riding habit.

During the eventful and exciting campaign of 1896 you were constantly before the public. The eyes of the nation were fixed upon you and your utterances, as they were never before upon a public man. Then, and at all times since, you have been under a light as glaring as the sun at high noon, yet no flaw of dishonor or cowardice is pointed out in your record by any foe. Review and criticism have wholly failed to injure or weaken you in public esteem. And now you are, with absolute unanimity, by every State, territory and district in the Union, made the candidate of a reunited and harmonious party. You are by all real Americans regarded as the best exponent of the faith of our fathers, which was articled in the Declaration of Independence and sealed by the blood of patriots. We deny that that Declaration is a back number. We solemnly affirm that, by the faithful, it is yet venerated as the grandest charter of human rights and human liberty ever devised by man. The lust of greed and power preaches contempt for its superb doctrine, but we hold it is the only guiding star by which our ship of State can be safely sailed. We know that it has served our purpose well and gloriously until of late, when another star, the star of imperialism, has been selected as the guide for our course.

We know that we can, with entire confidence, make appeal to the people for our country's rescue in this hour of her peril. We appeal to all who loathe imperialism and venerate our Constitution. We appeal to all who despise militarism and love liberty. We appeal to all who oppose high war

taxes in time of peace and other increase of taxes, and who favor a just system of revenue collection, and all who in every way oppose unequal taxation. We appeal to all who favor our hitherto free institutions and equal opportunity for all under the law. We appeal to all who are willing to resist the ever-increasing oppression and robbery of the trusts and monopolies. We appeal to all who are opposed to the criminal aggression of forcible annexation; and who do not favor having our flag float with its protecting aegis over Sulu slaves and Oriental harems. We appeal, in short, to all patriots and lovers of liberty, regardless of past party affiliations, to enlist in our cause and help triumphantly to bear our banner.

In this unparalleled contest we pledge you the earnest, zealous, unbought, unfaltering, enthusiastic support of 7,000,000 voters of the Republic as you go forth to battle, and as the Constitution of our beloved land should follow its flag, so this undismayed and unconquerable band of patriots will follow you as you bear their flag to victory in November.

IMPERIALISM.

WM. J. BRYAN.

(From his reply to the Notification Committee, August 8, 1900.)

When I say that the contest of 1900 is a contest between Democracy on the one hand and plutocracy on the other, I do not mean to say that all our opponents have deliberately chosen to give to organized wealth a predominating influence in the affairs of the Government, but I do assert that on the important issues of the day the Republican party is dominated by those influences which constantly tend to elevate pecuniary considerations and ignore human rights.

In 1859 Lincoln said that the Republican party believed in the man and the dollar, but that in case of conflict it believed in the man before the dollar. This is the proper relation which should exist between the two. Man, the handiwork of God, comes first; money, the handiwork of man, is of inferior importance. Man is the master, money the servant,

but upon all important questions to-day Republican legislation tends to make money the master and man the servant.

The maxim of Jefferson, "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," and the doctrine of Lincoln that this should be a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," are being disregarded and the instrumentalities of government are being used to advance the interests of those who are in a position to secure favors from the Government.

The Democratic party is not making war upon the honest acquisition of wealth; it has no desire to discourage industry, economy and thrift. On the contrary, it gives to every citizen the greatest possible stimulus to honest toil when it promises him protection in the enjoyment of the proceeds of his labor. Property rights are most secure when human rights are most respected. Democracy strives for a civilization in which every member of society will share according to his merits.

The principal arguments advanced by those who enter upon a defense of imperialism, are:

First—That we must improve the present opportunity to become a world power and enter into international politics.

Second—That our commercial interests in the Philippine Islands and in the Orient make it necessary for us to hold the islands permanently.

Third—That the spread of the Christian religion will be facilitated by a colonial policy.

Fourth—That there is no honorable retreat from the position which the nation has taken.

The first argument is addressed to the nation's pride, and the second to the nation's pocketbook. The third is intended for the church member and the fourth for the partisan.

It is a sufficient answer to the first argument to say that for more than a century this nation has been a world power. For ten decades it has been the most potent influence in the world. Not only has it been a world power but it has done more to affect the politics of the human race than all the other nations of the world combined. Because our Declaration of Independence was promulgated, others have been promulgated. Because the patriots of 1776 fought for liberty, others have fought for it; because our Constitution

was adopted, other constitutions have been adopted. The growth of the principle of self-government, planted on American soil, has been the overshadowing political fact of the nineteenth century. It has made this nation conspicuous among the nations and given it a place in history such as no other nation has ever enjoyed. Nothing has been able to check the onward march of this idea. I am not willing that this nation shall cast aside the omnipotent weapon of truth to seize again the weapon of physical warfare. I would not exchange the glory of this Republic for the glory of all the empires that have risen and fallen since time began.

I can conceive of a national destiny surpassing the glories of the present and the past—a destiny which meets the responsibilities of to-day and measures up to the possibilities of the future. Behold a Republic resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried by revolutionary patriots from the mountain of eternal truth, a Republic applying in practice and proclaiming to the world the self-evident proposition that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with inalienable rights; that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Behold a Republic in which civil and religious liberty stimulates all to earnest endeavors and in which the law restrains every hand uplifted for a neighbor's injury—a Republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, but in which no one cares to wear a crown. Behold a Republic standing erect while empires all around are bowed beneath the weight of their own armaments—a Republic whose flag is loved while other flags are only feared. Behold a Republic increasing in population, in wealth, in strength and in influence, solving the problems of civilization and hastening the coming of an universal brotherhood—a Republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its silent example and gives light and inspiration to those who sit in darkness. Behold a Republic gradually, but surely, becoming the supreme moral factor in the world's progress and the accepted arbiter of the world's disputes—a Republic whose history, like the path of the just, "is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

LEO N. LEVI, ESQ.

(Extract from a speech delivered at Cuero, Texas, July 4, 1884.)

In every government parties are inevitable, if not necessary. In our government they are necessary to the perpetuity of the government itself. Our constitution was a compromise; the machinery of our government was adopted in accordance with that compromise. The great struggle between the federalists and republicans was relegated to posterity, and the contest still continues and will continue until the end.

The logical issue of a strong and centralized government is illustrated in the despotism of Bismarck and the czar. The logical issue of pure democracy was reached in the French revolution and the commune. In England and the United States the advocates of either principles are nearly evenly matched and the conservatism resulting gives us the two best governments of modern times. Nothing in our present condition should excite our exultation so much as the fact that the two great American parties are of almost equal number, ability and power. It insures conservatism and honesty in public affairs and leaves the balance of power where it should be lodged—with the independent voter. The independent voter is the safety valve of the republic. He is the most responsible, most intelligent, the bravest of our citizens. He is above all others the patriot whose patriotism is neither an incident to nor a means of self-preservation.

"It is base abandonment of reason to resign the right of thought." Such disaffection purifies and strengthens a party. It deposes inefficient and corrupted leaders. It is the sword of Damocles that is constantly suspended over the head of the demagogue. Were there no such independence, party leaders would become tyrants and the government would be at the mercy of the man who best succeeded in whipping or bribing votes to the polls. Our government was born of the individuality and independence of the colonists. They remained loyal to the mother country until repeated and long continued abuses made loyalty synonymous with the surren-

der of manhood. Then leaped into the full vigor of revolution the courageous spirit of liberty and independence. During eight years of privation and danger that are but half told when the power of the historian is exhausted, they struggled with unabated courage. The God of justice was with them and lo! an infant nation sprung into life, faint, impoverished and weak, but rich in the heritage of freedom, bequeathed by the countless martyrs of the past.

The independence of the Americans was the progenitor and birthright of the nation. Believe me, my friends, we cannot surrender the basis of our greatness without destroying the magnificent superstructure. From independence we were born, by it we have grown great, through it and only through independence can we endure. I recognize in our country the fruition of all the hopes and prayers that have mingled with the martyrs' tears since the morning of time. The seed of freedom that could not germinate in the eastern hemisphere, in the virgin soil of a new continent sprung into a magnificent tree that was rooted on Independence day and destined, let us trust, to flourish for all time. It is because of the blessings our country is able to afford that I would name and guard against the dangers that threaten her purity, power and stability. The parasite is not less dangerous because we refuse to recognize its existence.

The very genius of this occasion is loyalty to our country's flag, which we thus annually renew with freshened enthusiasm. It is well that the heart should be stirred by national anthems and plaudits for the national banner, but more enduring in substance and value than anthems and hosannas, is that patriotism that perennially burns and that should on such occasions burst into a flame of resolve to perpetuate and practice the revolutionary slogan, "Independence now and forever."

THE INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(Extract from an address delivered before the Reform Club of New York, April 13, 1888.)

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Under every form of representative government, parties become necessary for the marshalling and expression of opinion, and, where parties are once formed, those questions the discussion of which would discipline and fortify men's minds tend more and more to pass out of sight, and the topics that interest their prejudices and passions to become more absorbing. What will be of immediate advantage to the party is the first thing considered, what of permanent advantage to their country the last. Both of the leading parties have been equally guilty, both have evaded, as successfully as they could, the living questions of the day. As the parties have become more evenly balanced, the difficulty of arriving at their opinions have been greater in proportion to the difficulty of devising any profession of faith meaningless enough not to alarm, if it could not be so interpreted as to conciliate, the varied and sometimes conflicting interests of the different sections of the country.

Such being the dangers and temptations of parties, it is for the interest of the best men in both parties that there should be a neutral body, not large enough to form a party by itself, nay, which would lose its power for good if it attempted to form such a party, and yet large enough to moderate between both, and to make both more cautious in their choice of candidates and in their connivance with evil practices. If the politicians must look after the parties, there should be somebody to look after the politicians, somebody to ask disagreeable questions and to utter uncomfortable truths; somebody to make sure, if possible, before election, not only what, but whom the candidate, if elected, is going to represent. What to me is the saddest feature of our present methods is the pitfalls which they dig in the path of ambitious and able men who feel that they are fitted for a political career, that by

character and training they could be of service to their country, yet who find every avenue closed to them unless at the sacrifice of the very independence which gives them a claim to what they seek. As in semi-barbarous times the sincerity of a converted Jew was tested by forcing him to swallow pork, so these are required to gulp with a wry face what is as nauseous to them. I would do all in my power to render such loathsome compliances unnecessary. The pity of it is that with our political methods the hand is of necessity subdued to what it works in. It has been proved, I think, that the old parties are not to be reformed from within. It is from without that the attempt must be made, and it is the Independents who must make it. Our politicians are so busy studying the local eddies of prejudice or interest that they allow the main channel of our national energies to be obstructed by dams for the grinding of private grist. Our leaders no longer lead, but are as skillful as Indians in following the slightest trail of public opinion.

To create a healthful public opinion, we want an active, independent class who will insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured, not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall not only, as now it does, stir us as with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is best within us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we, of something that shall fulfill our own thwarted aspiration, when we are but a handful of forgotten dust in the soil trodden by a race whom we shall have helped to make more worthy of their inheritance than we ourselves had the power to be.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

When Napoleon's soldiers bore the negro chief Toussaint L'Ouverture into exile, he said, pointing back to San Domingo, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty; but I am only a branch. I have planted the tree itself so deep that ages will never root it up." And whatever may be said of the social or industrial condition of Hayti during the last ninety years, its nationality has never been successfully assailed.

Daniel O'Connell is the only Irishman who can say as much of Ireland. From the peace of Utrecht till the fall of Napoleon, Great Britain was the leading State in Europe; while Ireland, a comparatively insignificant island, lay at its feet. She weighed next to nothing in the scale of British politics. The Continent pitied, and England despised her. O'Connell found her a mass of quarrelling races and sects, divided, dispirited, broken-hearted, and servile. He made her a nation, whose first word broke in pieces the iron obstinacy of Wellington, tossed Peel from the Cabinet, and gave the government to the Whigs; whose colossal figure, like the helmet in Walpole's romance, has filled the political sky ever since.

It was a community impoverished by five centuries of oppression;—four millions of Catholics robbed of every acre of their native land; it was an island torn by race-hatred and religious bigotry; her priests indifferent, and her nobles hopeless or traitors. Ireland lay bound in the iron links of a code, which Montesquieu said could have been "made only by devils, and should be registered only in hell"! Her millions were beyond the reach of the great reform engine of modern times, since they could neither read nor write.

In this mass of ignorance, weakness, and quarrel, one keen eye saw hidden the elements of union and strength. With rarest skill he called them forth and marshalled them into rank. Then this one man, without birth, wealth, or office, in a land ruled by birth, wealth, and office, moulded from those unsuspected elements a power, which, overawing king, senate,

and people, wrote his single will on the statute-book of the most obstinate nation in Europe.

Safely to emancipate the Irish Catholics, and, in spite of Saxon, Protestant hate, to lift all Ireland to the level of British citizenship,—this was the problem which statesmanship and patriotism had been seeking for two centuries to solve. For this blood had been poured out like water; on this the genius of Swift, the learning of Molyneux, and the eloquence of Bushe, Grattan, and Burke, had been wasted. English leaders, ever since Fox, had studied this problem anxiously. They saw that the safety of the empire was compromised. At one or two critical moments in the reign of George III., one signal from an Irish leader would have snapped the chain that bound Ireland to his throne. His ministers recognized it; and they tried every expedient, exhausted every device, dared every peril, kept oaths or broke them, in order to succeed. They failed; and not only failed, but acknowledged that they could see no way in which success could ever be achieved.

O'Connell achieved it. Out of this darkness he called forth light; out of this most abject, weak, and pitiable of kingdoms he made a power; and, dying, he left in Parliament a spectre, which, unless appeased, pushes Whig and Tory ministers alike from their thrones.

REVOLUTIONS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wherever you meet a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea you meet the beginning of a new revolution. Revolutions are not made, they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past; its foundations are laid far back. The child feels; he grows into a man and thinks; another, perhaps, speaks; and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society. Men undervalue the anti-slavery movement because they imagine

you can always put your finger on some illustrious moment in history and say: "Here! commenced the great change which has come over the nation."

Not so. The beginning of the great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. You must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells broader and broader; bears on its bosom the navies of a mighty republic; forms the gulf; and divides a continent.

There is a story of Napoleon which illustrates my meaning. We are apt to trace the control of France to some noted victory, to the time when he encamped in the Tuilleries; or when he dissolved the assembly by the stamp of his foot. He reigned in fact when his hand first felt the helm of the vessel of state, and that was far back of the time when he had conquered Italy, or his name had been echoed over two continents. It was on the day 500 irresolute men were met in the assembly which called itself, and pretended to be, the government of France. They heard that the mob of Paris were coming next morning, 30,000 strong, to turn them, as was usual in those days, out of doors. And where did this seemingly great power go for its support and refuge? They sent Tallien to seek out a boy lieutenant—the shadow of an officer—so thin and pallid that when he was placed on the stand before them, the President of the Assembly, fearful, if the fate of France rested on the shrunken form, the ashen cheek, before him, that all hope was gone, asked: "Young man, can you protect the assembly?" The stern lip of the Corsican boy parted only to say, "I always do what I undertake."

Then and there Napoleon ascended his throne; and the next day from the steps of St. Roche thundered forth the cannon which taught the mob of Paris, for the first time, that it had a master. That was the commencement of the empire.

THE SCHOLAR IN A REPUBLIC.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Gibbon says we have two educations, one from teachers, and the other we give ourselves. This last is the real and only education of the masses—one gotten from life, from affairs, from earning one's bread; necessity, the mother of invention; responsibility, that teaches prudence, and inspires respect for right.

Anacharsis went into the Archon's court at Athens, heard a case argued by the great men of that city, and saw the vote by five hundred men. Walking in the streets, some one asked him, "What do you think of Athenian liberty?" "I think," said he, "wise men argue cases, and fools decide them." Just what that timid scholar, two thousand years ago, said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself scholarship here says to-day of popular agitation—that it lets wise men argue questions and fools decide them. But that Athens where fools decided the gravest questions of policy and of right and wrong, where property you had gathered wearily to-day might be wrung from you by the caprice of the mob to-morrow—that very Athens probably secured, for its era, the greatest amount of human happiness and nobleness; invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy. God lent to it the largest intellects, and it flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain peaks of the Old World; while Egypt, the hunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the priest or to be wiser than his grandfather; where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the graveclothes of creed and custom as close as their mummies were in linen—that Egypt is hid in the tomb it inhabited, and the intellect Athens has trained for us digs to-day those ashes to find out how buried and forgotten hunkerism lived and acted.

I urge on college-bred men that, as a class, they fail in republican duty when they allow others to lead in the agitation of the great social questions which stir and educate the age. Agitation is an old word with a new meaning. Sir Robert Peel, the first English leader who felt himself its tool,

defined it to be "marshalling the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." Its means are reason and argument—no appeal to arms. Wait patiently for the growth of public opinion. That secured, then every step taken is taken forever. An abuse once removed never reappears in history. The freer a nation becomes, the more utterly democratic in its form, the more need of this outside agitation. Parties and sects, laden with the burden of securing their own success, cannot afford to risk new ideas. "Predominant opinions," said Disraeli, "are the opinions of a class that is vanishing." The agitator must stand outside of organizations, with no bread to earn, no candidate to elect, no party to save, no object but truth,—ever ready to tear a question open and riddle it with light.

To be as good as our fathers we must be better. They silenced their fears and subdued their prejudices, inaugurating free speech and equality with no precedent on the file. Europe shouted "Madmen!" and gave us forty years for the shipwreck. With serene faith they persevered. Let us rise to their level.

Sit not, like the figure on our silver coin, looking ever backward.

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

CHARACTER ESSENTIAL FOR A GREAT LAWYER.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

(Selected from his lecture on "Idols.")

It is a grave thing when a State puts a man among her jewels, the glitter of whose fame makes doubtful acts look heroic. The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate the future. The men we honor and the maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites, show the level and morals of the time. A name has been in every one's mouth of late, and men have exhausted language in trying to express their admiration and their respect. The courts have covered the grave of Mr. Choate with eulogy. Let us see what is their idea of a great lawyer. We are told that "he worked hard," "he never neglected his client," "he flung over the discussions of the forum the grace of a rare scholarship," "No pressure or emergency ever stirred him to an unkind word." A ripe scholar, a profound lawyer, a faithful servant of his client, a gentleman. This is a good record surely. May he sleep in peace. What he earned, God grant he may have. But the bar that seeks to claim for such a one a place among great jurists must itself be weak indeed. Not one high moral trait specified; not one patriotic act mentioned; not one patriotic service even claimed. Look at Mr. Webster's idea of what a lawyer should be in order to be called great, in the sketch he drew of Jeremiah Mason, and notice what stress he lays upon the religious and moral elevation, and the glorious and high purposes which crown his life. Nothing of this now; nothing but incessant eulogy. But not a word of one effort to lift the yoke of cruel or unequal legislation from the neck of its victim; not one attempt to make the code of his country wiser, purer, better; not one effort to bless his times or breathe a higher moral purpose into the community. Not one blow struck for right or for liberty, while the battle of the giants was going on about him; not one patriotic act to stir the hearts of his idolaters; not one public act of any kind whatever about whose merit friend or foe could even quarrel, unless when he scouted our great charter as a glittering generality, or jeered at the philanthropy which tried to practice the sermon on the mount.

When Cordus, the Roman senator whom Tiberius murdered, was addressing his fellows, he began: "Fathers, they accuse me of illegal words; plain proof that there are no illegal deeds with which to charge me." So with these eulogies. Words, nothing but words; plain proof that there were no deeds to praise. Yet this is the model which Massachusetts offers to the Pantheon of the great jurists of the world!

Suppose we stood in that lofty temple of jurisprudence—on either side of us the statues of the great lawyers of every age and clime,—and let us see what part New England—Puritan, educated, free New England—would bear in the pageant.

Rome points to a colossal figure and says, "That is Papinian, who, when the Emperor Caracella murdered his own brother, and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went cheerfully to death, rather than sully his lips with the atrocious plea; and that is Ulpian, who, aiding his prince to put the army below the law, was massacred at the foot of a weak but virtuous throne."

And France stretches forth her grateful hands, crying "That is D'Aguesseau, worthy, when he went to face an enraged king, of the farewell his wife addressed him: 'Go, forget that you have a wife and children to ruin, and remember only that you have France to save.'"

England says, "That is Coke, who flung the laurels of eighty years in the face of the first Stuart, in defense of the people. This is Selden, on every book of whose library you saw written the motto of which he lived worthy, 'Before everything Liberty!' That is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed, 'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free.'"

Then New England shouts, "This is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal!"

THE NEW SOUTH.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From the speech that first brought him national fame as an orator. Delivered at a dinner of the New England Society, New York City, December 21, 1886.)

The picture of your returning armies of the North has been drawn for you by a master hand. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and his faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hand of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow, and begins his slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you—what does he find when, having followed the battle stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school house on the hill-top, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with a consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the peoples of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago, be verified in its fullest extent when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever."

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(Source: Same as preceding.)

We hear a great deal said, particularly each year when the New England societies meet, about the virtues of the Puritans; but we should not forget the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about."

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on this Continent; that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since; and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parent's consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight.

But having said this much for the Cavalier, we let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan or Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution; and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic, bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

It has been said that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who compre-

hended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grandeur of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depth of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American; and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government; charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human sufferings, that martyrdom though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty.

Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for Puritan and Cavalier.

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From a speech delivered at the Augusta, Ga., Exposition, November, 1887.)

It was Ben Hill, the music of whose voice is now attuned to the symphonies of the skies, who said, "There was a South of secession and slavery; that South is dead; there is a South of union and freedom; that South, thank God, is living, growing every hour.

In answering the toast to the New South to-night, I accept that name in no disparagement to the Old South. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people, and not for the glories of New England's history, from Plymouth Rock, all the way, would I surrender the least of these. Never shall I do, or say, aught to dim the lustre of the glory of my ancestors, won in peace and in war. Where is the young man in the South who has spoken one word in disparagement of our past, or has worn lightly the sacred

traditions of his fathers? The world has not equalled the unquestioning reverence and the undying loyalty of the young men of the South, to the memory of our fathers. I have stood with them shoulder to shoulder, as they met new conditions without surrendering old faiths, and I have been content to feel the grasp of their hands and the throb of their hearts, as they marched unfearing, into new and untried ways.

If I should attempt to prostitute the generous enthusiasm of these, my comrades, to my own ambition, I should be unworthy. If any man, enwrapping himself in the sacred memories of the Old South, should prostitute them to the hiding of his weakness or the strengthening of his failing fortunes, that man would be unworthy. If any man, for his own advantage, should seek to divide the Old South from the new, or the new from the old—to separate these that in love have been joined together—to estrange the son from his father's grave and turn our children from the memories of our dead —to embitter the closing days of our veterans with the suspicion of the sons that shall follow them; that man's words are unworthy and spoken to the injury of his people.

Some one has said, in derision, that the old men of the South, sitting down amid their ruins, reminded him of "the Spanish hidalgoes sitting in the porches of the Alhambra and looking out to sea for the return of the lost Armada." There is pathos but no derision in this picture to me. These men were our fathers. Their lives were stainless. Their hands were daintily cast, and the civilization they builded in tender and engaging grace, hath not been equalled. The scenes amid which they moved, as princes among men, have vanished forever. A grosser and more material day has come, in which their gentle hands can garner but scantily, and their guileless hearts fend but feebly. Let me sit, therefore, in the dismantled porches of their homes, into which dishonor hath never entered—to which discourtesy is a stranger, and gaze out to sea, beyond the horizon of which their Armada has drifted forever. And though the sea shall not render back for them the Argosies which went down in their ships, let us build for them, in the land they love so well, a stately and enduring temple, its pillars founded in justice, its arches

springing to the skies, its treasuries filled with substance, liberty walking in its corridors and religion filling its aisles with incense; and here let them rest in honorable peace and tranquility until God shall call them hence, to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE UNIVERSITY THE TRAINING CAMP OF THE FUTURE.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From an address before the Literary Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.)

We are standing in the daybreak of a new century of this Republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky; and we grope in uncertain light. The unrest of dawn impels us to and fro, but doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentry cries: "Who comes there?"

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future. The scholar, the champion of the coming years. Learning is supreme and you are its prophets. Napoleon overran Europe with drum tap and bivouac; the next Napoleon shall form his battalion at the tap of the school house bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford; Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of sea birds. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing; the brain everything..

Physical prowess has had its day, and the age of reason has come. Here are the Olympic games of the Republic—and you are its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to

decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or whether, unbalanced, they shall bring chaos; whether sixty million men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded.

This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portal of this Republic, and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic, establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.

CENTRALIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From an address before the Literary Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.)

The unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the federal government powers and privileges that should be left to the states, and to create powers that neither the state nor federal government should have.

Concurrent with this political grip is another movement, less formal, perhaps, but not less dangerous, the consolidation of capital. The world has not seen nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as are every day tales to us. Aladdin's lamp is dimmed, and Monte Cristo becomes commonplace, when compared to our magicians of finance and trade.

I do not denounce the newly rich. Our great wealth has brought us profit and splendor. But the status itself is a menace. A home that costs three million dollars and a breakfast that costs five thousand dollars, are disquieting facts to the millions who live in a hut and dine on a crust. The fact that a man ten years from poverty has an income of twenty mil-

lion dollars, falls strangely on the ears of those who hear it, as they sit empty handed with children crying for bread.

But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is its bitterest result and its pressing danger. We have read of the robber barons of the Rhine, who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of every passing craft, and, descending as hawks from the crags, plundered the voyagers. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted be repeated in this free country? And yet, when a syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add twenty-five per cent to the cost of a single article of common use, and safely gather forced tributes from the people, where is the difference—save that the castle is changed to a broker's office, and that picturesque river to the teeming streets and broad fields of this government ("of the people, by the people, and for the people")?

I do not overstate the case. Economists have held that wheat, grown everywhere, could never be cornered by capital. And yet one man in Chicago tied the wheat crop in his handkerchief, and held it, until the people had to pay him twenty cents tax on a sack of flour. Three men held the cotton until the English spindle stopped and the lights went out of three million English homes. The Czar of Russia would not have dared to do these things and yet they are no secrets in this free government of ours.

What is the remedy? To exalt the hearthstone, to strengthen the home, to build up the individual, and to magnify and defend the principles of local self government. Not in depreciation of the federal government, but to its glory, not to weaken the republic, but to strengthen it.

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From a speech before the Boston Mercantile Association, December, 1889.)

Far to the south lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. But why is it, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have

crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way? There can be but one answer.

I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal civil and political rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—these are the conditions.

Meanwhile we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship, that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her crooning, as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen, I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom.

I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost

in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice, saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he once put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into the new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow. And may God forget my people—when they forget these!

THE HOME AND THE REPUBLIC.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From an address delivered at Elberton, Ga., June, 1889.)

I went to Washington the other day, and as I stood on Capitol Hill my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies, and the Treasury, and the courts, and Congress and the President, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down upon a better sight than that majestic home of the Republic that had taught the world its best lessons in liberty.

Two days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great big trees, encircled in meadow and fields rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the garden, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort. Outside there stood my friend—master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulders, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the Fifth commandment.....And I saw the night come down on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove, and the old man, while a startled

bird called from the forest, and the trees shrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky, got the family around him, and taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's blessing on that family and that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said: "O, surely, here in the hearts of the people at last are lodged the strength and responsibilities of this government, the hope and promise of this Republic."

THE STRICKEN SOUTH.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(Adapted from an address at the State Fair at Dallas, Texas, October 26, 1887.)

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought battlefield; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deathly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the turmoil of earth to the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons, with the litter bearers. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak, as the lanterns drew near. At last the light fell in his face, and the surgeon bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone. The wounded soldier watched in patient agony as they went from one part of the field to another. As they came back, the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well," he said, and passed on.

All night long these words fell into the wounded man's heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till to-morrow's sundown he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid

face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its low descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows; and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard, and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane, I will open the battered gate; and the mocking bird shall call me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farm house and put her hand slyly into his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home; he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, and bending low under his load of sorrow and old age; he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees, making to him such music as the world shall not equal nor heaven surpass; and then he thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see them all again, and weep away all memories of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put His hand on the ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down, and the stars came out and shone in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battlefield, strewn with the wrecks of governments and institutions, of theories and faiths that have gone down in the ravages of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swings the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the great Physi-

cian. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until tomorrow's sundown, ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends, let us minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations yet unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her upward from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life.

EULOGY ON GRADY.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

(Delivered at a Memorial meeting, Atlanta, Ga., December 21, 1889.)

I am one among the thousands who loved Henry Grady, and I stand among the millions who lament his death. I loved him in the promise of his glowing youth, when across my boyish vision he walked with winning grace from easy effort to success. I loved him in the flush of his splendid manhood, when a nation hung upon his words—and now I love him best of all as he lies under the December skies, with face as tranquil and with smile as sweet as patrial ever wore.

I agree with Patrick Collins that Henry Grady was the most brilliant son of the Republic; and I believe, if the annals of these times are told with truth, they will record him the phenomenon of his period. No eloquence has equalled his since Sargent Prentiss faded from the earth. No pen has plowed such noble furrows in his country's fallow fields since the wrist of Horace Greely rested. No age of the Republic has witnessed such marvelous conjunction, of a magic pen with the splendor of a mellow tongue. I have loved to follow the pathway of that diamond pen as it flashed like an inspiration over every phase of life in Georgia. It touched the sick body of a despairing agriculture with the impulse of a better method. Its brave point went with cheerful prophecy and engaging manliness into the ranks of toil, until the workman at his anvil felt the dignity of labor. Into the field of practical politics it dashed with the grace of an earlier chivalry, and in an age of pushing and unseemly scramble, it woke the spirit of a loftier sentiment; while around the charming pleader there grew up a company of youth linked to the Republic's nobler legends and holding fast that generous loyalty which builds the highest bulwark of the state.

Long after he made his way to eminence and influence as a writer, he waked the power of that surpassing oratory, which has bettered all the sentiment of his country and enriched the vocabulary of the world. Nothing in the history of human speech has ever equalled the stately stepping of

his eloquence into glory. In a single night he caught the heart of his country and leaped from a banquet's gaiety into national fame. It is the crowning evidence of his genius that he held to the end, unbroken, the fame so easily won. And sweeping from triumph unto triumph, with not one leaf of his laurels withered by time or staled by circumstance—he died on yesterday, the foremost orator of all the world.

I have seen the gleam from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger; and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness before it, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray; and I thought that was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, 'mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and shadow-haunted earth flashed into mid-day splendor; and I knew that was grand.

But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty Throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction round the destinies of men, and finding its home in the bosom of the everlasting God.

THE MINUTE MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From his oration at the Centennial Celebration of Concord Fight, Concord, Mass., April 19, 1876.)

The Minute Man of the American Revolution! And who was he? He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was the husband and father, who left his plow in the furrow and his hammer on the bench, and marched to die or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

He was the man who was willing to pour out his life's blood for a principle. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him; enthroned in the love of his fellow citizens, the king's writ could not take him; and when, on the morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of the America we behold, and, careless of self, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" And then, amid the flashing hills, the ringing woods, the flaming roads, he smote with terror the haughty British column, and sent it shrinking, bleeding, wavering, and reeling through the streets of the village, panic stricken and broken.

Him we gratefully recall to-day; him we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here amid these peaceful fields,—here in the heart of Middlesex County, of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill,—stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minute men stood at the old North Bridge. But should we or our descendants, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man.

No hostile fleet, for many a year, has vexed the waters of our coast; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come, proudly stepping to the drum beat, their bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands on education; or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights; or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life,—there, Minute Men of Liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge. And as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy. Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber. Hang upon his flank from morn till sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back,—back in utter defeat and ruin.

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From his lecture on "Patriotism.")

It was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek; it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelreid gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with

no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together towards one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds, slowly, slowly, over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. Man faints, and falls, and dies, and is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the "Old World" are our teachers.

And so with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

THE ENGLISH PURITAN.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From an oration delivered at the Unveiling of the Puritan statue, at Central Park, New York, June 6, 1885.)

If ever England had an heroic age, it was that which began by supporting the Tudor in his rupture with Rome, and ended by seeing the last of the Stuart kings exiled forever. This was the age of Puritan England, the England in which liberty finally organized itself in constitutional reforms, so flexible and enduring that for nearly two centuries the internal peace of the kingdom, however threatened and alarmed, has never been broken. The modern England that we know is the England of the Puritan enlarged, liberalized, graced, adorned, —the England which, despite all estrangement and jealousy and misunderstanding, is still the mother country of our distinctive America.

To what land upon the globe, beyond his own, shall the countryman of Washington turn with pride and enthusiasm and sympathy, if not to the land of John Selden and John Hampden and John Milton? She is not the mother of dead empires, but of the greatest political descendant that ever the world knew. She has sins enough to answer for, but while Greece gave us art and Rome gave us law, in the very blood that beats in our hearts and throbs along our veins, England gave us liberty.

When Elizabeth died, the sturdy, steadfast middle class, the class from which the English character and strength have sprung, were chiefly Puritans. Puritans taught in the universities and sat on the bench of bishops. They were peers in Parliament, they were ambassadors and secretaries of state. Hutchinson, graced with every accomplishment of the English gentleman, was a Puritan. Sir Henry Vane, by whose side sat justice, was a Puritan. John Pym, most strenuous of Parliamentary leaders, was a Puritan. A fanatic? Yes, in the high sense of unchangeable fidelity to a sublime idea; a fanatic like Joseph Warren, whom the glory of patriotism transfigured upon Bunker Hill.

This was the fanatic who read the Bible to the English people, and quickened English life with the fire of primeval faith; who smote the Spaniard, and swept the pirates from the sea, and rode with Cromwell and his Ironsides, praising God.

In all history do you see a nobler figure? Forth from the morning of Greece, come, Leonidas, with your bravest of the brave; in the rapt city, plead, Demosthenes, your country's cause; pluck, Gracchus, from aristocratic Rome her crown; speak, Cicero, your magic word; lift, Cato, your admonishing hand; and you, patriots of modern Europe, be all gratefully remembered; but where, in the earlier ages, in the later day, shall we find loftier self sacrifice, more unstained devotion to worthier ends, issuing in happier results to the highest interests of man, than in the English Puritan?

THE GREATNESS OF THE POET.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From an address at the Unveiling of the statue of Robert Burns, in Central Park, October 2, 1880.)

Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dew-drop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves or because he teaches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration, whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man—who shall say? How the faith of Christendom has been staid for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been breathed in parable and poem!

The poet's genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and

abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the states, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living.

Robert Burns transfigured the country of his birth and love. Every bird and flower, every hill and dale and river whisper and repeat his name. When he died there was not a Scotchman who was not proud of being a Scotchman. But he, as all great poets, as they turn to music the emotions of humanity, pass from the exclusive love of their own country into the reverence of the world.

THE PUBLIC DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From a Commencement Address at Union College, June 27, 1877.)

Public duty in this country is not disharged, as is so often supposed, by voting. A man may vote regularly, and still fail essentially of his political duty, as the Pharisee who gave tithes of all that he possessed and fasted three times in the week, yet lacked the very heart of religion. When an American citizen is content with voting merely, he consents to accept what is often a doubtful alternative. His first duty is to help shape the alternative. This, which was formerly less necessary, is now indispensable. In a rural community such as this country was a hundred years ago, whoever was nominated for office was known to his neighbors, and the consciousness of that knowledge was a conservative influence in determining nominations. But in the local elections of the great cities of to-day, elections that control taxation and expenditure, the mass of the voters vote in absolute ignorance of the candidates. The citizen who supposes that he does all his duty when he votes places a premium upon political knavery. Thieves welcome him to the polls and offer him a

choice, which he has done nothing to prevent, between Jeremy Diddler and Dick Turpin. The party cries for which he is responsible are: "Turpin and Honesty," "Diddler and Reform."

There is not an American merchant who would send a ship to sea under the command of Captain Kidd, however skillful a sailor he might be. Why should he vote to send Captain Kidd to the legislature or to put him in command of the ship of state because his party directs? The party which to-day nominates Captain Kidd will to-morrow nominate Judas Iscariot, and to-morrow, as to-day, party spirit will spurn you as a traitor for refusing to sell your master.

But let us not be deceived. While good men sit at home, not knowing that there is anything to be done, nor caring to know; cultivating a feeling that politics are tiresome and dirty, and politicians vulgar bullies and bravoes; half-persuaded that a republic is the contemptible rule of a mob, and secretly longing for a splendid and vigorous despotism—then remember it is not a government mastered by ignorance, it is a government betrayed by intelligence; it is not the victory of the slums, it is the surrender of the schools; it is not that bad men are brave, but that good men are infidels and cowards.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

Anonymous.

Napoleon was sitting in his tent. Before him lay the map of Italy. He took four pins, stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right. I will capture him there." "Who, sire?" said an officer. "Melas, the old fox of Austria. He will return from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I will cross the Po, meet him on the plains of La Servia, and conquer him there." And the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later, the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard; the 22d, Lannes, with the army of Genoa, held Ivrae. So far

all had gone well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired, had reduced their army from 120,000 to 40,000 men, dispatched Desaix to the right, and on June 14th, moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God thwarted his schemes. In the gorges of the Alps a few drops of rain had fallen, and the Po could not be crossed in time. Melas, pushed to the wall by Lannes, rested to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Lannes beaten, Champeaux dead and Kellerman still charging. Old Melas poured his Austrian phalanx on Marengo till the Consular Guard gave way, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon became a terrible defeat.. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy general, came sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry and halted near the eminence where stood Napoleon. In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin, whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaign of Egypt and Austria.

As the column halted Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat." The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy grasped his drumsticks, stepped forward and said: "Oh, sire, I don't know how. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the pyramids once, and I beat it at Mount Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock; there is time to win a victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword gleam of Desaix and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the hosts of Austria. They drove the first line back on the second, the second back on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered. As the smoke cleared away, in the front of the line was seen the gamin, still beating the furious charge, as over the dead and wounded, over the breastworks and ditches, over the cannon and rear guard, he led the way to victory! And the fifteen days in Italy were ended.

To-day men point to Marengo with wonderment. They laud the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, they forget that he was defeated; they forget that a general only thirty years old made a victory of the Great Conqueror's defeat, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the Child of Destiny.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

Adapted.

I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river; I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mount Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and glory, and the honor of seventy millions of Americans.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. When the French tri-color rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see unified Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

If one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant.. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary war. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty and for happiness, meant. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity; red, for valor; blue, for justice; and all

together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. It streamed in light over the soldiers' head at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

I like to think of our soldiers and sailors as defenders of the flag, and I like to think of the flag as our defender from foes within or foes without. During the Cuban revolution of '73, an American citizen was imprisoned, and by a Spanish court-martial sentenced to be shot as a spy. The American consul at Havana demanded a suspension of the sentence pending an investigation, which was peremptorily refused, and preparations for the execution of the court-martial's finding were hurriedly made. The prisoner was led forth, and a company of Spanish soldiers stood ready, at the word of command, to execute the death warrant. At this critical moment appeared the American consul and, winding about the body of the prisoner the stars and stripes, turned to the Spanish officer and said: "Now shoot if you dare!" The silence of the Spanish guns was the only reply.

When the events of to-day shall be matters of history, may our sons gather strength from our example in every contest with despotism that time may have in store to try their virtue, and may the flag emerge from every conflict with not a stripe erased or polluted or a single star obscured, insuring to America a just and lasting peace, and to the world a wider liberty and a higher civilization.

SAM HOUSTON AND THE CIVIL WAR.

Adapted.

A strong upholder of the Union, Houston led the fight to keep Texas from joining the seceding states. In a speech at Galveston in the spring of '61, he prophesied the failure of the Confederacy and overcame the opposition of the secessionists by his personal presence. But events were too strong for him. The position of Texas made her naturally a member of the Southern Confederacy. The people were mainly Southern, and when the Federal government proclaimed its purpose of coercing the seceding states, all but a few threw themselves heart and soul into the Confederate cause. Likewise did Houston. "Now that not only coercion, but a vindictive war, is to be inaugurated," he said, in a speech at Waco on May 10, 1861, "whether I was treated justly or unjustly in being deposed as governor, is not now to be considered. I put all that under my feet and there it shall stay. Let those who stood by me do the same, and let us all show at a time when perils environ our beloved land, that we know how to be patriots and Texans."

Refusing the offer of a major-general's commission from President Lincoln, Houston fitted out his eldest son for the Confederate service. During the first year of the war, Col. Moore had organized a splendid regiment of 1,100 young men, volunteers mostly from Galveston, of which Sam Houston, Jr., was a member. The Colonel was justly proud of them and was fond of exhibiting their superior drill and "dress" to the public. Before leaving the island for the seat of war, the Colonel invited General Houston to review his regiment. Now Judge Campbell, of one of the judicial districts of Texas, and Williamson S. Oldham, member of the Confederate Congress, had been Houston's bitter enemies during the canvass on secession. They had followed him night and day throughout the state. On the day set for him to review and put the regiment through some military evolutions, the General was on hand at the hour and place. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the performance. The regiment stood in perfect "dress" and at "present arms"

when General Houston appeared in front. There he stood in the same military suit he had worn in 1836 at the battle of San Jacinto,—his pants tucked in the top of his military boots; suspended at his side was the same old sword, and on his head was a weather-beaten, light-colored broad-brimmed planter hat, the left side buttoned up to the crown. It was a sight for sensation. All eyes were now upon him, and many a throat of soldier and spectator was choking down feelings unutterable. Not a word had passed the General's lips, but now the Colonel passed him his own sword and told him to proceed. Then came: "Shoulder arms. Right about face!" The regiment now facing to the rear, the General cried out in stentorian tones of sarcasm: "Do you see anything of Judge Campbell or Williamson S. Oldham here?" "No," was the emphatic reply. "Well," said the General, "they are not found at the front nor even at the rear."

"Right about, front face, eyes right. Do you see anything of Judge Campbell's son here?"

"No; he has gone to Paris to school," responded the regiment. "Eyes left. Do you see anything of young Sam Houston here?" "Yes," was the thrilling response.

"Eyes front. Do you see anything of old Sam Houston here?" By this time the climax of excitement was reached and the regiment and citizens responded in thunder tones, "Yes!" and then united in a triple round of three times three for the venerable Hero of San Jacinto.

EULOGY OF TEXAS VETERANS.

DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

(Peroration of an address delivered before the Veterans of the Texas Republic, at Dallas, Texas, April 21, 1898.)

Veterans of Texas, the men whose labor and sacrifice established the independence and guided the early destinies of Texas, are fast disappearing. Most of them have already taken their stations on the "mount of remembrance." A few of you are left to view from the summit of an honorable old age the land you rescued and the posterity you blessed. You, too, will soon have been gathered home, and it may ere long be said of you all:

"Their part in all the pomp that fills
The glory of the summer hills,
Is that their graves are green."

But the deeds you accomplished and the work you leave behind you will make your names sweet in the mouths of men, and your memory sacred in the minds of the descendants whose freedom and happiness you secured. It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome built of brick and left it built of marble. You may justly indulge a prouder boast than that of the imperial egotist. You found this country a wilderness and you leave it a populous and enlightened community; you found it a feeble and impoverished province, struggling against barbarism and crushed by tyranny—you will leave it a powerful and enlightened state, blessed with civilization and rejoicing in the possession of free and popular institutions; you found its plains a trackless waste of unproductive territory, you will leave them swarming with a thousand herds and rich in fertile fields. Rivers that were then traversed only by the solitary canoe of the Indian or the rude raft of some sturdy pioneer, now sweep down to the sea by vast and growing cities, through a land vocal with the sounds of peaceful labor and bright with the splendor of a vigorous prosperity, while every little babbling brook hastens with silver tinkling feet to tell it to the ocean. In these varied and enduring monuments of your love and labor, as well as in the grateful hearts of your countrymen, you may read

at once the eulogy and the epitaph of your long and noble and useful lives.

Citizens of Dallas, it has been your privilege to entertain many and illustrious guests. The conclaves of political and commercial power have assembled in your halls and received your homage. Convocations of religious and secular learning have shared your hospitality and challenged your reverence. But I say to you to-day that in all her past history and in all her future experience, this great city has not paid and will never pay the tribute of veneration and loyalty to as noble a gathering as this little handful of heroes, upon whose youthful brows patriotism set the seal of approval, around whose lifelong career shines the halo of a consecrated courage, and upon whose bowed and whitened heads to-day I invoke the benediction of a state's gratitude and love.

THE AMERICAN STUDENT TYPE.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

(Adapted from an address at the public exercises of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, Rochester, N. Y., May 7, 1890.)

Every one who has visited an English university town has remarked the high inclosures of the college yard, the retirement of the gardens, the monkish cells that serve as habitations, the stately robes worn by the matriculate devotees and sons of the prophets. And so in Germany one finds still stranded relics of the mediaeval student in the fuss and feathers of the corps student "in vollem wichs," the lozenge cap, the cavalry boots, the sabre, the vaunted scars, as well as in the semi-obsolete usages of the college court, which rescues indiscreet revelers from the vulgar hands of the police court to give them a hearing before their peers and commit them to the charmed exclusiveness of the university jail.

Appointments and usages such as these are a recognition of an old but outlived doctrine that the human race consisted of men, women, children and college students. A system such as this can be permanently at home only in societies that are

based upon a recognition of classes. It is and always was un-American, and was always accompanied in its application by the development of friction and waste of power. The isolation from the common life of men, artificially cultivated for the brief period of the college course, could only be maintained afterwards with loss, or shaken off with pain and tears and groanings unutterable. How many there are to tell the tale of mournful passage through that vale of tears which drags down into its deepest depths the roadway leading from the splendid flower-crowned summits of the commencement stage to the plateaus beyond!

It is, then, I believe, in this direction that the type of the American student of to-day, as compared with the English or German student, is developing—toward a more perfect sympathy and accord with the common life of men, toward a sounder respect for the nobility of human effort in all its fields, toward a broader view of what is usefulness, and toward a cheerier readiness to work where God has work to do.

I have heard people say in these latter days, "College students are becoming more civilized." It has often occurred to me to say, "Yes, and college faculties are becoming more civilized." Whatever the cause, the fact is that the relations between teacher and taught are becoming more natural. They are more natural because they base more nearly on the truth of things. The teacher is not, and by nature cannot be, an infallible oracle. The best pupil is not and cannot be an automaton from whom the fine-gauged question-in-the-slot will always bring the unerring answer. Much that has been called education is not derived from ex and duco, but from ex and traho. So to many a teacher, who could with more truth be called a dentist, might with profit be communicated that recipe which was brought from Vienna to a boarding house mistress, who fain would know the concocting art of that much-praised Vienna coffee: "Put some in!"

The effect of the recent rapid extension of athletic sports in college circles has involved a certain modification of the student type in the direction of manliness, a robust uprightness and a general healthfulness. The typical American student is not a pessimist; he is not an Agnostic, and his religion

is practical and aggressive rather than doctrinal and defensive; he is not an "indifferent" in matters concerning his relations and obligations to the state.

With the multiplication of courses of study variously adapted to the character and interests of different students, and with the continual humanizing of the methods of college instruction, I believe we are developing in all our institutions of the higher learning a studious spirit of natural earnestness because based upon natural interests—a student type whose main characteristics are earnestness, manliness, love of the intellectually straight and the morally clean.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

HARRY L. TAYLOR.

We are told that intercollegiate athletics bear with them many evils. If that be true, it is to be deplored, and should if possible be remedied. If intercollegiate athletics really are, as their opponents hold, so alluring, so destructive of all ambition for aught else, that they draw young men too much from the duty they owe their intellectual and their moral being and make them think too much of their physical development; if intercollegiate athletics, by making a few finely trained and well developed specialists, really do lessen in any degree the general desire among college undergraduates to get out and play and keep strong; if intercollegiate athletics actually take students too frequently from their regular university work; if, in themselves, they promote gambling,—then I should earnestly advocate putting them under such restrictions as would minimize these evils that are said to dance attendance. But why abolish a good and useful thing because we have not yet quite learned to utilize it properly? Intercollegiate athletics have done a great work in making young men better, not only physically, but mentally and morally. The regular and earnest physical training makes the youth sinewy and enduring. The hard fighting against strong op-

ponents before large audiences makes him stout-hearted, unflinching and self-reliant. The rigorous training regulations teach him how to be abstemious and to take pride in being able to be temperate in all things. The compulsory subjection to the captain's orders teaches him how to obey, shows him the incalculable value of discipline. The little bruises and bumps give the young man some small but useful samples of the hard knocks he will receive when he gets out into the world, and teach him how to take punishment without weakening, how to stand up and fight manfully and fairly without losing his temper or his ambition. All this leads away from pettiness and snobbishness and meanness and vice, and leads up toward morality, broadness of mind, courage, true consideration for others and that all-round strength and gentleness and sanity that enter so largely into the make-up of the ideal American gentleman.

Lord Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football fields of England. Are not the intercollegiate athletic fields of America fitting men to win future Waterloos? Whenever ignorant brutality shall threaten weakness, whenever the aged, the infirm, our civic institutions or our flag may need protection, depend upon it you will find the intercollegiate athlete at the front "hitting the good ones out hard" for the right, "plunging through the line" toward the ramparts behind which wrong is entrenched, directing every blow better, driving them home harder and staying more dauntlessly to the end because of the lessons he learned in the days when he "slid head-first home" or "dove through the center" or "fell exhausted at the tape" or "pulled the winning stroke" for Alma Mater.

Athletics strictly intra-collegiate might furnish some of this valuable instruction, but not all by any means. The incentive is not present. The chance to fight against a foreign foe for Fatherland furnishes an incentive and serves to bring out latent abilities which could never be developed by an opportunity to serve on one side of a sectional squabble between parts of a common country. He who serves his Alma Mater in honorable, friendly, but earnest battle against a team representing a sister university or college, is turning his steps to-

ward a spot where petty sectional rivalries and enmities have no place. He is necessarily being taught that jealousy and envy and sharp practice are unmanly and despicable, that fair and square and vigorous fighting for a worthy object, for an advance toward a high ideal, is not only honorable and desirable, but truly elevating and manly. The intercollegiate athlete who has been properly handled should, in all reason, become the foe of vice and littleness, the exponent of purity and strength, the ever-ready champion of the right, the resolute defender of the weak and the oppressed, the very flower of American chivalry.

DEMOCRACY.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(Extract from an address delivered at Birmingham, England, October 6, 1884.)

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The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had profound disbelief in theory and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion.

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance

for occupying the attention of the country and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble in its pocket a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply. As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? A numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed.

Universal suffrage in the United States has sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform, and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run.

All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments of public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men—and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind"—we can yet,

perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities and to prevent their growing more enormous. As society is now constituted, germs of disease are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. Let us be of good cheer, however; the world has outlived much and will outlive a great deal more. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies or aristocracies or democracies, but will be revealed in the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

FAME.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(Extract from his Essay on Success. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., authorized publishers of Longfellow's Works.)

Time has a doomsday book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But as often as a new name is written there an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of nature—lords of the public domain of thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those whose fame lives only on the indiscreet opinion of unwise men must soon be as well forgotten as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this, well knowing that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again and their graves tell no tale of them, so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten and their most cherished thoughts, purposes and opinions have no longer an individual being among men, but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought.

It is better, therefore, that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive in what they do than the approbation of men (which is Fame), namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be, in our imperfection—impossible, perhaps, to accomplish wholly. Yet the resolute, indomitable will of man can achieve much—at times even a victory over itself, being persuaded that fame comes only when it is deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny. And after all, perhaps the greatest lesson which can be found in the lives of great men is told in a single word: Wait! Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. The voices of the present say "Come!" But the voices of the past say "Wait!" With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent upstream and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, no less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait, should abide his time; not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether you or I or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to think too much about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking into the faces of others for approval. Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do, well; and doing, whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgiving, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.

Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation and bodily discomfort and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplish-

ment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, and they, with shattered nerves and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in their graves to sleep the sleep of death—and the world talks of them while they sleep! It would seem, indeed, as if all their suffering had but sanctified them; as if the death angel in passing had touched them with the hem of his garment and had made them holy; as if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity burning solemnly and forever!

AMBITION.

JEROME K. JEROME.

(In "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.")

Is it, forsooth, wrong to be ambitious? Are the men wrong who with bent back and sweating brow cut the smooth road over which humanity marches forward, who use the talents their Master has intrusted to them for toiling, while others play?

Of course, they are seeking their own reward. Man is not given that Godlike unselfishness that thinks only of others' good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labor for himself alone. Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mold the universe. The stream in struggling onward turns the mill wheel; the coral insect fashioning its tiny cells joins continents; and the ambitious man building a pedestal for himself leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Caesar fought for their own ends, but in doing so they put a belt of civilization half around the earth. Stephenson, to win a fortune, invented the steam engine, and Shakespeare wrote his plays to keep a comfortable home for Mrs. Shakespeare and the children.

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against, and they make a respectable audience for the active spirits to play before. I have not a word to say against them so long as they keep quiet. But they should not go strutting about, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species.

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you don't you won't get anything. In this world it is necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages and to demand ten times more than you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand; if you start by suggesting a hundred you will only get ten.

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people. They never know the excitement of expectation nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects and hopes and plans. To the ambitious man life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve—a game to be won, in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it, as the strong swimmer in the heavy billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, as the soldier in battle. And if he be defeated he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he loses the race he at least has had a run. Better to work and fail than to sleep one's life away.

THE POWER OF IDEAS.

L. G. LONG.

Men act in bodies; they think in solitude. The world's thought is the product of a few master minds. A new idea, a new spark struck from the brain forge of some God-sent genius, lights the world for ages. Around each intellectual luminary floats a multitude of satellites, who drink in the brilliancy of his pure, strong rays, but emit a feeble and languid light which serves only to deepen their own obscurity in its original splendor. The world is full of critics and commentators who bend and warp and twist the truth that already exists to fit their own environment. An age of business and barter is not conducive to profound thought; an age of books and newspapers is ill adapted to original thinking. Few are they who think, who create, who are known to add one tittle to the storehouse of knowledge.

Only the success of a new idea renders its author famous. What, then, do we understand by the success of an idea? An idea succeeds whenever it ceases to be a pure mental abstraction, a mere child of fancy, and becomes a real entity, bodied forth in some visible, tangible form, in some useful implement, some work of art, some beneficent institution ministering to the moral, intellectual or physical needs of men. What was Wesley without a Methodism or Knox without a Presbyterianism? What was Milton without a Paradise Lost or Goethe without a Faust?

The Roman idea succeeded when the shadow of the Roman eagle enveloped the whole civilized world. The English idea succeeded when her "morning drumbeat, keeping pace with the sun, encircled the globe with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." The American idea succeeded when the Stars and Stripes, baptized and consecrated by the blood of revolution, rebaptized and reconsecrated by the blood of rebellion, ceased to be the symbol of a loose and unstable federation of states, and became the sacred emblem of a great and glorious nation.

Where do we find ideas that will endure? Not in the busy marts of trade; not in the alcoves of dusty libraries; not amid

the gaud and splendor of the gay salon; not in palaces rich with the decorations and adornments of lavished fortunes, but in some cloistered retreat, where the soul of man lives close to the heart of nature, where God's face is not obscured by the dust and smoke of cities, where some Plato muses in his leafy grove, or where some Emerson meditates beneath the shade trees of his Concord farm—there, in such secluded spots, great ideas struggle into life.

Better were it that Galileo heard not the voice of the priest, but saw the swinging of the chandelier. Better for mankind that Moses left the discontented Israelites and climbed Mount Sinai. Better for humanity that Watt lost himself in his own deep reflections or Edison sinks from sight in the crystal sea of his own great thoughts. Well may society afford to lose the splendid presence of these noble souls, if from the ashes of their burnt-out minds arise on Phoenix wings those sublime truths which serve as beacon lights to a benighted world, a blessing to mankind.

THE RELATION OF THE UNIVERSITY MAN TO THE STATE.

MARSHALL HICKS,
(Mayor of San Antonio, Texas.)

(Extract from an address at Dallas, University of Texas Day, October 21, 1899.)

Born in a tempest, nurtured in a storm, and grown strong in the struggle of more than half a century, Texas stands to-day with her loins girded, her staff in hand and her face toward the future, ready to go forward into the dawn of a new and larger day. As we stand to-day in this splendid city, amidst its evidences of wealth and culture, our minds and hearts turn in veneration to those who made our state development possible; to that stalwart body of men whose courage and self-sacrifice, whose faith and foresight wrote large the destiny of the little republic; and to those men of later day whose broad culture and mature wisdom, whose patient industry and untiring devotion to principle placed the tottering republic upon a foundation which is immovable, and touched the rough structure of the new-made State into lines of symmetry and beauty. In a hostile country, exposed to dangers from without and within, the prey of the savage and the dupe of governmental deception, they kept the faith which they had pledged to a faithless sovereign until faith in the government was folly. Then the indomitable courage and unconquerable will of the Anglo-Saxon asserted themselves, threw off the yoke of a government which had ceased to protect, and erected for themselves a republic of their own.

Happy was it for us that the men whose spirits controlled in the march of those stirring events were university men; men of broad culture, deep learning, mature wisdom, and rich experience, with an earnest devotion to the principles of justice and right. One writer says that the proportion of college bred men among those pioneers was greater than among the people of a much later day or even of to-day. To that fact we are indebted for the broad lines of our State structure, and especially our invaluable system of public schools culminating at last in our State University.

This age is a practical one, and the commercial spirit is abroad in the land. This spirit measures men by their possessions. Its vision is direct and concentrated. It does not view the distant scene. It is narrow, but forceful. Culture broadens vision and gives a correct idea of value. Therefore, in its estimate some things diminish in value. They are counted not worth the strife necessary to possess them, and their possession may be dangerous. Culture is rational and conservative, but not cowardly. It moves cautiously, but surely. The history of the race shows that university men have not only been dreamers, but actors in the drama of life. Let me say that dreamers have made this world habitable. There was a time when things we count most common now in life were but a dream. This splendid land of ours and all it holds for the race was but a dream of the inspired sailor of Genoa, but the dreamer saw the vision and placing his hand upon the helm, turned the prow of his frail ship towards the west and held it there until he saw a new world rise before him from the bosom of the deep. From the brain of that silent thinker, who begged his way from court to court, leaped a new continent, whereon a sturdy people, catching up the smoldering torch of human freedom, was destined to set a beacon upon the hills of New England and Virginia to light the peoples of the world into liberty and life.

The race is waiting day after day for men with brain and heart, with courage and conscience, for some new Columbus who has the wisdom, the patience and the courage to emancipate his people into larger life. There are laws of life still buried in the brain waiting for some savior of the people, with lancet and lens to call them into life by the selfsame words, "I say unto thee arise." There are principles of justice yet unrecognized, economic and industrial policies unaccepted, waiting for some one wise enough and brave enough to introduce them into the practical life of the people. In the field of physics, of chemistry, of medicine, of surgery, there are laws whose discovery will liberate and bless the race, while in the broad field of human life, society is waiting for the practical application of those nobler ideas of human conduct to all the duties and relations of life. The life of the

State and of the race must be broadened and deepened, its liberties must be larger and its ideals purer and higher.

To the accomplishment of these things, I would summon you. The call is to the cultured, broad-minded, high-souled sons and daughters of our alma mater. That call comes not from me, but from those heroes of Texas who saw the visions and dreamed the dreams in the days of the past. As their mouthpiece, I would give their message in the vigorous words of the gifted Kipling to his own and our kindred people:

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

COMBINATION OF CAPITAL AND CONSOLIDATION OF LABOR.

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.

The most noticeable social fact of to-day is that of the combination of capital and the organization of labor. Whatever may be the causes, and whatever may be the results, good or bad, the fact is beyond dispute that the trend of the two great industrial forces of capital and labor is along the line of consolidation and co-operation. I am not here to decry this tendency. I realize full well that only through this movement are the great material achievements of the day possible; but one thing is clear, and that is that the penalty which the nation pays for all its benefits is the growing disposition to sacrifice the individual to the mass, to make the liberty of the one something which may be ruthlessly trampled into the dust, because of some supposed benefit to the many.

A capital combine may, as it is claimed, produce better, cheaper and more satisfactory results in manufacture, transportation, and general business; but too often the combine is not content with the voluntary co-operation of such as choose to join. It grasps at monopoly, and seeks to crush out all competition. If any individual prefers his independent business, however small, and refuses to join the combine, it proceeds to assail that business. With its accumulation of wealth it can afford for a while to so largely undersell as to speedily destroy it. It thus crushes or swallows the individual, and he is assaulted as though he were an outlaw.

So it is with the organizations of labor; the leaders order a strike; the organization throws down its tools and ceases to work. No individual member dare say: "I have a family to support, I prefer to work," but is forced to go with the general body. Not content with this, the organization too often attempts by force to keep away other laborers. It stands with its accumulated power of numbers, not merely to coerce its individual members, but also to threaten any outsiders who seek to take their places. Where is the individual laborer who dares assert his liberty and act as he

pleases in the matter of work; where is the individual contractor or employer who can carry on his business as he thinks best?

The business men are becoming slaves of the combine; the laborers of the trades' union. Through the land the idea is growing that the individual is nothing and that the organization is everything; and we have the fancy sketch of the dreamer of a supposed ideal state, in which the individual has no choice of lot or toil, but is moved about according to the supposed superior wisdom of the organized mass; and this, we are told, is the liberty for which the ages have toiled, and for which human blood has crimsoned the earth.

OVER-PROTECTED FARMERS.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

There is trouble at this time in the hearts and minds of the farmers of this country. There is a deep, strong current of discontent, anxiety, and alarm prevailing in all the farming regions of the United States, and that current is growing swifter, stronger, and more threatening every hour. The spirit of unrest, irritation, and reproach is abroad amongst the tillers of the soil to an extent never before known in American history. The millions who plow and sow and reap are being moved by a mighty and concerted impulse to inquire into the causes which have led to their present calamitous and oppressed condition.

The main answer is easy and obvious; it is to be found on the very surface of our affairs. Living under a plutocracy, the farmer does not own his full time and labor; he owns a part, but not all. He needs all the six days of the week in which to work for himself, his wife, and his children; but under the iniquitous system by which the tariff taxes him upon every necessary of life, he is compelled to devote the proceeds of at least two days out of the six to the protection and enrichment of the robber barons. One-third of his time the American farmer is a toiling serf for the payment, not of revenue to his government, but of naked tribute to those who are protected in charging him 25 to 100 per cent. more than it is worth on every article his wants compel him to buy.

We are all familiar with the name applied to a system of government by virtue of which one class owns the labor of another class; and it is a moderate and reasonable statement to make that the American laborer, and more especially the farm laborer, is already one-third slave by law, with the clutch, greed, and power of his master, the plutocracy, increasing the degree and the degradation of his servitude every hour. The relations of the laboring classes to the feudal barons of Europe during the Middle Ages were exactly the same in principle as those now existing between the laboring classes of the United States and the favored few, for whom they are hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Cedric, the Saxon, had no surer hold on the services of Gurth, the swineherd, than the lords of the money power have at this time on the hard earnings of American industry. Are we to be blind to the lessons of history? There is always a point in the oppression and enslavement of labor where safety ceases and danger begins. A tax known as corvee in France, requiring and enforcing gratuitous labors on the part of the inhabitants of a district for their lord of the manor, was one of the sore grievances which led to the French revolution.

Well might Mirabeau denounce the corvee tax as "the most cruel of all servitudes," and yet the French peasantry of that period were no more required to render gratuitous services to the French aristocracy than are the grain-growers and stock-raisers of the United States to-day to render gratuitous millions and hundreds of millions annually to the coffers of those whom a high protective tariff has made their lords and masters. It remains to be seen whether the American laborer at the close of the nineteenth century will be any more patient of a corvee tax on his time and his industry, than was the down-trodden French peasant of a hundred years ago.

THE PROFESSIONAL SPOILSMAN.

(Extract from an editorial in the Indianapolis News, December 22, 1897.)

The spoils system is a cunning device of a class that would retain to itself the administration of public affairs. One might as well argue, from the chronic jurymen who hang around court-houses, that the people are interested in being drawn on juries, as to argue from the clamor of spoilsmen that it is the people who want the offices. The people—the great mass of the seventy millions of this country—do not want offices, and they have no time for them. They are pursuing life, liberty and happiness in their own way. But there is a little coterie of men in every city, in every town, in every hamlet almost, who hang around the post office, the county court-house, or whatever center of public activity, who seek to make of politics the means of living. These folk are always to the front. They are out on the curb-stone, making a noise. Merely passing along the street, you might think that the whole town were talking, whereas the whole town is in shops and stores and factories, engaged in the business of life, while a mere handful of people are in the highways and byways, making a noise.

Put this question to the test, let a vote be taken, and the spoilsmen would see that they would not amount to a chip on the tide, to a leaf in the gale. They are simply as nothing, either in numbers or influence, compared to the great number of people who are attending to the business of life, and who want their public affairs administered as they administer their private affairs—honestly, thoroughly, efficiently and because of fitness and not favoritism. We challenge the spoilsmen to any test they want to make. They are not merely not a majority of the people, they are an insignificant moiety of the minority.

This pressure for public support is an instance of an inverted view of the function of government which survives among us, and which, if it is to be encouraged by narrowing the scope of the merit system, will place a tremendous strain upon Republican institutions at a time when they are already

laden with a hundred burdens. The merit system is in the interest of the whole people; for, unlike the spoils system, it cannot be used by a faction to defeat the will of the people. Civil service reform has never been a party question in the nation, for it stands for the interest of Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist and Independent. It is a protest against playing the game of politics with loaded dice, furnished by the people against themselves.

INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From an address delivered at Bath, N. Y., February 9, 1899.)

As American citizens, all of us stand or fall together. No deed of corruption or infamy is performed in public or private life, but all of us are so much the poorer. I wish we could recognize even more clearly than we do, that every act of municipal or State or national misgovernment, that every conspicuous act of dishonesty, takes away by just so much from that American character in which we have the right to take pride; and that so, on the other hand, every act of military or civic virtue, every deed of courage of soldiers, of good conduct of our men in public affairs, reflects honor upon our people as a whole. It is important that we shall have material well-being; it is important that we should have material prosperity; it is more important that we shall have that upon which ultimately, material well being must rest, that we shall have the moral well being, that we shall have that moral lift toward things higher, for the lack of which nothing else can atone, either in the life of a nation or in the life of an individual.

We are ending this century; we are about to enter upon another, increasing the range of our responsibilities. If we are indeed the nation we claim to be, that will not make us shrink from the future. If we are, indeed, as we claim to be, the men who stand foremost in the ranks to-day, the nation that is entitled to take the lead in shaping the progress of the world, we will not shrink from the duty that is before us. No great victory was ever won save by those who were willing to take some risk in winning it, and this applies not only to our military life, but to our civil life. We cannot ultimately uphold the honor of the nation abroad, if we do not uphold the cause of civic honesty at home.

ANCESTRAL IDEALS.

HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE.

(Extract from a speech delivered at the annual dinner of the New England Society of Philadelphia, December 22, 1898.)

America has followed her ancestral ideal of republican government with marvelous fidelity, and still more marvelous success. Without militarism she has made her power felt around the globe. Without colonies she has outstripped all colonial empires in the growth of her export trade. Without conquering vessels or annexing tributaries she has expanded her population from three million to seventy-five million, and welcomed a score of races to her capacious bosom, not to subjugate them, but to transform them into Americans. Glory to the ideal of a new nation, "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal!" Glory has come to it for a hundred years. Glory still waits for it. It is to-day the most potent and prosperous ideal in the whole world. All that this country needs is to be true to her own ideal, and so to lead mankind. But this last ideal which reaches forward into the long future—the ideal of national glory and grandeur—is it indeed ancestral? Did the fathers cherish it and dream of it?

There are those who tell us that their eyes were not opened to behold this vision. We are asked to believe that they were short-sighted in regard to the greatness of America; and therefore their counsels are inapplicable to the days of our prosperity. I do not believe it. The representative of Spain at Paris in 1783, Count Arondo, said: "This Federal Republic is born a pigmy. The day will come when it will be a giant, a Colossus, formidable even in these countries. Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of a new government, will draw artisans and farmers even from the great nations." That was a vision of jealousy and fear. Do you believe that the eyes of our ancestors were too blind to behold that vision in joy and hope? Nay, they saw it, and they saw also how it was to be obtained. Not on the old plan of the Roman empire, annexation without incorporation, but on the new plan of the American Republic—liberation,

population, education, assimilation. Turn back to the letter which Washington wrote to the Earl of Buchow:

"It is my sincere wish that United America shall have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations. To administer justice, and to receive it from every power with whom they are connected will, I hope, be found the most prominent feature of the administration of this country, and I flatter myself that nothing short of imperious necessity can ever occasion a breach with any of them.

"Under such a system, if we are allowed to pursue it, the wealth of these United States, the agriculture and the mechanic arts and its population will increase with such a degree of rapidity as to baffle all calculations, and must surpass any idea your Lordship can hitherto have entertained."

Turn back to those noble words of the farewell address, in which the Father of Our Country said: "It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." This is our ancestral ideal of national glory and grandeur. Not military conquest, but worldwide influence. Not colonies in both hemispheres, but friends, admirers, and imitators around the globe.

These are the ancestral ideals that have been the strength and prosperity of Americans during the nineteenth century. Will they endure through the twentieth century? Pray God they may. But who can tell? Men often forget and sometimes change their ideals. But this we know: If the ideal of just government, as based on the consent of the governed, is modified; if the ideal of national grandeur, as consisting in enlightenment, rather than in conquest, is obscured, then our last hope will be in the survival of the third ideal—American manhood. Then, if ever, we shall need these ancestral societies, not to search out vain geneologies, but to remind us of the virtues of our forefathers. Then, if ever, we shall need men to imitate their integrity, their fearlessness, their unselfish devotion to the commonwealth. And, while we have such men, I, for one, shall never despair of the salvation of the Republic.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

(From The Nation, January, 1899.)

During the whole of the century which is just expiring, the reverence of Americans for their Federal constitution, has been the marvel of publicists. Its success, in fact, in securing the attachment of the American people, has, as is well known, much surpassed the expectations of its framers. It has long been held up to admiration as the crowning proof of the political capacity of the Anglo-Saxon race. The wonder has been too, not solely that the American people devised it, but that they obeyed it, and lived quietly under it. We have no doubt that some at least of the South American republics have constitutions which seem as good as ours on paper, but the people do not respect them in practice. They revolt every now and then, when the constitution stands in the way of some ambitious politician. In fact, ever since Tocqueville began to write about the American republic in the thirties, our adoration of it has puzzled Europeans. A great many Englishmen regarded it as a kind of superstition. At the outbreak of the civil war, one English writer of eminence explained that one of our great difficulties was "that we had a false bottom to our political thought"—namely, the constitution. For seventy years it furnished protection to an institution which disgraced us in the eyes of the world, and shocked the moral sense of the most intelligent portion of our own community. It was worshipped because it furnished for the first time in history an effective and enduring federal bond.

After the civil war we had still enough reverence for the constitution not to take any step which seemed seriously to violate it. We even took the trouble to make slavery unconstitutional after it had been abolished by military force. Artemus Ward's joke that "the earth revolves on her own axle-tree, subject to the Constitution of the United States," was hardly an exaggerated expression of the popular feeling regarding it.

The first real breach in it was made by the invention of the "war power" to enable President Lincoln to abolish slavery.

No one would now say that this was not at that time necessary, but it made it possible for any president to suspend the constitution by getting up a war, that is, by calling into existence and activity the most anti-social and anti-legal and most judgment-disturbing of all the influences by which men are swayed. There is no way for making a president account for what he does in time of war, except by very uncertain processes which cannot be brought into play until long after the event. President McKinley, for instance, has been exercising powers during the last few months which have been bringing the constitution more and more into contempt, and to which some portion of the nation disputes his right, and there is practically no way of checking him. What his career has most distinctly brought to our notice is the rapidity with which a man, elected for a purpose to which he pays no attention, may turn opinion away from the constitution, and its necessities, and its values. If any one had predicted, even ten years ago, that such a person, by the aid of (for us) a trifling war, could, in so short a time, not only make the constitution seem of small consequence, but bring the great men of our heroic age into a sort of discredit, so that any "space writer" could pooh-pooh George Washington —who would have believed him?

McKinley, whom we are so glibly asked to accept as a better adviser than Washington, leaves us to face the mischief he has worked—the destruction of all sense of the value of the constitution as a defense of property and order, a great diminution of the sense of its value in placing bounds to any possible excess of universal suffrage. How long this madness will last, it is impossible to say. But as long as it lasts, those are foolish, who, with the example of Croker before them, suppose that the Altgelds and Tanners and Debses and Bryans will not be delighted to find that, after a century's trial of constitutional government, we have at last been willing to take off of democracy the only bridle it has ever borne with patiently.

INDIVIDUALISM VS. CENTRALIZATION.

HON. DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

(Extract from an address delivered at the University of Texas, June 19, 1893.)

In peace and war, in business and pleasure, in religion and politics, the distinguishing virtue and indispensable attribute of public and private morality, to which every Anglo-Saxon renders unqualified homage and renown, are those of loyalty to trust and devotion to duty.

Transmitted to this Western World, these same traits of personal obligation, private honor, individual responsibility and inalienable duty are a necessary and vital part of our social and political inheritance. Strike down the sense of direct moral obligation, obliterate the salutary restraints of private and personal honor, and you eliminate the most valuable and vigorous factor in the manhood, independence and potential greatness of American society.

It should be a source of never-failing pride and satisfaction to us to reflect that, of all the inhabitants of this Union of states, those who have heretofore most nearly preserved in their purity and practiced in their integrity the true and undefiled laws of political, social and individual morality and duty, were the citizens of that vanished time and fast-vanishing race—the sons of the Old South. In the simple and sedate atmosphere of those olden days, public virtue and private integrity, business trust and personal honor, were inseparable; individual manhood and political courage were convertible terms; social purity and a decorous regard for the pious convictions and sacred teachings of religion were accounted the attributes of true gentility, and a uniform courtesy, candor, fidelity and valor were the indispensable requirements of social recognition and public distinction. To those who vaunt the superior excellencies and practical advantages of the new South, with its increasing wealth and rapid conversion to the ideas of corporate control and combined industry, it would be both prudent and profitable to study the characteristics of that older civilization whose soft and tender charm, fading with the receding years, is yet "like

the sound of distant music, mournful though pleasing to the soul." It was an age of gentle manners, but unyielding courage; an era of ceremonious intercourse, but of unbroken promises and inviolable faith. Under the influence of more modern conceptions of co-operative enterprise and incorporated industry those pristine virtues of personal responsibility and heroic devotion to duty are fast becoming unknown quantities in the social, business and political relations of our people.

And at all these points of social growth and political friction we find the same struggle to maintain and to establish the ancient ideals of individualism and personal freedom against the encroachments of concentrated wealth, peculiar prerogative and incorporated privilege.

If now or hereafter among the representative nations of Aryan culture and progress, the innate and organic principles that form the inherited genius and fundamental law of the race development are ignored and violated—if individualism succumbs to centralization, and natural manhood is usurped by artificial citizenship, then in vain need we strive to preserve the purity and perpetuate the blessings of free democratic institutions, either here in their chosen abode or elsewhere among the struggling nations of the earth.

But if we shall adhere to the ideals of our race as they have been developed through the ages, if we shall practice and enforce obedience to the primal laws of our social and political health as they have been demonstrated by centuries of cumulative evolution and experience, if we are true to our faith and firm in our courage, then the ultimate freedom and union of humanity are not a dreaming phantasy of political theorists, but, "rising on a wind of prophecy," we may even indulge the Apocalyptic vision of the poet:

"When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags
are furled,—
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world;
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe.
And the peaceful earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

OUR GOVERNMENT'S REAL PERIL.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

(From The Outlook of September 1, 1900.)

The fact of expansion and the policy of expansion are realities which are clear to every intelligent American; but the thing called Imperialism, about which so much is being said at present, is a thing of the imagination; it has no reality, and for that reason it has failed to make any wide impression on the American people. Whatever may be the faults of the American people, they have an instinct for fact, and while they may be often deluded, and sometimes for considerable periods of time, they are rarely perplexed by specters. The question whether or not the army shall be increased to one hundred thousand men is debatable; there are good reasons to be urged against it; but to declare that the liberties of the country are to be endangered by such an increase is to take the discussion out of the realm of fact into that of pure fancy. If the liberties of this country, after a hundred and twenty-five years of national existence, and the fifteen hundred years of English political education, are to be endangered by an army of a hundred thousand men, it is time that another basis were put under those liberties. The real danger in this country is not from a conception of the Nation which spells it with a capital N, nor from a strong government either in the State capitals or at Washington; the real danger is from weakness of government. Lawlessness has been one of the chief vices of American life from the earliest times in our history. It was the prevalence of lawlessness and the extent of the lawless classes in the country that made Hamilton the advocate of a strong central government. It is the prevalence of lawlessness that, more than anything else except the development of rings and bosses, has misinterpreted American public life and the American spirit to the peoples of Europe. A country in which the recent riots in New Orleans and New York, the forcible control of the political campaign by armed men in North Carolina, the destruction of public buildings by a mob in Akron, Ohio, last week, are possible, is in far greater danger from the mob than it is

from the army or the executive. The peril to liberty in this country is real, but it does not come from so-called Imperialism; it comes from the fear of the mob and the weakness of executive officers in the presence of the mob. Among all the tyrants, none is more brutal than the mob; and in this country the mob, even in old communities, is often, for considerable periods of time, the real ruler.

The safeguards needed in this country are not safeguards against too much government, but against lawlessness. We need sheriffs, mayors, governors, and presidents who are not afraid of citizens who have put them into office when those citizens are organized for the purpose of breaking the law and committing deeds of violence. We need men who will not hesitate to put down a mob with a strong hand; men whose first concern it is, with absolute indifference to friend or foe, to maintain in New Orleans, North Carolina, New York, Akron, and St. Louis, that order the preservation of which is the first instinct of men of English blood and English political training. Nothing has brought greater reproach on American institutions than the frequent outbreaks of lawlessness in many parts of the country which have sometimes been met, as they ought always to be met, with prompt and stern upholding of the law by adequate means, but more often by evasion, delay, indecision, and sometimes cowardice. The real servant of the people is the executive who is not afraid of the men who elected him when it comes to a question between order and disorder. So long as negroes are hunted in great cities, voters are intimidated in ancient commonwealths, street-car traffic is prevented in great cities, and public buildings are blown up by dynamite, it is idle to talk about the danger of too much government in the United States.

NATIONAL HONOR.

CARL SCHURZ.

The honor of a person, in the general sense of the term, is his moral dignity. To offend or wound a person's honor means to deny or impeach his moral dignity so as to lower it in the estimation of others, and perhaps also in his own self-respect. To forfeit one's honor means to do something, or to permit something to be done, which is incompatible with one's moral dignity. This applies to nations as well as to individuals.

Whatever divergences of opinion on these points may still exist in this country, no American capable of sober reflection can seriously hold the belief that considerations of national honor would require, or even that its moral dignity would permit, this great republic to swagger about among the nations of the world with a chip on its shoulder, shaking its fist under everybody's nose, and telling the world on every possible occasion that we can "whip" any power that might choose to resent this, and that we would be rather glad of an opportunity for doing so. A private individual taking such an attitude would certainly not be called a gentleman. He would be considered a vulgar bully. If a person of great physical strength, he would be feared by some, esteemed by nobody, and heartily detested as a public nuisance by the whole decent part of the community. A nation playing such a role would deserve and meet with the same judgment in the family of civilized nations, and at the same time it would cultivate within itself those forces of evil which are always developed by a perversion of the sense of honor, and the consequent loss of true moral dignity and of genuine self-respect.

We may well be proud of the self-contained dignity with which so far President McKinley and his ministers have conducted our foreign affairs amid the excitements of the day; proud of the wellnigh unanimous applause which the calm attitude of those in power has elicited from the citizenship of the country; and proud of the fact that a bill to put the republic in a state of defense could pass both Houses of Con-

gress without hot appeals to warlike passions. This gives us a taste of that sense of national honor which draws its inspiration not from hysterical spasms, but from sober wisdom; not from the brutal wantonness of superior strength, but from the noble resolve to be all the more just and generous, because strong.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER,
(President of Hamilton College.)

At the entrance of the beautiful park in the City of Chicago that bears his name, there is placed commandingly a statue of our greatest president. Doubtless nearly all of you are familiar with its noble and unassuming pose. A heart of stone indeed must be his who can stand beneath that exalted figure before the empty chair and not feel the magic spell of a mighty presence. The Pantheon of time has claimed him as one of Humanity's types and leaders.

We all know the story of his early days, how with marvelous development he rose to each new demand and met it adequately. There never was a day when he was not more of a man than the day before. Vast tact and rectitude together, astute in deliberation and biding his time, he never surrendered to others one ounce of his own responsibility, and proved his wisdom in taking all the advice he could get and using what he thought best, until the people grew to know him and love him and confide in him, and to them he became, not the great President, though that he was, but plain and simple Honest Old Abe.

Lincoln's self-restraint was not that of a being "without parts and passions," but of one controlling his forces for use. Of slavery he said in '55: "I bite my lips and keep quiet;" but a while later, stirred to the depths by the seizure of a free black boy at New Orleans, he said: "By the grace of God, I'll make the ground of this country too hot for the feet of slaves!" It was in that resolve that he entered upon his great work. He loved peace; but "a just and lasting peace." "I hope it will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping for all future time." Patience in him became a genius, a purpose that censors could neither hurry nor hinder.

"He knew to bide his time;
And can his fame abide
Still patient, in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgments for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame;
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

This many-sided, yet directly simple President, this greatest democrat of history, ennobled the people by trusting them, and trusting himself to them, as they ennobled themselves by responding to that trust. "When he speaks," wrote Lowell, "it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud." His alert ear heard always that little click which precedes the striking of the clock. "It is most proper," he said at Buffalo, "that I should wait and see the developments and get all the light possible, so that when I do speak authoritatively, I may be as near right as possible." "Why should there not be" (so went his first inaugural) "a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people?" At "this great tribunal," he pleaded. "This is essentially a people's contest," ran his first message.

He knew how to interpret public opinion, and it answered him with a mighty and unbetrayed confidence. He both roused it to self-recognition and registered its vast resolve. The greatest lyric of those days utters that response of the nation, as the deed vindicated the song:

"Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before;
And we're coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!"

Contrasted with the achievements of mere conquerors, how poor is all their prowess and ambition! Where is Bonaparte by the side of that tall spirit? The first administration of Washington gave a parallel in the state of the army, the treasury and public opinion; but these were not war. The sorrow for Hamilton is an analogue. These three, Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, the three greatest Americans.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

(From his oration on Lincoln, first delivered before the Lincoln Union at the Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895.)

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLASS DEBATE.

COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

(From his oration on Lincoln.)

A careful reading of Mr. Lincoln's speeches reveals the sum total of his creed touching the organic character of the government, and at the same time his party view of contemporary issues. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings, a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he hewed to the line thus laid down. It is needful to a complete understanding of Mr. Lincoln's relation to the time, and to his place in the political history of the country, that the student keep in mind these tenets of Lincoln's political philosophy, as contained in his speeches. They underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglass, all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the presidency. They stand to-day as masterpieces of popular oratory.

The debate with Douglass was the most extraordinary intellectual spectacular the annals of our party warfare afford. Lincoln entered the canvass unknown outside the State of Illinois. He closed it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglass was himself unsurpassed as a stump speaker and ready debater, but in that campaign, from first to last, Douglass was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode upon an ebbing tide, Lincoln's bark rode upon a flowing tide; African slavery was the issue now, and the whole trend of modern thought was set against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The Little Giant had to face a triangular opposition, embracing the Republicans, the Administration, or Buchanan Democrats, and a little remnant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and thought to hold some kind of balance of power. Judge Douglass called the combination the "allied army," and declared that he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol; that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire, when they fired a broadside, whether it hit

an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined, "In that case I beg he will indulge us whilst we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol."

He followed this center shot with volley after volley of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so pointed, and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglass' victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for President of the United States two years later.

What could be more captivating to an outdoor audience than Lincoln's description "of the two persons who stand before the people of the State as candidates for the Senate," to quote his prefatory words? "Judge Douglass," he said, "is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party have been looking upon him as certainly to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face post offices, land offices, marshalships and cabinet appointments, chargeships and foreign missions, bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope, but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him and give him marches, triumphal entries and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the two gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. * * * In that great debate it was Titan against Titan; and perusing it, after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglass, much according to his sympathy with one or the other. Douglass, as I have said, had the disadvantage of riding an ebb-tide.

But Lincoln encountered the disadvantage of riding a flood-tide which was flowing too fast for a man so conservative and so honest as he was. Thus there was not a little equivocation on both sides foreign to the nature of the two. Both wanted to be frank. Both thought they were being frank. But each was a little afraid of his own logic; each was a little afraid of his own following; and hence there was considerable hair-splitting, involving accusations that did not accuse and denials that did not deny. They were politicians, these two, as well as statesmen; what they did not know about political campaigning was hardly worth knowing. Reverently I take off my hat to both of them; and I turn down the page; I close the book and lay it on its shelf, with the inward ejaculation, "There were giants in those days!"

DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.

LINCOLN'S FAMOUS ADDRESS.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a battlefield of that war; we have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground; the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor longer remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ROBERT E. LEE AND THE CIVIL WAR.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

(From an oration delivered at the Unveiling of the Recumbent Figure of General Lee, at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., June 28, 1883.)

There was no happier or lovelier home than that of Col. Robert E. Lee in the spring of 1861, when for the first time its threshold was darkened with the omens of civil war. Crowning the green slopes of the Virginia hills that overlook the Potomac, and embowered in stately trees, stood the venerable mansion of Arlington, facing a prospect of varied and imposing beauty.

So situated was Colonel Lee in the spring of 1861, upon the verge of the momentous revolution of which he became so mighty a pillar and so glorious a chieftain. How can we estimate the sacrifice he made to take up arms against the Union? Lee was emphatically a Union man; and Virginia, to the crisis of dissolution, was a Union state. He loved the Union with a soldier's ardent loyalty to the government he served, and with a patriot's faith and hope in the institutions of his country. In January, 1861, Colonel Lee, then with his regiment in Texas, wrote to his son:—"As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions; and yet I would defend my State were her rights invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity to the country than a dissolution of the Union. Secession is nothing but revolution. * * * If the Union is dissolved, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none."

The war-cloud lowered. On April 15th came President Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men. This proclamation determined Virginia's course, and an ordinance of secession was passed. War had come.

"Under which flag?" was the sternly pathetic question that Lee must now answer. On the one hand Virginia, now in the fore-front of a scarcely organized revolution, summoned him to share her lot in the perilous adventure. The young Confederacy is without an army; there is no navy, no currency.

There is little but a meager and widely scattered population, for the most part men of the field, the prairie, the forest and the mountain, ready to stand the hazard of an audacious endeavor. Did he fail, his beloved State would be trampled in the mire of the ways; his people would be captives, their very slaves their masters; and he—if of himself he thought at all—he, mayhap, may have seen in the dim perspective the shadow of the dungeon or the scaffold.

On the other hand stands the foremost and most powerful Republic of the earth. Its regular army and its myriad volunteers rush to do its bidding. Its capital lies in sight of his chamber window, and its guns bear on the portals of his home. A messenger comes from its President and from General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of its army, to tender him supreme command of its forces. No man could have undergone a more trying ordeal or met it with a higher spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, since the Son of Man stood upon the Mount, saw "all the kingdoms of earth and the glory thereof," and turned away from them to the agony of Gethsemane.

To the statesman, Mr. Francis P. Blair, who brought him the tender of supreme command, Lee answered, "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four million slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?"

Draw his sword against Virginia? Perish the thought! Over all the voices that called he heard the still small voice that ever whispers to the soul of the spot that gave it birth; and over every ambitious dream, there rose the face of the angel that guards the door of home.

I pause not here to defend the course of General Lee. In the supreme moments of national life, as in the lives of individuals, the actor must resolve and act within himself alone. The Southern states acted for themselves—the Northern states for themselves—Virginia for herself. And when the lines of battle formed, Lee took his place in the line beside his people, his kindred, his children, his home. Let his defense rest on this fact alone. Nature speaks it. Nothing can strengthen it. Nothing can weaken it. The historian may compile; the casuist may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but, after all, there can be no stronger and tenderer tie than

that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and to home. And on that tie—stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens, and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true—on that tie rests, stainless and immortal, the fame of Robert E. Lee.

A FOLLOWER OF LEE.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

(Source: Same as preceding.)

In personal appearance General Lee was a man whom once to see was ever to remember. His figure was tall, erect, well proportioned, lithe and graceful. A fine head, with broad, uplifted brows, and features boldly yet delicately chiseled, bore the aspect of one born to command. His whole countenance bespoke alike a powerful mind and an indomitable will, yet beamed with charity, benevolence and gentleness. In his manners quiet, reserve, unaffected courtesy and native dignity, made manifest the character of one who can only be described by the name of gentleman. And taken all in all, his presence possessed that grave and simple majesty which commanded instant reverence and repressed familiarity; and yet so charmed by a certain modesty and gracious deference, that reverence and confidence were ever ready to kindle into affection. It was impossible to look upon him and not to recognize at a glance that in him nature gave assurance of a man created to be great and good.

Mounted in the field and at the head of his troops, a glimpse of Lee was an inspiration. His figure was as distinctive as that of Napoleon. The black slouch hat, the cavalry boots, the dark cape, the plain gray coat without an ornament but the three stars on the collar, the calm, victorious face, the splendid, manly figure on the gray war horse—he looked every inch the true knight—the grand, invincible champion of a great principle.

The men who wrested victory from his little band stood wonder-stricken and abashed when they saw how few were

those who dared oppose them, and generous admiration burst into spontaneous tribute to the splendid leader who bore defeat with the quiet resignation of a hero. The men who fought under him never revered or loved him more than on the day he sheathed his sword. Had he but said the word, they would have died for honor. It was because he said the word that they resolved to live for duty.

Plato congratulated himself, first, that he was born a man; second, that he had the happiness of being a Greek; and, third, that he was a contemporary of Sophocles. And in this audience to-day, and here and there the wide world over, is many an one who wore the grey, who rejoices that he was born a man to do a man's part for his suffering country; that he had the glory of being a Confederate; and who feels a justly proud and glowing consciousness in his bosom when he says unto himself: "I was a follower of Robert E. Lee. I was a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia."

A TYPICAL HERO.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

(Source: Same as preceding.)

At the bottom of true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes; but when the true hero has come, how the hearts of men leap forth to greet him—how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work—the strong, honest, fearless, upright man.

In Robert E. Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the Federal army to fight the battles and to share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crisis of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to go to Washington and Lee University to train the youth of his country in the path of duty—he is ever the same meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. As President of

Washington College he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic than those displayed on the broad and open theater of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. In the calm repose of civic and domestic duties and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when, day by day, he marshaled his thin and wasting lines. In the quiet walks of academic life, far removed from "war or battle's sound," came into view the towering grandeur, the massive splendor and the loving kindness of the character of General Lee, and the very sorrows that overhung his life seemed luminous with celestial hues. There he revealed in manifold gracious hospitalities, tender charities, and patient, worthy counsels how deep and pure and inexhaustible were the fountains of his virtues. And loving hearts delight to recall, as loving lips will ever delight to tell, the thousand little things he did which sent forth lines of light to irradiate the gloom of the conquered land and to lift up the hopes and cheer the works of his people.

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead, yet speaketh. Let us crown his tomb with the oak, the emblem of his strength, and with the laurel, the emblem of his glory. And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as chief, the tranquil face is clothed with heaven's light and the mute lips seem eloquent with the message that in life he spoke:

"There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."

GENERAL GRANT.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

(Extract from an address delivered at the Dedication of the Grant Monument, New York, April 27, 1897.)

Fellow Citizens:—A great life, dedicated to the welfare of the nation, here finds its earthly coronation. Even if this day lacked the impressiveness of ceremony and was devoid of pageantry, it would still be memorable, because it is the anniversary of the birth of one of the most famous and best-beloved of American soldiers.

A great life never dies. Great deeds are imperishable; great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the corner-stone of free government and integrity of life the guaranty of good citizenship.

Faithful and fearless as a volunteer soldier, intrepid and invincible as commander in chief of the Armies of the Union, calm and confident as President of a reunited and strengthened Nation which his genius had been instrumental in achieving, he has our homage and that of the world; but, brilliant as was his public character, we love him all the more for his home life and homely virtues. His individuality, his bearing and speech, his simple ways, had a flavor of rare and unique distinction, and his Americanism was so true and uncompromising that his name will stand for all time as the embodiment of liberty, loyalty and national unity.

Victorious in the work which under Divine Providence he was called upon to do; clothed with almost limitless power, he was yet one of the people—plain, patient, patriotic and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of duty. Great as he was in war, he loved peace, and told the world that honorable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization.

With Washington and Lincoln, Grant has an exalted place in history and the affections of the people. To-day his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace. The

veteran leaders of the Blue and the Gray here meet not only to honor the name of the departed Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit which has triumphed over the differences of the past and transcends the limitations of sectional lines.

It is right, then, that General Grant should have a memorial commensurate with his greatness, and that his last resting place should be the city of his choice, to which he was so attached in life and of whose ties he was not forgetful even in death. Fitting, too, is it that the great soldier should sleep beside the noble river on whose banks he first learned the art of war and of which he became master and leader without a rival.

New York holds in its keeping the precious dust of the silent soldier; but his achievements—what he and his brave comrades wrought for mankind—are in the keeping of seventy millions of American citizens, who will guard the sacred heritage forever and forevermore.

"THE SOLDIER'S LAST SALUTE."

HORACE PORTER.

On the morning of Decoration Day, 1885, the Grand Army of the Republic, the veterans in the vicinity of New York City who had served under General Grant, rose earlier than was their wont, spent more time than usual in unfurling their old battle flags and in burnishing the medals of honor which decorated their breasts; for they had resolved on that day to march by the house of their dying commander and give him one last marching salute.

Outside that house the street was filled with marching men and martial music. Inside that house the old chief lay on a bed of anguish, the pallor of death already beginning to overspread his illustrious features. The hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands was scarcely able to return the pressure of a friendly grasp; the voice which had cheered on to triumphant victory the legions of American manhood was no longer able to call for the cooling

draft which slaked the thirst of a fevered tongue. And prostrate upon that bed of suffering lay the form which in the new world had ridden at the head of conquering columns; in the old world had marched through the palaces of crowned heads with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence.

His ear caught the sound of the movement of marching men. The bands were playing the grand strains which had mingled with the echo of his guns at Vicksburg, playing the same quicksteps to which his men had sped in hot haste in pursuit of Lee through Virginia, and then came the steady, measured, swinging step of war-trained men, which seemed to shake the earth. He understood it all then. It was the tread of his old veterans. He seized his crutch and dragged himself painfully and slowly to the window. As he saw those old battle flags dipping to him in salute he once more drew himself into the position of a soldier, and as he gazed upon those banners, bullet-ridden and battle-stained, many of them but a remnant of their former selves, there kindled in his eyes the flames which had lightened them at Chattanooga, in the Wilderness, amidst the glories of Appomattox; and as those veterans bared their heads to that May morning's breeze and looked for the last time with upturned eyes on their old chief, cheeks which in marching under him had been bronzed by southern suns and begrimed with powder were now bathed in tears of manly grief. And then they saw rising the hand which had so often pointed out to them the path of victory. He raised it slowly and feebly to his head, in acknowledgment of their salutations. The last of the column passed. The hand fell heavily by his side. It was the soldier's last salute.

THE NEGRO VOTE IN THE SOUTH.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From his reply to Mr. Cable: "In Plain Black and White.")

The question is asked repeatedly, "When will the black man in the South cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?"

When will the black cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a ballot unhindered by his boss; when the strong and the steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and the shiftless. Then, but not till then, will the ballot of the negro be free.

The white people of the South are banded together not in race prejudice against the blacks, not in sectional estrangement, not in the desire of political dominion, but in a deep and abiding necessity. Here is this vast ignorant and venal vote—clannish, credulous, impulsive and passionate—tempted by every art of the demagogue, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. Its credulity is imposed upon, its patience is inflamed, its cupidity is aroused, its impulses are misdirected, and even its superstitions made to play their part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot box is debauched. It is against such campaigns—the folly and bitterness of which every Southern community has drunk deeply—that the white people of the South are banded together. Just as you in New York State would be banded if 300,000 voters, not one in a hundred able to read his own ballot, unified by a race instinct, cherishing against you the memory of a hundred years of slavery, taught by your late conquerors to hate and distrust you, had already travestied legislation from your state capitol, and in every species of folly had wasted your substance and exhausted your credit. The negro can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans in the North would understand this. If there is any human force that cannot be withstood it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against this numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the

law or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community and the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant and corrupt suffrage. It is on this that we rely in the South, not on the cowardly menace of mask or shotgun, but upon the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberties. This is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of the earth cannot prevail. You may pass your force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to a Federal election law; you may invite Federal interference with the New England town-meeting, that has stood for a hundred years as the guarantee of local government in America; that old state which holds in its charter the boast that it is a "free and independent commonwealth" may surrender its own political machinery to a Federal government which it helped to create, but never will a single state, North or South, be again delivered to the control of an ignorant and inferior race.

We wrested our state government from negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot box and when Federal bayonets hedged it about closer than will ever again be permitted in this free community. But if Federal cannon thundered in every voting district of the South we would still find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment.

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

CARL SCHURZ.

Emancipation has brought to the colored people of the United States, with its blessings, also many disappointments. It was very natural that those who had been born and grew up in slavery should, when they heard the word "Freedom" pronounced, have pictured to themselves with their naive imagination something very like the life of their masters, which was to them a subject of constant admiration and envy. When emancipation came freedom struck them, after the first paroxysm of joy was over, in the shape of burdensome responsibilities. For the first time in their lives they were confronted by the stern necessities of taking care of themselves. Many of the negroes of the South had then to suffer much for their liberty, which brought to them persecutions and struggles for life unknown to their former condition. Then came the endowment of the former slaves with the right of suffrage and with it dreams of power, which were artfully stimulated and turned to their own personal advantage by the more unscrupulous of their white leaders. At the same time the efforts to establish the negroes by law in their social position on a footing of equality with the whites—efforts made partly by colored men themselves, partly by white philanthropists—met with exceedingly slim success. The privileges that were conceded to them here and there remained confined to matters of apparently small moment, while, on the whole, in spite of their advance in education as well as in the possession of property, they continued to be treated as an inferior race.

Their ambitions, that had naturally been excited by emancipation, having thus been foiled on the social field by the stubborn resistance of race feeling on the part of the whites, it is not surprising that the negroes should wish to make that power on the political field, which they exercise through the ballot, tell to the utmost for their benefit. It would be too much to expect that they should do so with great discretion.

But owing to race feeling against them, they are as politicians laboring under disadvantages of a serious nature. The colored politician, unless he be a man of acknowledged ability and character, ordinarily fails to be taken seriously. When pressing his "claims" for recognition with energy he produces not seldom the impression of a droll forwardness, which is calculated very greatly to weaken the influence which he otherwise might possess. Worse still is the inclination now and then shown by negro leaders or clubs of colored voters to compel attention to their wishes by the threat that unless the "claims" of the colored vote be sufficiently recognized by the party which they have supported that vote will be transferred to the other side. Such threats cannot but strengthen the apprehension already widely entertained that the colored vote is, or at least is apt to become, a generally venal vote. It is, therefore, as to their character and the respectability of their standing of the highest importance to them that their political leaders should not be mere spoils-hunters or patronage-mongers, but men of principle, genuine public spirit and true self-respect.

On the whole, the friends of the negroes and the wiser heads among the colored people themselves can hardly fail to see that their political preferment must not precede but follow their advancement in the other walks of life. A goodly number of negroes achieving distinction as lawyers, or as physicians, or as ministers, or as educators, or as business men, will, by the impression produced upon public opinion, effect far more for the political advancement of their race than ever so many negro politicians getting themselves elected to Congress or appointed to other offices, and the places so won will indeed be marks of real proficiency and distinction and raise the colored people in that public esteem which above all things they need.

THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

(From his book, "The Future of the American Negro.")

No race that is so largely ignorant and so recently out of slavery could, perhaps, show a better record in the percentage of crimes committed than the negroes in the South; and yet we must face the plain fact that there is too much crime among them. A large percentage of the crimes grow out of the idleness of our young negro men and women. It is for this reason that I have tried to insist that some industry be taught in connection with their course of literary training.

No race has ever gotten upon its feet without discouragements and struggles. The negro, let me add, has among many of the Southern whites as good friends as he has anywhere in the world. With the best white people and the best black people standing together in favor of law and order and justice, I believe that the safety and happiness of both races will be made secure.

We are one in this country. When one race is strong the other is strong; when one is weak the other is weak. There is no power that can separate our destiny. Unjust laws and customs that exist in many places injure the white man and inconvenience the negro. No race can wrong another race simply because it has the power to do so without being permanently injured in its own morals. If a white man steals a negro's ballot it is the white man who is permanently injured. Physical death comes to one negro lynched in a county, but death of morals comes to those responsible for the lynching.

In the economy of God there is but one standard by which an individual can succeed; there is but one for a race. This country expects that every race shall measure itself by the American standard. During the next half century and more the negro must continue passing through the severe American crucible. He is to be tested in his patience, his forbearance, his perseverance, his power to endure wrong—to withstand temptations, to economize, to acquire and use skill—his abil-

ity to compete, to succeed in commerce, to disregard the superficial for the real, the appearance for the substance, to be great and yet small, learned and yet simple, high and yet the servant of all. This, this is the passport to all that is best in the life of our Republic, and the negro must possess it or be barred out.

FRATERNALISM VS. SECTIONALISM.

HON. S. W. T. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

(Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, January 10, 1891.)

I am one of those who rejoice in the belief that the very flower and chivalry of American manhood were eminently represented in the soldiery of the war between the States, and I stand cheerful to accord the utmost credit to the virtue, the courage, and the patriotism of every honest actor in that contest, whether he worthily wore the uniform and maintained the flag of the one side or the other.

In this sentiment I am joined by the men who fought for the Confederacy and have survived the clash of arms. I believe that it is reciprocated by the vast body of the old soldiers in the North. All that is needed to accomplish the utter destruction of sectionalism, so far as it may have arisen on account of the war, is a correct understanding of each other and a concert of earnest action. To whatever political organization we may belong, how widely soever we may separate in other respects, it is not and ought not to be inconsistent with our conviction of loyalty to legitimate party demands and devotion to our country's welfare, to combine our influence and endeavors to the upbuilding of citizen brotherhood and the downfall of sectional estrangement and hostility. Whoever in this day shall be tempted by selfish ambition, or other motive, to foster and encourage sectional feelings, is unworthy of consideration by his party associates, and should have left upon him a brand of excommunication from the order of American patriotism.

Mr. Chairman, when from the hilltop of the present, we overlook the plains of the next century; when we survey our national magnificence of to-day, and contemplate the mighty possibilities of the future; when we reflect how much has been accomplished in building up the waste places and healing the wounds made by the war; when we consider our common origin and the heritage left us by our common sires; when we realize the homogeneity of our ancestry and cherish together the memory of their immortal deeds; when we jointly

admire the foundations they laid for popular government and behold with pride the stately structure of liberty and civilization erected thereon; when we recognize our national kinship and anticipate the splendid future products of our patriotic and co-operative energies; when we observe how necessary we all are to each other—surely, when we appreciate all these things, there is no room for individual resentment or sectional antagonism, but, on the contrary, there is every inducement for the beneficent reign of a cordial American fellowship.

Indulge me, in conclusion, to say that I wish I could incite the old soldiers throughout the land to "the victories of peace;" to wage uncompromising hostility against every species of unjust proscription of their fellow men; to strike to the death the vice of sectionalism; to tear down the battlements of monopoly; to crush out the evils of class legislation; to break the manacles of industrial captivity and commercial subjugation; to shatter the bolts which lock up from the channels of trade the necessary supply of monetary circulation; to batter down the prison walls which restrain any of the agencies and factors of our national growth and prosperity, and to fully enlarge all the elements that logically combine to make this the best government on the face of the earth. To this end,

Good speed the day when from North and South, all
Shall meet as one—
At the glad welcome of their country's call.

A UNITED COUNTRY.

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

(From a speech delivered before the New England Society at Charleston, S. C., December, 1898.)

If cordial friendship can ever exist between two communities, it should exist between Massachusetts and South Carolina. They were alike in the circumstances of their origin. The English pilgrims and Puritans founded Massachusetts, Scotch Presbyterians founded Carolina, to be followed soon after by the French exiles fleeing from the same oppression.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by indissoluble union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate.

Whatever estrangement may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, are born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of Southern stock and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free.

The time has come when Americans—North, South, East and West—may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and quiet spirit, each understanding the other, each striving to help the other as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope. On the whole, we are advancing quite as rapidly as could be expected to the time when all the different races of men will live together on American soil, in honor, and in peace, every man enjoying his just right wherever the American flag floats, where the influence of intelligence, of courage,

of energy inspired by a lofty patriotism and a Christian love, will have its full and legitimate effect, not through disorder, or force, or lawlessness, but under the silent and sure law by which always the superior leads and the inferior follow.

NATIONAL UNITY AND THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

WM. L. PRATHER,
(President of the University of Texas.)

(Extract from his address delivered at the Commencement Exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, June 13, 1900.)

The idea of national unity is as yet young. We have been geographically a nation, territorially a nation, governmentally a nation, ethically a nation—for a century. But the development of a true national unity in the fullest sense of the term is one of the great problems for the education of the future—a problem whose significance and importance we must be fully awake to.

Think of the intellectual triumphs which await a nation of eighty million souls, enjoying opportunities of culture that are accessible to all, from the meanest to the highest, untrammeled by artificial social distinctions, possessing a quickness of intellect and adaptability that goes hand in hand with solid and sturdy moral character, to form the best foundation for the best kind of intellectual culture; and possessing those elements and characteristics in a measure and degree unequaled among the nations of the world. This is our opportunity, and if we fail to realize it, we are failing of a full conception of our national duty.

One of the happiest results which the intercommunication of education has wrought is the larger ability to discuss philosophically, wisely, and with less passion and prejudice, the great questions affecting us as a nation and parts of the same nation. We should never forget that we are brothers, members of the same household; that this nation is a family of states; and that whatever affects favorably or unfavorably the welfare of one, affects the whole nation. We must rise

to a true conception of this idea if we would in the future avoid sectionalism, and secure the welfare of the whole people rather than the welfare of a particular section. Truth and frankness should characterize our dealings with each other as individuals, as states, and as a whole people. One of the most potent forces now contributing to the development of such a national sympathy is the State University.

If it be true that "the arrival of democracy is the fact of our time, which overshadows all other facts," the very incarnation of true democracy is found in the modern State University. A university for the people without distinctions of rank is the regenerating thought of the new world. In the glorious progress of American manhood and womanhood, universities are the torchbearers of American civilization. It is a serious error on the part of our politicians to charge that the great teachers and thinkers of our universities are mere theorists. No wiser step has been taken by our rulers than when they utilized in the affairs of government the training, the learning, and the wisdom of the scholars of this nation. They brought to their aid the lessons of all history, and bravely applied them to the solution of new and perplexing problems, thereby enriching the achievements of American statesmanship. To these great centers of learning, planted in every state of this rapidly expanding union, as well as to our common schools, we must look in the future for that stalwart and vitalizing American sentiment which shall not only withstand, but shall quickly transform and assimilate, the uninstructed foreign population now flocking to our shores. Our safety as a people demands a wise and vigorous effort to educate the masses to an intelligent appreciation of the blessings which we as freemen enjoy. The educational forces of this country are doing a great work towards breaking down sectionalism, allaying party strife and promoting the peace, prosperity and unity of this nation.

It is my clear conviction that it would be wise for the American people to cease establishing new colleges and universities, and to concentrate their efforts in strengthening those already founded, thereby increasing their power and efficiency. The State University at the head of the state system of education is an evolution of the best western thought, and the noblest civic achievement of the common-

wealth. There should be the closest and most harmonious relation between the university and all the educational agencies of the State. As the university grows, its magnetic life should pervade every district school, and be an inspiration and blessing to all good learning. The system of elementary and secondary education should culminate in the university.

If the newer universities, thus developed from the expanding intellectual life of our people, are tied in bonds of closest sympathy and fraternal co-operation to the older universities already established, and so unite with them to maintain the highest ideals of American life and American thought, the time is not far distant when American culture shall be a national culture, exerting on the nations of the earth an influence, as wide and potent as was that of Greece and Rome, in uplifting and enlightening the world.

THE CYNIC.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(From his Lectures to Young Men.)

Man is corrupt enough, but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream. Therefore I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions, I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

Moss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellowmen, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the

poison; and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

Although experience should correct the indiscriminate confidence of the young, no experience should render them callous to goodness wherever seen. He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered, that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. A swollen wretch may grin hideously at every wart or excrescence upon beauty; a wholesome man will be pained at it, and seek not to notice it. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man!

THE "PROGRESSIVE POPULISTS."

(From the New York Sun.)

The Missouri Middle-of-the-Road Populists held a convention in Kansas City last week, and were much cheered by the presence of their national ticket, the Hon. Wharton Barker of Philadelphia, Pa., and the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly of Nininger, Minn. Unfortunately the delegates were ashamed or weary of the expressive and straight-spined name which their party has hitherto borne. After much anxious deliberation they decided to call their organization the Progressive Populist party. Now, it is not any more progressive than the Dead Sea. The delegates "solemnly affirmed their allegiance to the immortal principles set forth in the Omaha platform." Those immortal principles may be correctly summarized as the proposition that everything is going to the worst in the worst of all possible worlds—a theory that may have had its attractions for some persons when the country's liver was a little out of order, but is essentially comic in these happier days. Yet this noble continuous contempt of facts is a characteristic of the Middle-of-the-Roaders and will not be lost by them in their Progressive period.

The Hon. W. C. Alldridge of California, Mo., was the unanimous choice of the convention for Governor, but he waved the honor away. He said his health was bad. His language was vigorous enough. "Skinning Democrats is my forte," he cried; "I can skin a Democrat quicker than Sheol can scorch a flea." The delegates implored him to begin to flay. They said that they would do his farm work for him, but he was resolute in refusal. So the Hon. J. H. Hillis, who promised that he would help the good cause to the extent of $200, $300, or even $500, was nominated.

The platform is long and hot. It whacks the Republicans and Democrats with unsparing rod. It seems that everybody is corrupt, except the Progressive Populists, but with the aid of initiative, referendum, imperative mandate and proportional representation "the great moral, social and economic questions of the age" can be settled. All official salaries ought to be reduced "so as to conform to the reduction that has

taken place in the price of products,"—a favorite scheme of Populists of all shades until they get into office, when they forget it.

Here is the particular jewel of the platform:

"The issuance of licenses to Trusts, thereby making Trusts legitimate, and permanently fastening them upon the nation, under the plan now being advocated by Mr. William J. Bryan and Mr. John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Trust, we denounce as a designing scheme to enable corrupt and decaying political parties, by the levy of political blackmail upon the Trusts, to extort enormous sums, under the name of campaign funds, for use in the corruption of State and National elections."

So David is only "putting up" a sham fight with Goliath! Such is the bitter judgment passed by the Progressive Populists on the Populist leader of 1896.

MATERIALISM.

FELIX ADLER.

There are two theories of life, precisely opposite to each other, which to-day have a pernicious influence on the family. They are individualism and socialism. Individualism is the doctrine of people who like to be alone, to do as they please. When every member of the family feels that way, that interdependence which is the joy and beauty of family life is destroyed. In its extreme form individualism in politics leads straight to anarchism.

Socialism, on the other hand, commends itself to those who like to be in a crowd. It is a grand idea, that of universal fraternity, but if it means in practice merely the minimizing of your duty to your own kith and kin, it may work great evil. Socialism, with all its grand enthusiasms, is the great enemy of the family.

But the greatest enemy of all, perhaps, is materialism. What was the great object of parents in Greece and Rome? To make their children happy, as we say? Not at all. In Greece the aim was to equip a son to worthily hold a great position in the State. The citizens of Rome strove to make their children worthy members of the sovereign Roman people. In each case it was that they should serve interests greater than themselves. The purity of Hebrew family life has been proverbial until very recently. This purity was the chief boast of the race. The Jews above others maintained a great ideal.

To-day we desire that our children shall be good American citizens. But we do not educate our children to be faithful to Jewish tradition, nor do Christians educate theirs to be devoted members of the body of Christ. We try, indeed, to "make them happy." When was happiness made the chief object of life? Formerly a father said to his son: "I serve, that you may serve." Now he says: "I toil, I save up." For what? Why, "that you may have a good time." We are not selfish ourselves, but we are absolutely selfish in regard for our children. If some power should offer to make your son one of the great chiefs of our time, a multi-millionaire, how

many of you would not jump at the offer? We must, indeed, educate our children to get moderate wealth, but the aim should be efficiency in necessary work.

Why should we throw temptations in the way of our sons by piling up great fortunes for them? During the war with Spain some of the scions of our wealthy families prided themselves on their ability to endure hardships even better than the sons of poor men. If so, why should they return to luxury, to the life of clubs? Why should strong, able men live like valetudinarians? If we cultivate hardihood in our children, we should not need to worry about their getting on.

Why is such a deep resentment felt against those who direct great financial operations to-day, although they may unconsciously be rendering a social service? The question has been raised as to whether the charities of these men do not justify their huge fortunes. Not a bit of it. Such charity cannot efface a single wrong done in accumulating the money. President Hadley has suggested the ostracizing of these men, and the pertinent question has been raised, Who will do the ostracizing? Our whole society is infiltrated with the money-getting idea.

We should not forget the example of that Hebrew mother who was willing to see her son led even the way of Calvary, in order that He might unfold and make manifest what was divine in Him. The mothers who love what is divine in their sons, and the sons who spring from them, will renew the world.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881, President Garfield was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. And surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no premonition of danger clouded his sky. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. * * *

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders: on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening,

arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world be heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

SUCCESS.

EDWARD BROOKS.

Public sentiment is beginning to measure a man not so much by his culture as by what he can do with his culture. It demands efficiency as well as scholastic acquirements, claiming that a learned fool is no better than an ignorant expert. It begins to look upon the eccentricities of genius as a matter of weakness, instead of mere oddity. Does it add to a man's ability that he lacks common sense? Would Goldsmith have been less a genius if he had been less a fool? Or Newton less a philosopher of he had not been so absent-minded as to forget his engagements? Or Dr. Hill less a thinker if his wife was not obliged to watch him to keep him from going into the pulpit with an old dressing-gown on? It is time that this idea was exploded; there is no necessary relation between genius and foolishness. The greatest English poet went to London a poor boy, and by his practical knowledge of men and things became manager of a theater and possessor of a fortune. Dickens, the greatest modern novelist, was distinguished quite as much for his business tact and skill as for his genius.

The conditions of successful achievement are a correct ideal and intelligent, persistent and courageous labor. First, you must have a purpose in life. An aimless life is a sad spectacle; not so sad perhaps, as a ruined life, but not much more admirable. Every individual should become a living force in society. The Hindoos believe that the destiny of mankind was the loss of personality by absorption into Brahma. Most persons are so aimless in their lives, so devoid of high or noble purpose, that they lose their individuality in the great Brahma of society. Man is an individual, not a mere unit in a mass; a personality, not merely a member of a body politic. The masses; did you ever think what a fearful lack of that which is noblest in humanity is contained in that word? It ignores that which is highest and best in human nature, man's freedom and power of self-origination and self-determining influence. Masses of men and herds of buffaloes; these are kindred thoughts. You should labor for

personality; for emancipation from the bondage of social errors and evils; for spiritual freedom and individual aims. To flow with the current is easy; a chip can do that, but a man ought to be able to stem the tide when necessary. Put your manhood, your womanhood, into the world as a spiritual force to mold, purify and elevate it. Go forth into active life with a noble purpose, and, attaining it, your achievements will be of the highest success.

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(This Selection is adapted from "Past and Present.")

In this—God's—world, with its wild, whirling eddies and mad, foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee to blaze centuries long for the victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In Heaven's name, no!"

Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay tramped out of sight—to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement, a fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The heaviest will reach the center. The heaviest has its deflections; its obstructions; nay, at times its reboundings, its resiliences, whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See, your heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centerward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and

his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

EULOGY OF HON. ISHAM G. HARRIS.

(Late a Senator from Tennessee.)
HON. HORACE CHILTON, OF TEXAS.

(Extract from a Memorial address, in the Senate of the United States, March 24, 1898.)

While I did not know Senator Harris with the intimacy of long personal association, I have since a boy been familiar with his writings, speeches, and public conduct.

The State in which I live has been supplied abundantly from the great State of Tennessee. Many of our best citizens emigrated to Texas from that commonwealth; and I have noticed that they all seem to know and to love Isham G. Harris.

When I first saw him, in 1891, he was well-ripened and probably at his best. I picture him as he would come into the Senate Chamber. There, in his familiar place on the right of the Vice-President, in the front row, he would take his seat. He hardly seems to say anything as if by previous design. He seems never to make an occasion, but to find it in the current proceedings as set on foot by others. He seems to spy out that something is taking an irregular direction that he must set right. He first asks a question or calls for the reading of some document, as if he imperfectly understood it. Then he proceeds to clear up all doubts. First emphasis, then gesticulation—no, not in succession, but an indescribable combination of emphasis and gesticulation.

Senator Harris was one of the few men of whom the people never seemed to tire. He was the hero not only of Tennessee but of Tennesseeans scattered throughout the Union. He grew, in their estimation, to be a sort of lineal successor to Andrew Jackson. His name and life and peculiarities always touched their enthusiasm.

To me the most impressive thing in his strong individuality was his willingness always to take responsibility and his absolute unconcern about results—that cheerful faith that the right will take care of itself and that there need be no anxiety on the part of a public man except the anxiety to be right.

I have seen men whom God had blessed with conscience and courage, but not with equanimity, so that, knowing the truth and voting the truth, they were still nervous that they should not be misunderstood and fidgeting about consequences which they were determined to face.

Not so with Senator Harris. He seemed to think that a man who acted truly upon his convictions of right held an absolute insurance policy against all disaster at the hands of the people. What a great life may be worked out on that sort of logic! You may put a small man in Congress, and if he looks at every question as it arises with a heart single and an eye single to finding out the right, in a few years such a dignity will be given to his apparent mediocrity that he will gradually emerge above the level of his fellows and assume a consideration in the country which will make men wonder at the secret of his rise. If men of moderate mind can be thus lifted by the practice of simple straightforwardness, how splendid becomes the principle when it acts on a man of native intellectual power and force of character! This was the combination in the case of Isham G. Harris. He was always clear, always firm, always true, always great.

THE CONSERVATIVE FORCE OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

RUFUS CHOATE.

There are reasons without number why we should love and honor our noble profession, and be grateful for the necessity, or felicity, or accident which called us to its service.

But of these there is one which ought to be uppermost in every lawyer's mind on which he cannot dwell too thoughtfully and too anxiously; and that reason is, that better than any other, or as well as any other position or business, his profession enables him to serve the State; enables and commands him to perform certain grand and difficult and indispensable duties of patriotism—certain grand, difficult and indispensable duties to our endeared and common native land.

It is not at all because the legal profession may be thought to be peculiarly adapted to fit a man for what is technically called "public life," and to afford him a ready introduction to it, that I maintain the sentiment that I have advanced; it is not by enabling its members to leave it and become the members of a distinct profession that it serves the State; it is not the jurist turned statesman, whom I mean to hold up to you as useful to the republic—although jurists turned statesmen have illustrated every page, every year of our annals, and have taught how admirably the school of law can train the mind and heart for the service of constitutional liberty and the achievement of civil honor; it is not the jurist turned statesman; it is the jurist as jurist; the jurist remaining jurist; it is the bench, the magistracy, the bar; the profession as a profession, and its professional character; a class, a body, of which I mean exclusively to speak; and my position is, that as such it holds, or may aspire to hold a place, and perform a function of peculiar and vast usefulness to the American commonwealth.

It may be said of the profession of the Bar, that in all political systems, and in all times it has seemed to possess a twofold nature; that it has seemed to be fired by the spirit of liberty, and yet to hold fast the sentiments of order and reverence and the duty of subordination; that it has resisted despotism, and yet taught obedience; that it has recognized

and vindicated the rights of man, and yet has reckoned it always among the most sacred and most precious of those rights, to be shielded and led by the divine nature and immortal reason of law; that it appreciates social progression, and contributes to it, yet evermore counsels and courts permanence and conservatism and rest; that it loves light better than darkness, and yet, like the eccentric or wise man in the old historian, has the habit of looking away, as the night wanes, to the western sky, to detect there the first streaks of returning dawn.

I know that this is high praise of the professional character; and it is true. See if there is not some truth in it. See at least whether we may not deserve it, by a careful culture of the intrinsical tendencies of our habitual studies and employments, and all that is peculiar to our professional life.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

GEORGE T. WINSTON.

(From an address at the annual Commencement of the University of Texas, June, 1896.)

Great is the commonwealth whose foundations are liberty and learning, where every child is blessed with instruction and every man is clothed with citizenship; where popular sovereignty rests securely on the firm basis of popular education. A commonwealth thus planted in the bleak coast of Massachusetts grew rich and strong in educated labor and labor-saving machinery.

To the southward another colony was planted. Its basis was not universal education. Its leaders were heroes and giants in intellect and character. They planted a commonwealth unequaled in modern times for the patriotism, learning and virtue of its public men, for the beauty, purity and grace of its women, for the matchless eloquence of its orators, for the fortitude and gallantry of its soldiers, and for unconquerable devotion to personal liberty and constitutional government. It was an agricultural colony, of strong and sim-

ple life, without cities, without factories, with little commerce. Its character was patriarchal and its power proceeded not from the mass of the people, but from their mighty leaders. It did not comprehend the power of universal education. Between this colony and the one north began a struggle for the possession of the continent. That struggle, though colored by sectional prejudice and apparently political, was, in its essence, industrial. It was a struggle of the free, educated labor of the North against the uneducated, slave labor of the South. But the struggle was unequal; the educated free labor of New England, mounted upon the steam engine, traveled faster and wrought greater labors than the Southern planter, carrying upon his back the negro slave. The struggle closed at Appomattox, where the South cast off the burden of slavery and began her future development on the basis of universal manhood and educated labor.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
And God fulfilled himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

The age in which we live makes universal education a national necessity. Never was life more complex and exacting, never was human achievement more varied and wonderful. Man has bridled the moon like an ox and harnessed to the plow the thunderbolts of Jove. The solitary student in his study plans campaigns, captures cities and overthrows empires. The eye of the pale professor penetrates wood and photographs the bones of the unborn babe. Time and space are annihilated. The earth is girded with ribs of steel and electric wires flash speech around the globe swifter than the voices of the morning. Power so mighty was never wielded by the gods of Olympus. The world is growing smaller. Place your ear upon the wire and hear its pulse beating clearer and louder. "Ignorance is no longer a vacuum void of knowledge; it is a plenum of errors, bringing unhappiness to the individual and danger to the state."

But where is there greater need of universal education than in the South? Here an ancient system has been overthrown and new problems of tremendous moment have been added to those that confront the rest of the nation. Problems of a magnitude surpassing those ever presented to any people before now confront the people of the South. The South will

prove equal to their solution. When we consider how manfully she has struggled and how nobly she has advanced, though freighted down with the burden of slavery and popular ignorance, can we doubt that another century will see her strengthened by universal education, rich in her own resources, strong in diversified and intelligent agriculture, still expanding in commerce and manufactures, crowded with school houses and colleges and universities? Can we doubt that she will again lead the nation in peace and in war? Can we doubt that Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and Jackson will live again in unborn statesmen and heroes, who will wisely shape the larger destinies of a larger nation?

TWO SPIES.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

(From an oration delivered at Tarrytown, N. Y., September 23, 1880, on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of the capture of Major Andre.)

The story of Major Andre is the one overmastering romance of the Revolution. American and English literature are full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. After the lapse of a hundred years there is no abatement in absorbing interest. What had this young man done to merit immortality? The mission whose tragic end lifted him out of the oblivion of other minor British officers of his time was in its inception free from peril and danger and its objects and purposes were utterly infamous. Had he succeeded by the desecration of the honorable uses of passes and flags of truce his name would have been held in everlasting execration. In his failure the infant republic escaped the dagger with which he was feeling for its heart and the crime was drowned in tears of regret for his untimely end. His youth and beauty, his skill with pen and pencil, the sweetness of his life, his early love and disappointment, his calm courage in the gloomy hour of death, surrounded him with a halo of poetry and pity which have secured for him what

he most desired, and yet what he could never have won by his own efforts in siege or in battle—a fame and recognition which have far outclassed that of the generals under whom he served.

But are kings alone grateful, and do republics forget? Is fame a travesty and the judgment of mankind a farce? America had a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. Of the same age as Andre, he graduated at Yale with high honors, enlisted in the patriot cause in the beginning of the struggle and soon won the love and admiration of all around him. When no one would go on a most important and perilous mission he volunteered and was captured by the British. While Andre received every kindness and courtesy and attention and was fed from Washington's own table, Hale was cast into the dungeon beneath the sugar house. While Andre was given an honorable trial before a board of judges, Hale was summarily ordered to the execution next morning. While Andre's last wishes and behests were sacredly followed out, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his cherished Bible, destroyed his last letters to his mother and sister before his very eyes, and then asked him what he had to say. "All I have to say," replied Hale, "is that I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." His death was concealed for months, because Cunningham said he didn't want the rebels to know that they had a man who could die so bravely. And yet, while Andre rests in that grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memory of its most illustrious and cherished children, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion, and a simple stone in a country churchyard is all that marks the last resting place of our hero.

The dying declarations of these two men give us the animating spirits of their several armies and show us why England with all her power could not conquer America. "I call you to witness that I die like a brave man," said Andre, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, desirous only of self-glory and pay. "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," said Hale, and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate struggle, which pledged fortune, honor and life to the sacred cause.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

(From an after-dinner speech at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 23, 1900, the occasion being a dinner given Mr. Depew in honor of his birthday.)

Society is a sort of trust for mutual enjoyment. Every stockholder must contribute something to the general pleasure. Cynical sneers or platitudinous preachings have never affected it and never will. People want to be happy, and all forms of association and pleasant activity which are free from immorality or bad breeding are part of the good things which in various ways, adaptable to their years, smooth the pathways of life for childhood, youth, maturity and old age.

The expanding intelligence which comes from contact with as many sides as possible of the diversified world gives exquisite pleasure, prolongs life, and doubles and trebles each year by the good things which are enjoyed in it, so that at sixty we have, compared with the dullards and drones, equaled the ages of Methuselah and his contemporaries.

I recall a man of many millions whose career was concentrated on accumulation. He was a power in his way and its exercise was his sole enjoyment. The club, society, the festive gatherings where all are equal and human, and public activities, knew him not. There were neither regrets nor tears at his grave. I heard his relatives discussing behind the backs of their mourning hands the extent of his wealth and its disposition, and the poor relation whispered to her neighbor while all heads were bowed in prayer: "I hope he has remembered all his family. He had such a lot." His life was mud. I tried in vain to check or guide a youth of large fortune who sought what he thought was pleasure in the excesses of every dissipation which money can buy and was a physical, moral and intellectual wreck before he learned that true pleasure leaves neither sting nor pain. I knew a genius whom God had endowed with the faculty for fame and large contributions to the happiness and knowledge of his fellow men. He became the slave of drink. He squandered gifts of more value than the wealth of the world. Bankrupt

in mind, in position and in friends, he died as the fool dieth. I stood beside a glorious good fellow in his last hours. He had been fairly successful in his profession, had filled public office creditably and been a daring and brilliant soldier in the civil war and won repeated promotions on the field of battle. He was the life of every social gathering, and his money, when he had any, and his time were at the service of the cause of patriotism or charity or the assistance of a friend in distress. At the ebb of the tide he left his friends this message. "The world owes me nothing. I have got out of life all there is in it."

We all, I trust, reverently bow to the spiritual duties of life. But this occasion is not a pulpit. The work-a-day problems of rest and labor, of recreation with and in spite of worry and work, are the thought of this hour. After the peace of the little prayer we learned and repeated at our mother's knee and become children again in its nightly iteration may we be able ere sleep comes to face the world at the close of each day and say with my gallant friend, "Dear old world, you have treated me fair; you owe me nothing. I have got out of life all there is in it."

EXPERT KNOWLEDGE.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT,
(President of Harvard University.)

(From an address on "The Function of Education in a Democratic Society.")

As an outcome of successful democratic education certain habits of thought should be well established in the mind of every child. In some small field each child should acquire a capacity for exact observation, and as a natural result of this acquirement it should come to admire and respect exact observation in all fields. Again, in some small field it should acquire the capacity for exact description, and a respect for exact description in all fields. And, lastly, it should attain, within the limited range of its experience and observation, the power to draw a justly limited inference from observed facts.

Any one who has attained to the capacity for exact observation and exact description, and knows what it is to draw a correct inference from well-determined premises, will naturally acquire a respect for these powers when exhibited by others in fields unknown to him. Moreover, any one who has learned how hard it is to determine a fact, to state it accurately and to draw from it the justly limited inference, will be sure that he himself cannot do these things except in a very limited field. He will know that his own personal activity must be limited to a few subjects if his capacity is to be really excellent in any. He will be sure that the too common belief that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything is a mischievous delusion. Having, as the result of his education, some vision of the great range of knowledge and capacity needed in the business of the world, he will respect the trained capacities which he sees developed in great diversity in other people. In short, he will come to respect and confide in the expert in every field of human activity. Confidence in experts, and willingness to employ them and abide by their decisions, are among the best signs of intelligence in an educated individual or an educated community; and in any democracy which is to thrive this respect and confidence must be felt strongly by the majority of the population.

The democracy must learn, in governmental affairs, whether municipal, state or national, to employ experts and abide by their decisions. Such complicated subjects as taxation, finance and public works cannot be wisely managed by popular assemblies or their committees or by executive officers who have no special acquaintance with these most difficult subjects. American experience during the last twenty years demonstrates that popular assemblies have become absolutely incapable of dealing wisely with any of these great subjects. Legislators and executives are changed so frequently under the American system of local representation that few gain anything that deserves to be called experience in legislation or administration, while the few who serve long terms are apt to be so absorbed in the routine work of carrying on the government and managing the party interests that they have no time either for thorough research or for invention. Under present conditions neither expert knowledge nor intellectual leadership can reasonably be expected of them. Democracies

will not be safe until the population has learned that governmental affairs must be conducted on the same principles on which successful private and corporate business is conducted, and therefore it should be one of the principles and objects of democratic education so to train the minds of the children that when they become adult they shall have within their own experience the grounds of respect for the attainments of experts in every branch of governmental, industrial and social activity and of confidence in their advice.

SELF-RELIANCE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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There is a time in every man's experience when he arrives at the conclusion that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Therefore my text is, Trust thyself. Is it not an iron string to which vibrates every heart?

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think. It is easy to live in the world after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the turmoil of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekcepers—under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. But do

your work and I shall know you. Do your work and you shall re-enforce yourself.

The other terror which scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think—to be great is to be misunderstood.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best none but his maker can teach him. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned to you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all of these. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the master works of the world again.

FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its own historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylae and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil—that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history in the native eloquence of our mother tongue; that the colonial and provincial councils of American exhibit to us models of the spirit and character which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction; the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home we are confounded at the reflection that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylae would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the workshop and doorpost of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrast they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we heed the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home, out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theater, out of the characters of our own fa-

thers. Them we know—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance, for conscience and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace.

THE INFLUENCE OF GREEK CIVILIZATION.

W. J. FOX.

From the dawn of intellect and freedom Greece has been a watchword on the earth. There rose the social spirit to soften and refine her chosen race and shelter as in a nest her gentleness from the rushing storm of barbarism; there liberty first built her mountain throne, first called the waves her own, and shouted across them a proud defiance to despotism's banded myriads; there the arts and graces danced around humanity and stored man's home with comforts and strewed his path with roses and bound his brows with myrtle and fashioned for him the breathing statue and summoned him to temples of snowy marble and charmed his senses with all forms of eloquence and threw over his final sleep their veil of loveliness; there sprung poetry, like their own fabled goddess, mature at once from the teeming intellect, gilt with arts and armor that defy the assaults of time and subdue the heart of man; here matchless orators gave the world a model of perfect eloquence, the soul the instrument on which they played, and every passion of our nature but a tone which the master's touch called forth at will; there lived and taught the philosophers of bower and porch, of pride and pleasure, of deep speculation and of useful action, who developed all the acuteness and refinement and excursiveness and energy of mind, and were the glory of their country when their country was the glory of the earth.

THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

SENATOR WM. P. FRYE, OF MAINE.
(Adapted from the Congressional Record.)

We hear a great deal of the duty the citizen owes the government, and too little of the duty the government owes the citizen. American citizens should be protected in their life and liberty wherever they may be and at any cost.

I think one of the grandest things in the history of Great Britain is that she does protect her citizens everywhere and anywhere, under all circumstances. Her mighty power is put forth for their relief and protection, and it is admirable. I do not wonder that a British citizen loves his country.

About twenty years ago the king of Abyssinia took a British citizen by the name of Campbell, carried him to the heights of a lofty mountain, to the fortress of Magdala, and put him into a dungeon without cause. It took Great Britain six months to learn of that, and then she demanded his immediate release. The king of Abyssinia refused to release him. In less than ten days after that refusal 3,000 British soldiers and 5,000 Sepoys were on board ships of war, sailing for the coast. When they arrived they were disembarked, were marched seven hundred miles over swamps and morass, under a burning sun, then up the mountain to its very heights, in front of the frowning dungeon, and then they gave battle. They battered down the iron gates, they overturned the stone walls. Then they reached down into that dungeon with an English hand, lifted out from it that one British citizen, took him to the coast and sped him away on the white-winged ships to his home in safety. That expedition cost Great Britain $25,000,000.

Now, sir, a country that has an eye that can see across an ocean, away across the many miles of land, up into the mountain heights, down into the darksome dungeon, one, just one of her 38,000,000 people, and then has an arm strong enough and long enough to reach across the same ocean, across the same swamps and marshes, up the same mountain heights, down into the same dungeon, and take him out and carry

him home to his own country, a free man—where will you find a man who will not live and die for a country that will do that?

Mr. President, our country ought to do it. All that I ask of this republic of ours is that it shall model itself after Great Britain in this one thing—that wherever the American citizen may be, whether in Great Britain, Cuba, Turkey or China, he shall be perfectly assured of the fullest protection of the American government.

A UNIVERSITY OF THE FIRST CLASS.

T. W. GREGORY.

(Extract from a speech at the Alumni Banquet at Dallas, University of Texas Day, October 21, 1899.)

Upon the walls of the Congressional Library at Washington are engraved the digested wisdom of the world, and over the chief entrance, written almost in letters of light, is this single sentence, embodying the experience and lesson of all the ages: "The foundation of every state is the education of its youth."

I know not whose tongue first uttered or whose pen first traced these words, but long before the foundation of that great building was laid or its construction dreamed of the framers of the organic law of Texas, seeking for guarantees of blood-bought human liberty and bulwarks against the assaults of the despot and the anarchist, planted in our constitution the mandatory provision that the legislature should provide for the erection and maintenance of a university of the first class.

I believe that I appreciate what these men had in their minds; I believe that they conceived of a temple of learning set upon a hill where all Texas and all the world might come and worship; I believe that they conceived of a university which in equipment, in endowment, in the number of its stu-

dents and the wisdom of its faculty would rank with the best of Europe or America; I believe that they contemplated the erection of an institution of learning where the sons and daughters of Texas, of her farmers and her merchants, of her mechanics and her bankers, of her hod-carriers and her lawyers, might go, without money and without price, and enjoy all the educational advantages enjoyed by the sons of the rich in the greatest institution of the old or new world; and, finally, to sum up the whole matter, I believe that by a university of the first class they meant a university second to none.

If I were asked to-night what, above all other things, constitutes a university of the first class, I would not for one moment hesitate in answering: Splendid equipment, generous endowment and wise instructors are the accompaniments and characteristics of a great educational institution, but the essential feature, without which there can be only failure, is the scholarship and loyalty of its student body, past and present.

Few of us have the opportunity of reflecting glory upon our university in distant states, but still more important duties are at hand; an enthusiastic support of her best interests is needed in Texas to-day and will be needed until her great mission is performed; if the five hundred who sit before me to-night should labor unceasingly in their five hundred spheres of influence to make her the greatest educational institution of the age, what wonders could be accomplished! If the five thousand ex-students scattered in every town and hamlet of this state should unite in a common effort in her behalf there is no human power which could stay her onward march.

Standing in this splendid presence to-night, clothed in the enthusiasm which comes up from the greatest assembly of college-bred men and women ever gathered together in the Southwest, I almost feel as did the Hebrew prophets of old, when the veil of the future was rent in twain, and in spirit they saw the deeds to be done in the flesh. In my imagination I see a lofty hill crowned with innumerable majestic buildings; I see mighty telescopes sweeping the heavens from lofty domes in search of unknown worlds; I see anthropologists revealing to the world the pre-historic civilizations of

New Mexico and Arizona, and tracing the footsteps of vanished races; I see geologists and mineralogists exploring the waste places and unearthing every mine of hidden wealth; and, above all things, I see ten thousand Texas boys and girls bearing each year to ten thousand Texas homes the atmosphere of higher education and lofty ideals; and I can almost see, above the countless domes and minarets and towers, the spirits of the mighty dead lifting their hands in benediction above the consummation of their most cherished ideals. This is my conception of a university of the first class.

BUILDING THE TEMPLE.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

The temperance cause is in advance of public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth and I will show you men who stood alone—aye, alone—while those they toiled and labored and agonized for hurled at them contumely, scorn and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice, and they fought on amid the storm of persecution.

In Great Britain they tell me, when I go to visit such a prison, "Here is such a dungeon in which such a one was confined." "Here among the ruins of an old castle we will show you where such a one was tortured and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. "There is a monument to such a one; there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying "Crucify them! Crucify them!" and danced around the blazing

fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes in the golden urn of a nation's history.

The men who adopted advanced principles were bitterly persecuted. They were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle destroyed. The fire of persecution scorched them then, but I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf, prepared the bed in which to lay the corner stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface, and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundations far down beneath. By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column. Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the path of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet; we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building, but by and by when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle fields, waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery, through vineyards, under trellised vines with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind; when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never again to be turned into that which can injure and debase; when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it, to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up, to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away, to the last little child and stand him up where God meant that man should stand, to the last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and raise the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains, then, ah! then

will the copestone be put upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world, and the last poor drunkard shall go into it and find a refuge there.

FRANK P. BLAIR.

CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI.

(From remarks in the House of Representatives, February 4, 1899, in presenting to Congress statues of Benton and Blair.)

If the government built monuments to soldiers in proportion to what they really accomplished for the Union cause, Frank Blair's would tower proudly among the loftiest. Camp Jackson is slurred over with an occasional paragraph in history books, but it was the turning point in the war west of the Mississippi, and it was the work of Frank Blair, the Kentuckian, the Missourian, the slave owner, the patrician, the leonine soldier, the patriotic statesman.

Those who most effectually tied the hands of the secessionists and who unwittingly but most largely played into Blair's hands were the advocates of "armed neutrality"—certainly the most preposterous theory ever hatched in the brain of man. Who was its father can not now be definitely ascertained, as nobody is anxious to claim the dubious honor of its paternity. What it really meant may be shown by an incident that happened in the great historic county of Pike, where I now reside—a county which furnished one brigadier-general and five colonels to the Union Army and three colonels to the Confederate, with a full complement of officers and men.

Early in 1861 a great "neutrality meeting" was held at Bowling Green, the county seat. Hon. William L. Gatewood, a prominent lawyer, a Virginian or Kentuckian by birth, an ardent southern sympathizer, subsequently a State Senator, was elected chairman. The Pike County orators were out in

full force, but chief among them was Hon. W. Anderson, also a prominent lawyer, an East Tennesseean by nativity, afterwards a colonel in the Union Army, State Senator, and for four years a member of Congress. Eloquence was on tap and flowed freely. Men of all shades of opinion fraternized; they passed strong and ringing resolutions in favor of "armed neutrality," and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

Chairman Gatewood was somewhat mystified and not altogether satisfied by the harmonious proceedings; so, after adjournment sine die, he took Anderson out under a convenient tree and in his shrill tenor nervously inquired, "George, what does 'armed neutrality' mean, anyhow?" Anderson, in his deep bass, growled, "It means guns for the Union men and none for the rebels!"—the truth and wisdom of which remark are now perfectly apparent. For before the moon had waxed and waned again the leaders of that "neutrality" love feast were hurrying to and fro, beating up for volunteers in every nook and corner of the country—some for service in the Union, others for service in the Confederate Army.

A pioneer in the Union cause, he was also a pioneer peacemaker. Lately we have heard a vast deal of eloquence about a reunited country. Thirty-two years after Appomattox men are accounted orators, statesmen, and philanthropists because they grandiloquently declare that at last the time has arrived to bury the animosities of the Civil War in a grave upon whose headstone shall be inscribed, "No Resurrection." But if we applaud these ex post facto peacemakers and shed tears of joy over their belated pathos, what shall be our meed of praise, the measure of our gratitude, the manifestation of our admiration, the expression of our love for Frank Blair, the magnificent Missourian, the splendid American, who, with his military laurels fresh upon him, within a few days after Lee surrendered, returned to his State, which had been ravaged by fire and sword, holding aloft the olive branch, proclaiming to the world that there were no rebels any more, that his fellow citizens who had fought for the South were entitled to equal respect and equal rights with other citizens, and that real peace must "tinkle on the shepherd's bells and sing among the reapers" of Missouri? He

took the ragged and defeated Confederates by the hand, and, in the words of Abraham to Lot, said, "We be brethren."

> The truly brave,
> When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
> Are touched with a desire to shield and save.

In the fierce and all-pervading light of history, which beats not upon thrones alone but upon all high places as well, Blair will stand side by side with the invincible soldier who said, "Let us have peace"—the noblest words that ever fell from martial lips.

ON THE PULLMAN STRIKE.

HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

(From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, July 10, 1894.)

At a time when in the second city of the United States, and the fourth or fifth city in the civilized world, order is suspended, law is powerless, violence is supreme, life is in danger, and property is in the very arms of destruction, I am appalled to hear the trumpet of sedition blown in this chamber to marshal the hosts of misrule to further devastation.

Mr. President, this question does not now concern the issue between the Pullman company and its employes. It has got beyond that. It does not concern the sympathetic strike of the American Railway Union. It has got beyond that. It does not concern any strike which may hereafter be ordered. It has gone far beyond that. A simple strike as to a local organization not directly connected with the transportation instrumentalities of this country grew into another strike of far more comprehensive proportions. That grew into a boycott. That boycott took the liberty of the American people by the throat, and then grew into a riot, and from thence into an insurrection which confronts this government to-day with all the dormant and latent powers of revolution, and speaks here in the voice of its advocates, threatening and advising the dismemberment of the government by the abolition of its executive and legislative departments.

People prate about liberty, and define that liberty as the liberty of the particular class they are speaking for. The only liberty worth having in this country is the equal liberty of all men alike. Liberty in its philosophical and commonsense definition consists in that right of each individual to exercise the greatest freedom of action up to, and not beyond, that point when it impinges upon the like exercise of freedom of action of every other man. Beyond that it is the destruction of the liberty of the weak by the strongest, a subversion of the very theory of a republic, and a return to primeval anarchy on the one hand, or, as an alternative, to despotism on the other.

Do not people realize that the constitution itself is upon trial and that the country itself is in danger? The military power, the last resort in a free government, has necessarily been called into action. The President of the United States, to whom is committed the commandership of the Army and the Navy, in the execution of the laws has declared the danger by a proclamation which every citizen is bound to respect. He says, "I have sent the troops there;" the Senator from Kansas says "Take them away." What shield does the Senator propose to interpose between the innocent people of Chicago and their property and the men who to-day are only held in awe and suppressed by the presence of troops, if they are taken away? Can Debs recall the force that he has unloosed? He can no more do it than by word he can reconstruct the burnt cars or give back life to those from whom it has been taken away as the result of his operations.

I have not said a word about parties in this discussion. I shall expect the Democrats, the Populists, and the Republicans to join hands in this emergency, which Mr. Debs and those who are acting with him proclaim to be of supreme and perilous exigency to the Republic, and which the Senator from Kansas asserts demands the dissolution of the most important functions of this government, to the end that a secure and peaceful rest may be attained at last, to accomplish which the best efforts of the legislative department of this government, and of all departments, will be bent to bring about the only solution of these difficulties which possibly can be attained.

THE PLACE OF ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE LIFE.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Dyspepsia is no longer the test of scholarship, and honors are not won by shadows. The theology of to-day believes that there are no antagonisms between spirituality and muscularity. The minister who hits sin so hard from the pulpit can whip any sinner in the pew. The modern student knows that a well-developed body and a well-informed mind are necessary partners for intellectual and material triumphs.

Exercise in solitude and without the stimulus of friendly contest is always a failure. The dumb-bell becomes a nuisance, and the Indian club a fraud. Venerable axioms are exploded; mechanical movements of muscles make neither athletes nor healthy students. The excited mind must guide the procession of the limbs. To force water by a hand pump in the cellar to a tank on the roof is work; to master the glorious sweep and artistic dip of the oar is exercise and fame.

Athletics have encouraged manliness and stamped out ruffianism. Every healthy youth generates steam faster than under ordinary conditions he can work it off. In the old days it impelled him to throw bricks through the tutor's windows, to crack the college bell, to steal signs, and wrench off door knobs. These diversions taught him contempt for law, and kept him in fear of the constable and dangerously near the police court. It dulled his sense of honor, and left a stain upon his character to be exhibited under other conditions in after years. He was rusticated for rioting and dropped because he had neither a disciplined mind nor could submit to discipline.

But with the bat, the ball, the oar, with the training of the gymnasium, and in the splendid vigor of competitive sports, came the fire and enthusiasm of the Olympian games. The hard lesson that the best training and the most faithful work alone win the prizes is learned under joyous conditions. The page again welcomes every hardship that he may bear the armor of the knight, and the spirit of chivalry pervades the university. The pent-up forces and the resistless energies of the students become the potent agents for physical development and mental discipline, and for the growth of moral and intellectual health.

Such men hail difficulties with ardor and overcome them with ease. They love work because of the perfect machinery which wins the game or elucidates the problem. The school of unruly boys becomes a university of active, thoughtful and self-reliant gentlemen. The requirements for admission are constantly increasing, and the standard for graduation is perpetually rising.

Already practical men are becoming alarmed for fear the advancing demands of the college courses may keep a man an undergraduate so long, and launch him into his life work so late that he can neither catch up nor compete with those who came younger into the field. Except for the disciplined and obedient mind which come from the training of the athlete, it would be hard to meet the conditions of the curriculum within proper years.

THE LAWYER AND FREE INSTITUTIONS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Ours is and always has been a government controlled by lawyers. In this De Tocqueville recognized its greatest claim to stability and expansion. The profession has contributed seventeen of the twenty-one presidents of the United States and filled cabinets and councils. Its radicalism has always tended to the preservation of liberty, the maintenance of order, and the protection of property.

Lawyers can be agitators without being demagogues. They have codified the laws, brushed away the subtleties of practice, abolished those fictions of law and equity which defeated justice; and yet liberties are always so enlarged as to preserve essential rights. No other profession or pursuit has behind it exemplars and a history like the law. Its teachers have been the foes of anarchy, misrule, and tyranny, and its principles form the foundation of governments and the palladium of rights.

Call the roll, and you summon God's chosen ministers of civilization and reform. It was not Pericles, but Solon and his statutes who made possible Grecian power and progress. It was not her legion but her twelve tables, which made Rome the mistress of the world. It was not the defeat of the Moslem hordes, but the discovery of the Pandects, which preserved Europe. It was not the Norman conqueror, but the common law, which evolved constitutional freedom out of chaos, revolution, and despotism.

In the sack of the Italian city of Amalfi, a copy of the Pandects was discovered; the study of the civil law sprang up all over Europe, and its administration passed from the hands of the eccleiastics to its trained professors. In revenge, the council of the church held at Amalfi decreed that no lawyer could enter the kingdom of heaven; but the lawyers have requited this anathema by largely converting the nations from the hell of arms to the heaven of arbitration.

Few of the barons at Runnymede could read, and their sword hilt were their marks; but the lawyers improved upon their demands by grafting upon the great Charter those Saxon liberties for the individual embodied in that noble sentiment of the last will of King Alfred, that "it was just the English should ever remain as free as their own thoughts." It was the courts and not the commons which convinced the great and arbitrary Queen Elizabeth that there were limits to the royal prerogative, and warned Charles the First that taxation without representation might cost him his head.

It was as a law student that Cromwell learned those principles which caused him to pledge fortune and life to the motto, "that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and when the gay Cavalier went down before the resistless charge of his Ironsides, the freedom and development of the English-speaking world was assured. He established peace, and enlarged the power of his country abroad, and, though Charles the Second, by violating the law, might squander the glorious inheritance and disinter the remains of the great Protector and hang them at Tyburn, his spirit crossed the seas in the Mayflower and founded this Republic.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Our opponents have charged us with being the promoters of a dangerous excitement. They have the effrontery to say that I am the friend of public disorder. I am one of the

people. Surely if there be one thing in a free country more clear than another it is that any one of the people may speak openly to the people. If I speak to the people of their rights, and indicate to them the way to secure them—if I speak of their danger to the monopolists of power—am I not a wise counselor, both to the people and to their rulers?

Suppose I stood at the foot of Vesuvius, or Aetna, and, seeing a hamlet or a homestead planted on its slope, I said to the dwellers in that hamlet or in that homestead, "You see that vapor which ascends from the summit of the mountain? That vapor may become a dense, black smoke, that will obscure the sky. You see the trickling of lava from the crevices in the side of the mountain? That trickling of lava may become a river of fire. You hear that muttering in the bowels of the mountain? That muttering may become a bellowing thunder, the voice of a violent convulsion, that may shake half a continent. You know that at your feet is the grave of great cities, for which there is no resurrection, as histories tell us that dynasties and aristocracies have passed away and their names have been known no more forever."

If I say this to the dwellers upon the slope of the mountain, and if there comes hereafter a catastrophe which makes the world to shudder, am I responsible for that catastrophe? I did not build the mountain or fill it with explosive materials. I merely warned the men that were in danger. So now it is not I who am stimulating men to the violent pursuit of their acknowledged constitutional rights.

The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at its feet, a terrible peril to its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation.

That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry. Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change, and from these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hilltops of time the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY, of Yale University.
(Condensed from an article in The Atlantic for August, 1900.)

It must constantly be borne in mind that the training of the free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge as a development of certain qualities of character and habits of action. Courage, discipline and loftiness of purpose are the things really necessary for maintaining a free government. If a citizen possesses these qualities of character he will acquire the knowledge which is essential to the conduct of the country's institutions and to the reform of the abuses which may arise.

On that feeling which gives effect to those political virtues we have bestowed the name of public sentiment. It may be said to perform the same function in the world of political morality which the individual conscience performs in the wider domain of personal morality. It will be readily seen that public sentiment, as thus described, is a very different thing from much that passes under that name. If a large number of people want a thing, we not infrequently hear it said that there is a public sentiment in its favor. It would be much more correct to say that there is a widespread personal interest in securing it. The term public sentiment can only be applied to those feelings and demands which people are willing to enforce at their own cost, as well as at that of others. There is just as much need for the training of this public conscience or public sentiment, by whatever name we choose to call it, as for the training of the individual conscience in the affairs of private morals, but means for this education have not kept pace with the need. In some respects we have actually gone backward.

Grand as is the work which is done by the courts of the present day, it is doubtful whether their function as public educators stands where it did a century ago. Partly on account of the increasing difficulty of the cases with which they have to deal, partly on account of a theory of legal authority which dates from the beginning of the present century, our judges have contented themselves more and more with the

application of precedents,and have been less and less concerned with the elucidation of reasons which should appeal to the non-technical mind. Add to this the fact that the performance of jury duty, once an all but universal educator in the principles underlying some of the most important branches of the law, has now become a burden which men seek to avoid. and we see how the judiciary has been largely shorn of those educational functions which in the history of the human race have been even more important than the purely technical duties of office.

A still more serious retrogression has perhaps taken place in the educational influence of our public orators and debaters. It is hardly more than a generation since the utterances of political leaders in and out of congress were a mighty power for the shaping of public opinion. To-day, on the other hand, it is almost proverbial that the effective speeches are those which voice a prepossession already felt, and give a rallying cry to partisan or personal interests.

It is a common saying that newspapers have taken the place of orators as the educators of public sentiment. That the change has been attended with some advantages, none but the blindest pessimist would deny. The average citizen learns more facts through his newspapers in a day than he learned from his public speakers in a month. Materials for judgment are thus brought home to him far more promptly, and on the whole, I am inclined to think, rather more truthfully, than they were under the old regime. But whatever advantages the modern newspaper offers, it does not, with some honorable exceptions, recognize the duty of educating public sentiment as a paramount one. Too often it is compelled by pressure of necessity to subordinate everything else to partisan ends.

All these facts increase the responsibility which is placed upon our institutions of learning. The more inadequate the means for forming a disinterested public opinion in other ways, the more urgent is the need that our colleges should make this one of their chief functions. It will not do to have our higher education a purely technical one. I would not undervalue for one moment the importance of hard and thorough work, but unless our teachers can find methods of secur-

ing this work on broad lines instead of narrow ones, the collegiate education of the country, in its older sense, is bound to pass away, because it will no longer be fulfilling its definite function in the training of the citizen.

EDUCATION AND CHARACTER.

WM. L. PRATHER.

(From an address delivered at the opening exercises of the University of Texas, October 4, 1899.)

Education is the most important subject that can engage the attention of young men and women. When Aristotle was asked in what way the educated differed from the uneducated, he replied: "As the living differ from the dead."

In the early part of our history the American college was largely ecclesiastical, and young men attended college to study church creeds. Gradually, however, the college became a civil and political institution. When the commonwealth, realizing that a general diffusion of knowledge was essential to the preservation of the liberties and rights of the people, undertook the great duty of educating its children, and each state of the Union established a university at the head of its system of public education, the American university passed to a higher and broader plane, and now has for its object the preparation of men and women for all the high duties of citizenship.

This university was established by Texans for Texans, and must be administered for Texans. Every officer and employe should be imbued with a patriotic desire to serve this great commonwealth. Every young man and young woman educated within these walls owes it to the state to repay its outlay for them.

The greatest good that can come into the life of a human being through the process of education is a personal richness and beauty. "Education is not to make us seem to be greater to the world, but that the world and all life and all eternity may seem greater and richer and more beautiful to us."

Let me hold up to you the beauty and glorious possibilities of the youth with which you are endowed. Do you realize what a peerless privilege it is to be young? Youth is admitted by all to be the most fascinating period of life, with its freshness, its enthusiasm and confidence, frankly responding to every act of kindness and opening the heart to every overture of love. It has been said, "Youth is the time when we own the world and the fullness thereof. Youth, like Napoleon, sees the world and proceeds to conquer it. Youth sees mountains and dares to climb them; stone walls, and dares to beat them down; chasms, and dares to bridge them." Youth here at the beginning of the twentieth century has all history and all lands for its demesne, though it may live in a cottage or a cabin. It has for its birthright every discovery, every invention, every conquest since the world began. Youth, for which the cave dwellers made their rude implements of stone as they groped their way in the dawn of human evolution. Youth, for whom Shakespeare wrote, for whom Newton and Kepler and Edison solved the mysteries of the world, and for whom the twentieth century is preparing to open its golden gates of promise.

Let me emphasize the fact that character is above everything. It is the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible. Character is itself a rank and an estate. Character stands in majesty unawed and unmoved before men and devils. Character stands confident and trustful in the presence of God himself. Genius, so often lauded, fails frequently of its aim for want of character to support it. The men upon whom society leans are men of proved honor, rectitude and consistency, whose sterling character gives pledge of faithfulness to every trust committed to them.

Thackeray says: "Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces which is honored wherever presented. There is a 'promise to pay' in their faces that inspires confidence, and you prefer it to another man's indorsement." As the rivulet scoops out the valley, moulds the hillside and carves the mountain's face, so the stream of thought sculptures the soul into grace, mellows the heart to tenderness and love, and these are mirrored in the countenance.

In summing up all I would say to you, let me borrow the fine phrase of a gifted man of our own time:

"Live out truly your human life as a human life; not as a supernatural life, for you are a man and not an angel; not as a sensual life, for you are a man and not a brute; not as a wicked life, for you are a man and not a demon; not as a frivolous life, for you are a man and not an insect. Live each day the true life of a man to-day; not yesterday's life only, lest you become a visionary; but the life of happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows—the life of to-day, unwounded by the Parthian arrows of yesterday and undarkened by the possible cloudland of to-morrow."

EDUCATION AND THE SELF-MADE MAN.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

(Extract from a speech at the Princeton Commemoration Exercises, October 22, 1897.)

Manifestly among the tools to be used in the construction of the best quality of our self-made men, education is vitally important. Its share of the work consists in so strengthening and fashioning the grain and fibre of the material as to develop its greatest power and fit it for the most extensive and varied service. This process cannot be neglected with the expectation of satisfactory results, and its thoroughness and effectiveness must depend upon the excellence and condition of the tool employed, and the skill and care with which it is used. Happily we are able to recognize conditions which tend to an improved appreciation of collegiate advantages. The extension of our school system ought to stimulate the desire of pupils to enjoy larger opportunities. The old superstition concerning the close relationship between the greatness of the self-made man and meager educational advantages is fast disappearing, and parents are more generally convinced that the time and money involved in a college course for their children are not wasted. In these circumstances it seems to me there is no sufficient reason why so many of our young men fail of enrollment among our college students. I am afraid the fault is largely theirs and that they

do not fully realize the great benefit they, themselves, would derive from a liberal education, and even without this, the obligation resting upon them to do their share toward furnishing to our country the kind of self-made men it so much needs, ought to incite them to enter upon this work in the surest and most effective manner. We are considering the importance of a liberal education from a point of view that excludes the idea that such an education is only useful as a preparation for a professional career. In my opinion we could as reasonably claim that our professional ranks are more than sufficiently recruited, as to say that educated men are out of place in other walks of life. We need the right kind of educated, self-made men in our business circles, on our farms and everywhere. We need them for the good they can do by raising the standard of intelligence within their field of influence. We need them for the evidence they may furnish that education is a profitable factor in all vocations and in all the ordinary affairs of a community, and we especially and sorely need such men, abundantly distributed among our people, for what they may do in patriotically steadying the current of political sentiment and action.

I hardly need say that this means something more than mere book learning and that it includes the practical knowledge and information concerning men and things which so easily accompanies the knowledge of books, as well as the mental discipline and orderly habit of thought which systematic study begets. Obviously this definition excludes that measure of book learning barely sufficient to claim a diploma and used for no better purpose than to decorate the ease of wealth and ornament of an inactive existence.

Sordidness is not confined to those whose only success consists in riches. There is a sordidness of education more censurable though perhaps less exposed. There are those whose success is made up of a vast accumulation of education who are as miserly in its possession as the most avaricious among the rich. No one is justified in hoarding education solely for his selfish gratification. To keep it entirely in close custody, to take a greedy pleasure in its contemplation and to utilize it only as a means of personal unshared enjoyment, is more unpardonable than the clutch of

the miser upon his money; for he in its accumulation has been subjected to the cramping and narrowing influences of avarice, while he who hoards education does violence to the broad and liberal influences which accompany its acquisition. The obligations of wealth and the obligations of education are co-operative and equally binding. The discharge of these obligations involves restraint as well as activity. The rich man should restrain himself from harboring or having the appearance of harboring any feeling of purse-proud superiority over his less wealthy fellows. Without such restraint the distance is lengthened between him and those whom, by contact and association, he might benefit. It is thus, too, that envious discontent and hatred of the rich is engendered and perpetuated. So also the man of education should carefully keep himself from the indulgence or seeming indulgence in a supercilious loftiness toward his fellow citizens. Otherwise he will see those whom he might improve and elevate, if within his reach, standing aloof and answering every invitation to a nearer approach with mockery and derision. The benign influence of both the educated and the rich is among and with their fellow men of less education and less wealth; and real and hearty fellowship is absolutely needful to the success of their mission.

A GREAT MAN OF BUSINESS.

(New York Sun, August 16, 1900.)

Collis Potter Huntington, president or director of many great railroad, steamboat, and other enterprises, and one of the greatest American geniuses for business, was a poor Connecticut boy in a large family. He began his business career at fourteen. He worked for seven dollars a month at first. He was a peddler; he kept a general store; he got rich in hardware. Then he had a continental idea, of a railroad between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford and Crocker must be numbered always among the

greater gods of business, men who foresaw the future and were equal to a mighty enterprise. With them and afterward without them, Mr. Huntington, the sturdy survivor of those giants, those planners and builders, carried on a multitude of prosperous undertakings. He was much hated, not so much by rivals as by the unsuccessful loafers who regard the riches of others as an insult to themselves, but he was a decent citizen, quiet, thoroughly American, and thoroughly unostentatious.

When Collis Huntington was a boy, the Connecticut folks were saying, "O, there's no chance to get rich now. When you had a fat contract in the War of 1812 you could make some money, but it's too late now. A poor man has no chance."

And now the bilious, the discontented and the lazy are saying, "O, Huntington made a lot of money, but there is no such chance now."

There will always be a chance for the frugal, the enterprising and the foresighted. The first competence that Huntington got was such a competence as is within the reach of almost all. The affairs of magnificent scope in which he afterward engaged were such as can be managed only by the wide-ranging man of genius. His was a broad imagination supported by a solid base of practical business sense. There cannot be many such men any more than there can be many Shakespeares and Dantes, but some there will be in every age; and in his way a mighty man of business must have something, indeed a good deal, of the mathematician and the poet. In the lower, but easier, walks of trade the way to success is just as easy and just as hard now as it was when Mr. Huntington was a boy.

Somewhere or other in the works of Edward Everett—his brilliant son will correct us if we quote the spirit rather than the letter—is a passage in which he speaks of the boys "who have inherited nothing but poverty and health, who in a few years will be striving, in generous contention with the great intellects of the land. It remains for each, by darting forward like a greyhound at the slightest glimpse of honorable opportunity, by redeeming time, defying temptation and scorning sensual pleasure, to make himself useful, honored and happy."

UNION VS. DISUNION.

SAM HOUSTON.

(From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, February, 1850.)

I call on the friends of the Union from every quarter to come forward like men, and to sacrifice their differences upon the common altar of their country's good, and to form a bulwark around the constitution that cannot be shaken. It will require manly efforts, sir, and they must expect to meet with prejudices growing up that will assail them from every quarter. They must stand firm to the Union, regardless of all personal consequences. Time alone can recompense them for their sacrifice and labors; for devotion to country can never be forgotten when it is offered freely and without expectation of reward. The incense of self-sacrifice, when thus offered on their country, will be acceptable to the people. Do not the American people love this Union? Are they not devoted to it? Is not every reminiscence of the past associated with its glories, and are they not calculated to inspire prayers for its prosperity and its perpetuity? If this were not the case, you might think lightly of our noble confederacy; but so it is—it stands connected with every fibre of the national heart, and is interwoven with every glorious recollection of the past, which affection or reverence can inspire in the minds of the American people. It is not, Mr. President, that twenty-three millions of souls are involved in the perpetuity of this Union; it is not that every consideration of happiness connected with country appertains to it; but it is because it is the great moral, social and political lever that has moved, is moving, and will cintinue to move the world. Look abroad at foreign nations, and behold the influence of our example upon them—nay, not ours, for I feel a sense of humiliation when I contrast the efforts of any man now living with the illustrious achievements of the departed sages and heroes who performed this mighty work.

Disunion has been proclaimed in this hall. What a delightful commentary on the freedom of our institutions and

the forbearance of the public mind when a man is permitted to go unscathed and unscourged, who, in a deliberative body like this, has made such a declaration! Sir, no higher assurance can be given of the freedom of our institutions, and of the forbearance of the American people, and their reliance upon the reason and intelligence of the community. The intelligent mind is left free to combat error. Such sentiments, with their authors, will descend to the obscurity and the tomb of oblivion. I have only to say, in conclusion, that those who proclaim disunion, no matter of what name politically—that those who, for the sake of disunion, conspire against the Union and the constitution, are very beautifully described in Holy Writ—they are "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

"WHEN THE TEXAN GUARDS THE CAMP."

SAM HOUSTON.

(From his last public address, at Waco, Texas.)

Ladies and Fellow Citizens—With feelings of pleasure and friendly greeting, I once again stand before an assemblage of my fellow-countrymen, who from their homes and daily toil, have come to greet once again, the man who so often has known their kindness and affection.

I have been buffeted by the waves, as I have been borne along Time's ocean until shattered and worn, I approach the narrow isthmus, which divides it from the sea of Eternity beyond. Ere I step forward to journey through the pilgrimage of Death, I would say, that all my thoughts and hopes are with my country. If one impulse rises above another, it is for the happiness of this people; the welfare and glory of Texas will be the uppermost thought, while the spark of life lingers in this breast.

Without selfishness of heart, then, I meet you to talk, not of the past, but of the present and the future. The country demands the highest energies of the patriot to bear its victorious banners onward to peace and independence. Once I

dreamed of empire, as vast and expansive for a united people, as the bounds of American civilization. The dream is over. The golden charm is broken. Let us gather up the links that remain to us, and, encircling with them our hearts, swear to resist to the last that worst of all tyranny, fraternal hate.

The proud achievements of the troops of Texas are above all praise. History furnishes us no nobler examples of heroism and constancy. I know of no battle where they have been engaged that they have not been chosen to bring on the fight. What battery has stood the force of their resistless charge? What retreat have they failed to cover? The flower of the foe has been cut down by their determined valor. Patient and enduring on the toilsome march, noiseless and wary on the dangerous scout, swift and certain in the surprise and terrible as the tempest blast in the charge, they have proven themselves worthy the name of soldiers of liberty. If the world has ever known their superiors in valor, history gives not the example.

The gallant dead! How fell they? Heroes! thousands of whom have no monuments, save the memory of their everlasting valor. At the cannon's mouth where the foe stood thickest, in the deadliest charge, with the forlorn hope, on the perilous scout, or at the first breach, there lay the Texan! The soldier of liberty died for her sake,

"Leaving in battle not a blot on his name,
He looked proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame."

Such men cannot be conquered. Massed together they would have checked the foe wherever he has gained a foothold on our soil. The nation recognizes them as the bravest of the brave. Generals aspire to command them, and the army sleeps secure when the Texan guards the camp.

GERMAN UNITY.

ARTHUR HOYT.

Have you ever read that poem of Arndt's, "What is the German's Fatherland?" Arrogant French diplomacy little knew the storm it was gathering to burst upon its own head.

It planned the disruption of a people, but inspired a song which bound it with cords the wildest martial fury could not snap. How all their later history breathes and pulsates with this unity of race. How the word "Fatherland" is twined about the very tendrils of the German heart.

Why was Frederic called the "'Hero of Rosbach?" That was not a great victory. The well regulated Prussian valor easily overcame a dunce of a general and his ill-disciplined army. It has been honored and crowned because it made a day memorable as Agincourt or Bannockburn. Hitherto Germans had fought Germans. The defeat of one could not be called the honest pride of the other. Rosbach was the first field won from the Gallic race by a pure Teutonic army since the age of Charlemagne. It gave language to unuttered feelings, and distinctly proclaimed the reality of a German nation.

Another war drew the same character in a bolder hand. Six short weeks humbled the power of Austria and pointed the way to Prussian ascendency. No thrill of joy ran from the Baltic to the Alps. Stained and tattered banners hung in the churches of Berlin; but they told only the story of one blood and one language. The power of a Bismarck had crushed forever the ambition of a Leopold; but Germany kept an ominous silence, and only cast suspicious glances at the would-be autocrat of Europe.

A handful of years and the scene has changed. A rumor floats on the heated air of a summer day that startles the quiet of a sleepy hamlet, and rises above the din of the busiest mart. It is the courier of war, telling with panting breath how Paris resounds with the cry of "On to Berlin!" and how a French army is marching for the Rhine. The sluggish German blood quickens its flow, and the national heart throbs with a stronger life. Visions of desecrated homes and polluted alters rise unbidden, and the Fatherland is bulwarked by a million men. "Empire of the Air" no longer, Germany becomes the "Empire of the Land" and vows to guard forever the ancient freedom of the Rhine.

"A PLUMED KNIGHT."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

(Adapted from the speech nominating Blaine for President, in the Republican National Convention of 1876.)

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in this great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest, and best sense, a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming gorges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of the future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who has the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain beneath her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine.

This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution, filled with the proud and tender memories of the past, with the sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm—a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field—for the man who like an intellectual athlete has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligner of her honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their leader upon the field of battle.

Gentlemen of the Convention: In the name of this great Republic, in the name of all her dependers and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings she so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine.

HAPPINESS AND LIBERTY.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. The laugh of a child will brighten the gloom of the darkest day. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, upon the harpstring with Apollo's golden hair. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim. Blow, bugles, blow until your silvery notes do touch and kiss the moon-lit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'neath the vine clad hills; but know that your sweetest strains are but discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh. Oh rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between man and beast, and each wayward wave of thine doth catch and drown some fitful fiend of care.

Do not tell me you have got to be rich. We have a false standard of these things in the United States. We think that a man must be great, that he must be famous, that he must be wealthy. That is all a mistake. It is not necessary to be rich, to be great, to be famous, to be powerful, in order to be happy. The happy man is the free man. Happiness is

the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth. Liberty is joy.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon. It is a magnificent sepulcher of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity. I gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble in which rests at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned upon the balustrade and thought of all the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him quelling the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snows and the cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster, driven by a million bayonetes, clutched like a beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the magnificent force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king, and I saw him a prisoner on the rock at St. Helena, with his arms calmly folded behind his back, gazing steadfastly out upon the sad and solemn sea.

And I thought of all the widows and orphans he had made; of all the tears that had been shed for his glory; of the only woman who had ever loved him torn from his heart by the ruthless hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a poor French peasant and worn wooden shoes, I would rather have lived in a hut with the vines growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun, with my loving wife knitting by my side as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about my neck; yes, I would rather have been that poor peasant and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

No, it is not necessary to be great to be happy. It is not necessary to be rich to be generous. It is not necessary to be powerful to be just. When the world is free this

question will be settled. A new creed will be written. In that creed there will be but one word, "Liberty." Oh, Liberty, float not forever in the far horizon, remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, dwell not forever in the song of the poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men.

I know not what thoughts, what discoveries, what inventions may leap from the brain of the world, I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come, I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought. But I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future there shall never touch this bank and shoal of time, a richer gift, a rarer blessing than Liberty.

LUMBER ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

(Adapted from his "Three Men in a Boat.")

In Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," the author and his two companions, named Harris and George, having planned a trip up the River Thames, set about making a list of the things needed for the voyage. The first list had to be discarded. It was found that the upper reaches of the Thames would not allow of the navigation of a boat sufficiently large to take the things they had set down as indispensable.

"George said," continues the writer, "You know we are on the wrong track altogether. We must not think of the things we could do with, but only of the things that we can't do without."

"George comes out really quite sensible at times. You'd be surprised. I call that downright wisdom, not merely as regards the present case, but with reference to our trip up the river of life, generally. How many people, on that voyage, load up the boat till it is ever in danger of swamping with a store of foolish things which they think essential to the pleasure and comfort of the trip, but which are really only useless lumber.

"How they pile the poor little craft mast-high with fine clothes and big houses; with useless servants, and a host of swell friends that do not care twopence for them, and that they do not care three ha'pence for; with expensive entertainments that nobody enjoys, with formalities and fashions, with pretense and ostentation, and with—oh, heaviest, maddest lumber of all!—the dread of what will my neighbor think; with luxuries that only cloy, with pleasures that bore, with empty show that, like the criminal's iron crown of yore, makes to bleed and swoon the aching head that wears it!

"It is lumber, man—all lumber! Throw it overboard. It makes the boat so heavy to pull, you nearly faint at the oars. It makes it so cumbersome and dangerous to manage, you never know a moment's freedom from anxiety and care, never gain a moment's rest for dreamy laziness—no time to

watch the windy shadows skimming lightly o'er the shallows, or the glittering sunbeams flitting in and out among the ripples, or the great trees by the margin looking down at their own image, or the woods all green and golden, or the lilies white and yellow, or the somber-waving rushes, or the sedges, or the orchids, or the blue forget-me-nots.

"Throw the lumber over, man! Let your boat of life be light, packed with only what you need—a homely home and simple pleasures, one or two friends, worth the name, some one to love and some one to love you, a cat, a dog, and enough to eat and to wear.

"You will find the boat easier to pull then, and it will not be so liable to upset. You will have time to think as well as to work. Time to drink in life's sunshine—time to listen to the Aeolian music that the wind of God draws from the human heart strings around us."

THE QUEST FOR UNEARNED HAPPINESS.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

(Condensed from an article in the New York Independent.)

Among the inalienable rights of man, so our fathers have taught us, are these three, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." So long as a man is alive and free, he will, in one way or another, seek that which gives him pleasure, and temptation promises pleasure without the effort of earning it. This promise has never been fulfilled in all the history of all the ages, and it is time that men were coming to realize that fact. There are many short cuts to happiness which temptation commonly offers to us. Let me enumerate some of them:

Indolence would secure the pleasures of rest without the effort that justifies rest and makes it welcome. "Life drives him hard" who has nothing in all the world to do. The dry rot of ennui, the vague self-disgust of those "who know so ill to deal with time," is the outcome of idleness. It is only

where even such poor effort is impossible that absolute misery can be found. The indolent ennui of the hopelessly rich and the indolent misery of the helplessly poor have this much in common. The quest for happiness is become a passive one, waiting for the joy that never comes. But life can never remain passive, and a thousand ills come in through the open door of unresisted temptation.

Gambling, in all its forms, is the desire to get something for nothing. Burglary and larceny have the same motive. Along this line the difference between gambling and stealing is one fixed by social customs and prejudices. In society, money is power. It is the key that unlocks stored up power, whether of ourselves or of others. It is said that the "love of money is the root of all evil." The love of money in this sense is the love of power. But it is not true that the love of power is the root of all evil. To love power is natural to the strong. The desire to get money without earning it is the root of all evil. To get something for nothing, in whatever way, demoralizes all effort. The man who gets a windfall spends his days watching the wind. The man who wins in a lottery spends his gains in more lottery tickets. The man who loses in a lottery does the same thing. In all forms of gambling, to win is to lose, for the winner's integrity is placed in jeopardy. To lose is to lose, for the loser throws good money after bad, and that, too, is demoralizing. In all appeals to chance, there is open the door to fraud. The lust for gambling, the spirit of speculation, whatever form it may take, is adverse to individual prosperity. It makes for personal degeneration and therefore for social decay.

In the hotbed of modern society there is a tendency to precocious growth. Precocious virtue is bad enough, but precocious vice is most monstrous. What is worth having must bide its time. The children on our streets grow old before their time. There is no fate more horrible because there is none more hopeless. Were it not for the influx of new life from the farms, our cities would be depopulated. Strive as we may we can not save our children from the corrosion of vulgarity and obscene suggestion. The subtle incitement to vice comes to every home. Its effort is shown in precocious knowledge, the loss of the bloom of youth, the quest for pleasures unearned because sought for out of time. Vulgarity has in

some measure its foundation in precocity. It is an expression of arrested development in matters of good taste or good character. We find the corrosion of vulgarity everywhere and its poison enters every home. The streets of our cities are covered with its evidences, our newspapers are redolent with it, our story-books reek with it, our schools are tainted by it, and we can not keep it out of our homes or our churches or our colleges. It is the hope of civilization that our republic may outgrow the toleration of vulgarity, but we have a long struggle before us before this can be done.

ARRAIGNMENT OF MORMONISM.

CHARLES B. LANDIS, OF INDIANA.

(Extract from a speech in the House of Representatives, January 24, 1900.)

Pages might be written of the violation of the compact by which Utah was given a star. Ah, Mr. Speaker, that star is a fallen star; it does not shine with the brilliancy and luster of its sister stars. It shines by cunning and by deceit, by treachery, by fraud. It speaks trivially of crime and a violation of the most solemn compact ever made between a territory and the Union. And I charge here that Utah came in as a result of a deliberate conspiracy to free her people from the heavy hand of the federal authority and then enable them to live their religion unhindered.

In 1896 Mr. Roberts was a candidate for Congress, and the church disciplined and defeated him, because the time was not then ripe for a polygamist to come to the American Congress. He became a candidate again in 1898 and the man who placed him before the convention stated that he ran by permission of the church. In 1898 we were engaged in a war with a foreign foe. American manhood was away from home or all absorbed in country. Valor was at war and virtue was at prayer. The North and the South were under one flag. They hoped, in this general condition of magnanimity, to come back, and it was then this perjured cheat attempted to crawl in. Sir, it came by itself, but it will be hurled back boldly and in the open day by the outraged indignation of the American people. And across your threshold will be written, in letters large enough to be read from the national capital to the Mormon temple, "No polygamist shall ever sit as a member of the American Congress."

Mr. Roberts has sneered at a good and noble woman—Miss Helen Gould—who helped organize this movement against him. When our boys fell from disease or in battle her millions went. And who knows but that to-day the same name that was spoken so reverently at Santiago and Montauk Point by American soldiery, is lisped in reverence out there in Utah by those women, doomed by brutal bigots to the belief

that their celestial exaltation will be in proportion as they ministered to the rotten and lustful notions of a corrupt priesthood.

I say that the people of this country expect us to turn him back. The country is waiting for us to act. The people are waiting off in New England, whose homes have been made a pattern for this continent. They are waiting in the broad sweep of the Mississippi Valley, a section of the country purged of this very infamy half a century ago. They are waiting in the new States of the West, States whose territory has been invaded and whose atmosphere has been poisoned by this very plague. And, "Way Down South in Dixie," where honor is religion, where gallantry is law, and virtue is the high ideal of beautiful womanhood, States are waiting to-day, waiting for American chivalry to speak.

THE GREAT PERIL OF UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

(In the United States Senate, 1898.)

The injury of unrestricted immigration to American wages and American standards of living is sufficiently plain, and is bad enough, but the danger which this immigration threatens to the quality of our citizenship is far worse. That which it concerns us to know, and which is more vital to us as a people than all possible questions of tariff or currency, is whether the quality of our citizenship is endangered by the present course and character of immigration to the United States.

That which identifies a race and sets it apart from others is not to be found merely or utimately in its physical appearance, its institutions, its laws, its literature, or even its language. These are in the best analysis only the expression

or evidence of race. The achievements of the intellect pass easily from people to people. The telephone, invented but yesterday, is used to-day in China, in Australia, or in South Africa as freely as in the United States.

You can take a Hindoo and give him the highest education the world can afford. He has a keen intelligence. He will absorb the learning of Oxford, he will acquire the manners and habits of England, he may sit in the British parliament, but you cannot make him an Englishman; yet he, like his conqueror, is of the great Indo-European family. What, then, is this matter of race which separates the Englishman from the Hindoo, and the American from the Indian? It is something deeper and more fundamental than anything which concerns the intellect.

On the moral qualities of the English speaking race, therefore, rest our history, our victories, and all our future. There is only one way in which you can lower those qualities or weaken those characteristics, and that is by breeding them out. If a lower race mixes with a higher, history teaches us that the lower race will prevail, when the two strains approach equality in numbers. In other words, when you begin to pour in in unlimited numbers people of alien or lower races, of less social efficiency and less moral force, you are running the most frightful risk that a people can run. More precious, therefore, even than forms of government are the mental and moral qualities which we call our race. While those stand unimpaired all is safe. When those decline all is imperiled. They are exposed to but a single danger, and that is by changing the quality of our race and citizenship through the wholesale infusion of races whose traditions and inheritances, whose thoughts and whose beliefs are alien to ours.

The danger has begun. It is small as yet, comparatively speaking, but it is large enough to warn us to act while there is yet time and while it can be done easily and efficiently. There lies the peril at the portals of our land; there is pressing the tide of unrestricted immigration.

In careless strength, with generous hand, we have kept our gates wide open to all the world. If we do not close them, we should at least place sentinels beside them, to challenge

those who would pass through. The gates which admit men to the United States and to citizenship in this great Republic should no longer be left unguarded.

ON THE APPROPRIATION FOR THE SPANISH WAR.

BENTON McMILLAN, OF TENNESSEE.
(Speech delivered in the House of Representatives, March 8, 1898.)

Mr. Speaker, as is known to those who have associated with me here, I believe in economy in public expenditures; but, not waiving one jot or tittle of that faith, I give my most hearty support to this appropriation. We stand here to-day, Mr. Speaker, representing what I think we can proudly boast is the greatest and most potent nation upon which the sun shines from its rising to its setting—a nation that has sprung into existence and within one hundred years reached a power that no other nation ever reached in its whole existence. Rome did not reach it in four hundred years, nor the Republic of Venice in eleven hundred. What an exalted privilege to raise one's voice, though feeble, in behalf of such a people, to speak the unanimous sentiment of that people in saying that whilst we are the most powerful nation on earth, we are too proud to submit to a wrong and we are too just to inflict a wrong.

The American people do not want war with any other people. We were taught by our ancestors not to go out of our glorious path one inch to bring on a conflict. But the same wise ancestry also taught us not to go out of our path one-thousandth part of one inch to escape a conflict where injustice was about to be done to the humblest American citizen or the great American flag.

Coming from a portion of the South that was recently engaged in conflict with the Union, I think I speak the sentiment of every man and every boy, of every woman and every child in that section, when I assure my distinguished friend from Massachusetts that, numbering about the same population that his State does, if a conflict does come, Massachusetts will send no soldier to the front that will not find one from Tennessee to keep step with him and to go shoulder to shoulder to the conflict.

My friend from Texas has made a beautiful allusion to the Alamo. I want to tell him that if the conflict thickens and men's courage is tried again, and new Alamos are to be consecrated, other Tennesseeans as brave as that great Tennesseean, Crockett or Travis, who made the Alamo immortal, will be there to again shed their blood and again die for the glory of that flag, Mr. Speaker, which hangs over your head and the immortal principles that it emblemizes.

If another "New Orleans" is to be fought; if glory is again to be wrested from disaster and victory from defeat, as in 1815, Tennessee will train up another Jackson to lead and other Tennesseeans to follow, as in the war of 1812, and maintain her prestige as the "Old Volunteer State."

Finally, sir, if a new "Kings Mountain" should have to be stormed and taken as in the Revolution, the sons of Sevier, Shelby, and their compatriots stand ready to do and die as their sires did for freedom and the right!

That nation, Mr. Speaker, is a rash nation that wantonly provokes the wrath of the American people. Let it not be forgotten that when we were not one-third as strong as we are to-day—when the war between the States came up over a third of a century ago—it was not one hundred and fifty days before the Confederate States and the United States had each an army in the field that could have met and conquered any other army that was ever mustered in the history of mankind.

If that was so when we were divided; if that was so when brother was arrayed against brother and father arrayed against son, when we were not more than a third as strong in great national power as we are to-day, what can we not do as a united South, a united North, a united East, and a united West marching with that glorious flag as our emblem,

the Constitution of the United States as our guide, and with five million of proud American soldiers ready to die for the American government?

MEN AND MEMORIES OF THE SOUTHLAND.

MAYOR T. J. POWELL.

(Extract from an Address of Welcome to Veterans, at Fort Worth, Texas, May 22, 1900.)

The most momentous century of time is nearly ended and our faces are turned toward the east awaiting the sunrise of a new one. Your life's work is nearly done, and the superb citizenship of our fair Southland, which spring from your loins, will take up the problems of life and government, ennobled and strengthened by the loyalty, courage and devotion of its ancestry. When the last leaf is turned and the volume is carefully and tenderly placed in position, that portion devoted to our Civil War will hold a record to which your children's children will turn and stand in amazement before the sublimity of your struggle and the undimmed lustre of your fame. There they will find the seed of the Puritan and the seed of the Cavalier, struggling for supremacy —the conviction of the one battling against the institutions of the other. They will follow the two streams of our national life meandering from Plymouth Rock and Georgetown into that irrepressible, unavoidable clash that merged them into a common channel amidst the awful horrors and carnage of war. They will find the institutions of the Cavalier, not lost, but remodeled by the convictions of the Puritan, and the convictions of the Puritan not altered but strengthened and broadened by the quickened and multiplied stream of American manhood—sublime in its amalgamated virtue and power.

On July 21, 1861, the first real conflict of the war was fought on the battle field of Bull Run. How easily you can recall the scene. The morning sun found the federal forces

on the hill at Centreville. The flower of the Southern army was at Stone House, on the other side of Bull Run. Thousands of gay equipages trailed in the rear of the Union army—camp followers who were there to witness the end of the war, but when night came they were scattered to the winds in a mad and riotous rush back to the national capital, while victory crowned the Confederate arms. As a boy I have hunted over the historic fields and ofttimes listened in wondering awe to the recital of that battle by those who witnessed it. There it was that Jackson earned the name of "Stonewall," a name that gleams in the night of our history like a star of the first magnitude o'er a mountain peak. All the hot, fierce fire of the noonday sun and all the mildness of the midnight moon were mingled in the character of "Stonewall" Jackson. He was a mosaic, combining the convictions of the Puritan, predominated by the blood of a Cavalier. How proudly we recall him in his marvelous fights —a flashing sword—sweeping irresistibly the enemy from his pathway. How tenderly we remember him, wrestling in prayer, a very god of war. Even now our eyes grow dim at the recollection of that dark night near Chancellorsville when he fell at the hands of his own men, and "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

Another face looks at me from memory as I speak. I remember upon a June day in 1876 climbing a Virginia mountain with a fair-haired daughter of a Confederate veteran by my side. We stopped to beg a drink of water from a cabin near its summit. And there upon a rude mantel was a face framed in mountain flowers. For a moment we stood almost breathless, for in that rugged feature lay the volume of the fallen Confederacy. Since then I have seen that same face in gilded frame upon the frescoed walls of the rich—gazed upon its grand outline in marble and bronze in many public places in the South, where in heroic size it stands a sad sentinel over the bivouac of the Confederacy, but never has it so filled my bosom with reverence and love as when in that mountain cabin I looked into the face of Robert E. Lee. He was the embodiment of all the genius, virtue and courage of the Cavalier. A purer man never lived. He was the inspiration, the hope and the shield of the Confederacy. His military genius grows brighter and brighter as the years increase,

and will continue so until the history proclaims him the central figure of the year. He is the greatest memory of the South.

To enumerate further would be folly, for the roll of honor embraces all who bared their breasts in the struggle or guided its fortunes in the council chamber. And now as I again bid you welcome, a vision of your old homes comes to me, and the rippling words of an old song bubbles to my lips:

"Turn backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight,
Make me a boy again just for to-night."

Fair, beautiful Southland! You are the idol of our wakeful moments, the soul of reverie and the genius of our dreams. We, thy children, celebrate thy valor and thy history. Around thy mountain peaks lay the dreams of our youth, and lost in thy valleys are the voices of our childhood. We touch upon the harp of your history, and lo! the soul is moved with the music of thy fame. In thy bosom sleep loved and lost comrades, covered with a wilderness of bloom and perfume. Fair, fair Southland! Beautiful in thy suffering; radiant in thy renewed greatness; may God's richest blessing rest with thee and thy children forever.

TEXAS AND THE TEXANS.

WM. L. PRATHER,
(President of the University of Texas.)

(From an address at the commencement exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, June, 1900.)

I believe that in point of talent, inherent strength and independence of character, the population of Texas is unsurpassed upon the face of the globe. When to the race of heroes who founded this Empire of the West, was added that noble increment of the very flower of the Southern manhood and womanhood from every State of the South, as a result of the Civil War (and this was supplemented by those enterprising spirits from the North and East and from beyond the seas, who came seeking broader fields for the employment of their restless energies), we find gathered within the borders of Texas a heterogeneous population possessing the highest elements of individual strength and excellence. They need only the blending influence of a common education, and the welding power of lofty patriotism, to make a homogeneous people whose combined strength will deliver itself with Titanic power upon the great problems of the coming century.

The various States of the Union contributed to the early settlement of Texas a population already "matured and experienced in the pursuits of a high civilization, largely intermixed with cultivated talent, native capacity, shrewdness and strength;" a people well fitted to create and successfully maintain a new government amidst the trials through which it was destined to pass. "A sparse population were monarchs of an almost boundless domain, abounding in plenty and teeming with promise of a glorious future. Land was given to every citizen, not by acres, but my miles and leagues. Supreme upon their princely domain, open hospitality and independence of character, like that of feudal barons, distinguished the early settlers of Texas. Accustomed to danger and inured to hardships, they were sturdy, brave and generous."

Such was the environment, and such were the characteristics, of a people which gave birth to new ideas in government, furnished new standards of heroism, and afforded scope for the advancement of new theories of law.

From this marvelous condition of things the unrepressed genius of the early Texans, First among the English speaking race abolished imprisonment for debt; in the administration of remedial justice in the courts, First abolished all distinctions between law and equity, and gave the right of trial by jury in cases in equity as well as in law; First established the true equality of woman with man, by recognizing her separate and community rights of property; First evolved for the protection of the family the great idea of the homestead and exemption laws; and, finally, laid broad and deep the foundation for the free education of the people.

President Lamar, himself a scholar, a poet, and a statesman, in his message to the Third Congress of Texas in 1839 truthfully said: "Cultivated mind is the guardian genius of democracy, and while guided and controlled by virtue, is the noblest attribute of man. It is the only dictator that freemen acknowledge, and the only security that freemen desire." Resting upon this profound truth, Texas, as a sovereign Republic of freemen, recognized it as her high duty to provide for the education of her children. Her proud record is unique. She alone among the States of this Union achieved her independence single-handed: she alone had a separate national existence. My countrymen, it is something to have a history all your own; and such a glorious history! "Athens had her Marathon, and Sparta her Thermopylae; but San Jacinto rivaled the one, and the Alamo excelled the other; and both legends blaze proudly on the stainless escutcheon of Texas."

THE LARK IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

CHARLES READE.

The house was thatched and whitewashed and English was written on it and on every foot of ground around it. A furze-bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and in their stead oak and ash reigned, safe from overtowering rivals. At the back of the house, on the oval grass plot and gravel walk, were gathered thirty or forty rough fellows, most of them diggers, from different parts of the camp. In a gigantic cage was a light brown bird, at which they were looking. "Hush!" cried one of them presently, "He is going to sing!" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation toward the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered around the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps. Then he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one. And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst the breathless silence and the glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme—the green meadows, the quiet, steady streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he loved so well—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how his listeners had held their breath to hear him. And when he swelled with song again, and poured out with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English

spring, their lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts, down bronzed and rugged cheeks. Sweet Home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and brothers, and had seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths and drink, and sin and remorse, but no note was changed in that immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in that songshine; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them—those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes, the clover field where he played while the lark praised God over head; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, innocence and home.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From an address before the Hamilton Club of Chicago, April 10, 1899.)

In speaking to you I wish to preach but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort; of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires more easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of the peace which springs merely from lack of desire or of power to strive after great things is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual.

We cannot sit huddled within our borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care

nothing for what happens beyond. From the standpoint of international honor, the argument is even stronger.

In the West Indies and the Philippines alike we are confronted by the most difficult problems. It is cowardly to shrink from solving them in the proper way, for solved they must be, if not by us, then by some stronger and more manful race. I have scant patience with those who fear to maintain the task of governing the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scantier patience with those who make a pretense of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about "Liberty" and the "consent of the governed," in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men.

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country too calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. Let us shrink from no strife, moral and physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified! For it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall win the goal of true national greatness.

CLEAN POLITICS.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Adapted from an address before the Chamber of Commerce, Syracuse, N. Y., February 17, 1899.)

To have clean politics, you have got to have the bulk of the community interested in a common sense way in getting them. If you get together and ask for reform as if it was a concrete substance like cake, you are not going to get it. If you think you have performed your duty by coming together once in a public hall about three weeks before election and advocating something that you know perfectly well it is impossible to get, you are going to be fooled. You have got to work and you have got to work practically; and you have got to remember that to be practical does not mean to be foul, at least that is my idea. A man must strive continually to make things a little better; put things on a little higher plane. But he has got to remember the instruments

with which he works; he has got to remember the men with whom he serves.

In the first place, he cannot do anything if he doesn't work as an American. You meet a certain number of good people who will tell you continually how much better things are done abroad than here. Well, I doubt if they are right, but I don't care if they are. You have got to deal with what we have got here, and you cannot do anything if you do not work as an American. You have got to work in sympathy with the people around you.

In the next place you have got to feel as an American in other ways. You have got to have ingrained the genuine democracy, the genuine republicanisms of our institutions, of our form of government and habits. We cannot accomplish reform by the aid of merchant and manufacturer and business man alone. We have got to get reform by working for the eternal principles of right, shoulder to shoulder, with all who believe in those principles, so that the mechanic and the manufacturer, the farmer and the hired man, the banker, the clerk and the artisan will stand shoulder to shoulder to strive for the same purpose, for the same ideal.

I ask you then to strive for clean politics, not by professing your devotion to the cause on one night or another night of the year, but by taking more active, steady interest in bettering our politics. I ask you to strive for them, not by refusing to recognize conditions as they are, but by recognizing them and then trying to make them better; not to delude yourself into the belief that you need not strive to better matters. Remember that if you do not strive to make things a little higher you had better get out of politics. If you are only content to keep step with the mass of your people round about, why then you do not count one way or the other.

I ask you to work for decent politics, to work for clean politics, to work in practical ways, not promising more than you can perform, but holding ever before you, that if you wish to see this Republic continue a free and great Republic and if you wish to see America take her proper place among the nations of the earth, you must make up your minds to the fact that you can see it only when each American remains true to the steadfast idea of honesty, of courage, of manliness in civic no less than in social life.

THE PROPER ATTITUDE OF THE STATE TOWARDS WEALTH.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From a speech before the Independent Club, at Buffalo, N. Y., May 15, 1899.)

The use and abuse of property. The use of it is to use it as any honest man would use his property in reference to his brother. Its abuse is to use it as any honest man would not use his property in reference to his brother. All that our Legislatures, all that our public bodies have to do is to see that our policy as a State, that the policy of the Legislatures and the policy of the Nation is shaped along these lines; that when a measure comes up in our State Legislature, it shall be treated absolutely on its merits.

The rich man who buys a privilege from a board of aldermen for a railway which he represents, the rich man who gets a privilege through the Legislature by bribery and corruption, for any corporation, is committing an offense against the community, which it is possible may some day have to be atoned in blood and destruction, not by him, not by his sons, but by you and your sons. If I could only make you understand that, on one side, and make you, the mass of our people, the mass of our voters, understand, on the other, that the worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, "I am against corporations; I am against capital," and not a man who shall say, "I stand by the Ten Commandments; I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from and that no man shall steal from anyone else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be blackmailed, on the one side, and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption, on the other; that the corporation shall pay its full share of the public burdens, and that when it does so it shall be protected in its rights exactly as anyone else is protected." In other words, the one hope and one safety in dealing with this problem is to send into our public bodies men who shall be honest, who shall realize their obligations to rich and poor

alike, and who shall draw the line, not between the rich man and the poor man, but between the honest man and the dishonest man. And when you have made your public men take that attitude, not spasmodically, not intermittently, but continuously and as a regular thing; when you have once got them to take that attitude, it will be but a short time before you see the disappearance of some of the problems with which we are now threatened; it will be but a short time before you see the disappearance, once for all, of demagogic attacks upon wealth, upon the one hand, and of corrupt subserviency to the purposes of great corporations on the other.

OUR FOREIGN ELEMENT.

J. G. SCHURMAN.

(Extract from response to a toast at dinner of the Rochester N. Y., Chamber of Commerce, 1894.)

What foreign immigrants have done for this country is now a matter of history. Behold, in the Revolution, Thomas Paine, the fiery prophet and the faith-enkindling protagonist of Independence; James Wilson, the political and legal mentor, whose wisdom swayed the Continental Congress as it still echoes in the Federal Constitution; Lafayette, DeKalb, Steuben and Pulaski, those gallant knights of freedom, who brought to General Washington, not only their swords, but the tactics of the best armies of northern Europe; and, crowning all, Alexander Hamilton, the supreme political genius of his age, master builder of the federal government, first and greatest of all our financiers. And as men of foreign birth aided in laying the foundations of the Republic, so with one consent they rallied to the rescue of the Republic when the native population was rent in twain. After life's fitful fever they sleep well at Anteitam and at Gettysburg and on many another battle field of the Civil War. But if between the Gulf and the Great Lakes there is to-day but one Republic, the home of freemen only, it is because the North in the

dozen years preceding the election of Lincoln was reinforced by millions of immigrants whose hearts and hands, and whose peaceful operations on farms and in factories, created that superiority of numbers and resources which through Grant's generalship finally subdued the South by the sheer force of attrition and exhaustion, despite the power of slavery and cotton and the splendid strategy of Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Chairman, my theme, and the popular thought out of which it grows, have compelled me to divide our people into two classes, the native and the foreign-born. But for my own part I am deep in the conviction that we shall have no healthy national life, that we shall never see an end or even much abatement of the ills of the body politic, until such artificial distinctions are abolished, and all good citizens are recognized by one another, and feel themselves to be genuine Americans. What matters it, in Heaven's name, where a man was born or of what parents, be it only that he is a man?

"Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella."

Ancient blood is no guarantee of noble strain. The dust of the earth in the United States is chemically no whit better to make men of than the dust of the earth in Europe or Australia. The noise and babble one nowadays hears on the subject of the nativity of our citizens is as senseless as the commotion raised a few years ago by Darwin's speculations on the ancestry of our race. What matters it, I ask, whether we be descended from a degenerate Adam or a regenerate ape?

The one thing of moment is that we shall now really be men—persons who have risen from degeneracy and sloughed off the ape. Anything else is an irrelevant issue. The test question is not, Where did you come from? but this very different one, What manner of man are you? And he who can satisfactorily pass this examination, he is the genuine American, whatever his ancestry, whatever his nativity, whatever his previous condition.

I say finally that he is not an American who is one outwardly, after the flesh or according to nativity merely. America is the New World of Opportunity for all that is best in Humanity. Americanism is a spirit and a sentiment, not

a badge of locality or a form of government. Americanism is faith in the people, a sense of brotherhood, the rule of perfect justice, loyalty to reason and conscience, consecration to all the high ends of civilization, and a strenuous individual endeavor to build the Republic after the model of that city of God which sages and prophets have seen in beatific vision. If these things be in us and abound, we are Americans; the man who lacks them is a foreigner and a stranger to the commonwealth, though he should boast of birth on Plymouth Rock or of baptism in the Mississippi River.

COMPETITION.

J. G. SCHURMAN.

(Selected from an after-dinner speech.)

There is a growing number of respectable persons with benevolent impulses, who see in the individualistic structure of modern society and in that competition which is its correlate, the root of all evil, the terrible poison of that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation.

This is a very striking and suggestive phenomenon. Some of the best people in the world agreeing with the worst in repudiating a principle to which more than to any other we owe our modern civilization! If Darwinism be true, the very existence of our species is due to competition. In the struggle for life, man emerged and he survived because he was the fittest to survive, but competition has ever since kept human life from fouling by stagnation. Through the rivalry of nations, the moral government of the world is effected; the brave, the active, the intelligent, the virtuous nations are the scourge of God to sweep away the lazy, the vicious and the ignorant nations.

Arts, literature, science, philosophy, politics, inventions, necessities, refinements; all are the products of minds stirred and quickened by the impulse of rivalry. The Homeric epic is our oldest poetry, but it is a collection of songs which were chanted by troubadors in contest. The Greek drama is the

model of the world, and save for Shakespeare it has never been equaled. But the Greek dramatists wrote their plays for prizes which were adjudged by popular vote. The Greeks are our ideal of progress, liberal culture and refinement; and I know no foreign nation whose minds were so keenly sensitive to motives of rivalry. In the modern world, America presents the most conspicuous field for the illustration of competition. Columbus goes ahead of all the others in discovering it. The English outdid the French in gaining possession of it, and the Americans finally conquered independence from the English. And what prolific and multifarious competition has since obtained in population, in politics, in industry, in letters, and in all the instrumentalities of trade, commerce and transportation! Without competition the new world would be no America, for, as Emerson says, "America is only another name for opportunity." Here there is opportunity for subsistence, comfort, wealth, education, high position, character, attainment, and in a word, manhood, opportunity open to every child of our people.

All reform is gradual, piece by piece. We cannot risk the experiment of turning society upside down and standing it on its head to see how it looks. Of course, there are inequalities in the world; there always have been; there always will be; but there are fewer to-day than ever before in the history of society, and fewer here than in any other part of the globe. I do not say this to lay a flattering unction to your souls. I say it for your encouragement, for there is much still to do. Let us plod along on the old path, aiding by a stroke here and a push there to bring in the reign of liberty, equality and fraternity. Let us not be led astray by will-o'-the-wisps, by social panaceas of any sort. Let us note clearly what can be done, and what under these terrestrial conditions, with such a human nature as we are endowed with, is altogether impossible. Remember the Chicago lady, who, presumably better informed about boys than she seemed to be about sheep, gave an order to her butcher to send a fore quarter of lamb, and be sure to leave on the tail.

Man is what he is. But he is improvable. Self-love and sociability are the dominant impulses of his nature. Competition is good, not evil. Instead of suppressing it I demand

that men shall compete with one another in deeds of kindness and beneficence as they now do in transactions that lead to gain, or profit, or fame. The need of the world is more competition, not less; competition in self-sacrificing generosity as well as in self-asserting acquisitiveness. Why not rivalry in living for others as well as in living for ourselves? Let selfishness prevail, let men live simply to acquire, and no socialist is needed to pronounce the doom of human society. But the cure is not governmental socialism but the fresh individualism transfused and glorified by the social spirit, the spirit of kindness, of helpfulness, and of merciful justice. The salvation of the race lies not in constrained virtue, but in free individual effort, and the unbought peace of brotherly love.

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

CARL SCHURZ.

From Europe Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened but far from being well. At the opening of the session of Congress, he reintroduced a resolution, providing that the names of battles won over fellow citizens in the War of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors and from the Army Register.

The resolution brought forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers, and a degradation of their victories and well earned laurels.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights? Charles Sumner degrade victories and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom? How strange an imputation! Let us give the dead man a hearing. This was his thought: no civilized nation from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous places or in durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen should feel himself, with all others, as the child of a common country and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our day have instinctively followed this dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman,

when fighting for Old England at Waterloo was not to behold on the red cross floating over him the name of the Boyne. Should the son of South Carolina when at some future day defending the Republic against a foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him that under this flag the gun was fired which killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened nation, proud of standing in the front of human progress be less wise than the nations of 2,000 years ago and the governments of Europe are to-day?

Let the flags of the brave volunteers which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved as a proud ornament of our State houses and armories; but let the colors of the army under which the sons of all the States of the Union are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but Union, which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing nothing but equality, peace and love, among her children.

TRUTH AND VICTORY.

D. C. SCOVILLE.

The face of the world is changing. When crazy old John Coffin went down to the Battery and, looking eastward over New York Bay, called out "Attention, Europe! Nations! by the right, wheel!" he saw what sane men see now. Nations are discovering there is something more terrible than armies, something more reliable than battalions and bayonets, something wiser than Senators, something greater than royalty, something sweeter than liberty. Through the Gospel of Peace and through the Gospel of War one name is sounding over the continents. Truth! inspires the student of history; Truth! is the watchword of science; Truth! is the victorious cry of Christianity. Graven on the intellect of the statesman, burned into the brain of the philosopher, blazoned upon the standard borne in the van of the army of progress. Truth! is the animating shout of the ages.

In these days of political corruption, while one after another of our trusted leaders falls before the righteous and

relentless indignation of public sentiment, it helps him who despairs of the future to remember that company in whose veins flows the young blood of the nation, in whose eyes kindle the fires of a pure faith, and from whose hearts radiate the strong purposes that make nations and direct civilization. These shall rise up where need is, and go into life's great battle with unfaltering heroism; and under their banner shall gather the world's best and bravest youth.

In the terrible battle of Balaklava two British regiments were calmly awaiting the advance of twelve times their number of Russians. It was a fearful moment. The English and French generals and thousands of soldiers looked from the heights above upon this heroic handful of silent, motionless men who, with sublime courage, held the honor of Britain in that supreme hour. The glittering lines of Russians came confidently on. They halted in very wonderment at the heroism of the devoted band of English. Suddenly the British trumpets sounded the charge, and the Scotch Greys dashed at the foremost line of Russians. It yielded and broke. Again the heroic little band gathered its thinned and broken ranks, and flung itself against the second line. "God save the Queen! they are lost!" cried a thousand of their comrades from the heights. It seemed madness, it was madness; but it was madness which knows nothing but success. Ten minutes of the agony of suspense, and then a wild, spontaneous, tumultuous cheer burst from the watching thousands on the hills, and Balaklava was won. There, on the spot where victory rewarded valor, they lifted tenderly up a dying Highlander. He plucked from his breast a cross of honor, through which the fatal bayonet had crashed. "Take this to mother," said he, "and tell her I was struck when we charged the first line, but I could not die till we had carried the second."

And so, in the infinitely nobler battle of life, remember, as you stand single and unsupported in the conflict of Truth, that the hosts of Heaven, whose cause is that day intrusted to your keeping, are watching you with infinite solicitude. Heed not the odds against you. Ask for no allies. Depend upon no reinforcements. Against all the world, against wrong government, against corrupt society, you alone are invincible, you alone irresistible.

TIME FOR BIBLE STUDY.

JOHN R. MOTT.

(From a pamphlet published by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations.)

Bible study for personal spiritual growth should be at a regular, daily and unhurried time. When is that? Have you ever heard of the Morning Watch—the plan of spending the first half hour or first hour of the day alone with God? I firmly believe that it is the best time in the day. The mind is less occupied. The mind is, as a rule, clearer, and the memory more retentive. But forget these reasons if you choose. The whole case may be staked on this argument: it equips a man for the day's fight with self and sin and Satan. He does not wait until noon before he buckles on his armor. He does not wait until he has given way to temper, or to unkind words, or to unworthy thoughts, or to easily besetting sin, and then have his Bible study. He enters the day forewarned and forearmed. John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, noted in his journal, in connection with his custom of studying the Bible each morning, "It seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day." Lord Cairns, one of the busiest men in Great Britain, devoted the first hour and a half of every day to Bible study and secret prayer. We have all heard how Chinese Gordon, while in the Soudan, had a certain sign before his tent each morning which meant that he must be left alone. A friend recently saw his Bible in the Queen's apartments at Windsor, and told us that the pages of that book, which was his companion in the morning watch, were so worn that one could scarcely read the print. He always reminds us of Sir Henry Havelock, who took care to be alone each morning to ponder some portion of the Bible. When on the heaviest marches it was determined to start at some earlier hour than that which he had fixed for his devotions, he arose quite in time to hold undisturbed his communion with God. Ruskin, in speaking to the students at Oxford, said, "Read your Bible, making it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of it clearly, and your daily business to obey it in all that

you do understand." Francke spent the first hour of every day in private devotions. Wesley, for the last forty years of his life, rose every morning at four o'clock, and devoted from one to two hours to devotional Bible study and prayer. Rutherford was accustomed to rise every morning at three o'clock, and the whole of the earlier hours of the day were spent by him in prayer and meditation and study. Greater than all, we have it on the best of evidence that Christ rose a great while before it was day to hold communion with God. What he found necessary or even desirable can we do without? Spirituality costs. Shall we pay what it costs?

EULOGY ON O'CONNELL.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

There is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation as he enters its silent chambers, "Well, it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed, but I am ready to die." The "superb" though fading queen of the Mediterranean holds its anxious watch through the long days over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now death is there; the liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the cradle of Columbus. Coincidence beautiful and most sublime: It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world, for the children of the sacred isle, perishing by famine and pestilence, in their houses and in their native fields. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell. His soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian charity, and the mournful anthems which recited the faith and the virtue and the endurance of Ireland were his becoming requiem.

But has not O'Connell done more than enough for fame? On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a

block of granite, and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph; it is the sage's claim to immortality, "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute for Religious Liberty." Stop now and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell: "He gave liberty of conscience to Europe, and renewed the revolutions of the kingdoms toward universal fredom, which began in America and had been arrested by the anarchy of France." Let the statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble. Let the kings and aristocracies of the earth read it and tremble.

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army or navy or revenue, without a sword, a spear, or even a shield? Who but he ever subverted tyranny and saved the lives of the oppressed, yet spared the oppressor? Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before? Who but he has ever lifted up seven millions of people from the debasement of ages to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold or wasting the blood of one human heart? Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change, and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awaking hopes of freedom? Who before him has brought the schismatics of two centuries together, conciliating them at the altar of universal liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind, that liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by revolutionary France; that she was not divorced from law and public order; that she was not a demon, like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated with the blood of human sacrifice; that democracy is the daughter of peace, and, like true religion, worketh by love.

Come forward, then, ye nations who are trembling between the dangers of anarchy and the pressure of despotism, and hear a voice that addresses the Liberator of Ireland from the caverns of Silence where Prophecy is born:

"To thee, now sainted spirit,
Patriarch of a widespread family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
Whether they would restore or build; to thee,
As one who rightly taught how Zeal should burn,
As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
The purest streams of patient energy."

JURY PLEA.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

(See an account of the case in "Great Speeches by Great Lawyers," from which this selection is taken.)

For William Freeman as a murderer I have no commission to speak. If he had silver and gold accumulated with the frugality of a Croesus, and should pour it all at my feet, I would not stand one hour between him and the avenger. But for the innocent, it is my right, my duty to speak. If the sea of blood was innocently shed then it is my duty to stand beside the prisoner till his steps lose their hold on the scaffold.

I plead not for a murderer. I have no inducement, no motive to do so. I have been cheered on other occasions by manifestations of popular approbation and sympathy; but I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without sense or emotion. My child, with an affectionate smile, disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar on the street compels me to give, because he says "God bless you" as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. But what reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? I sat here two weeks during the preliminary trial. I stood between the jury and the prisoner nine hours and pleaded for the wretch that he was insane, and that he did not even know he was on trial.

And when all was done, all, or at least eleven of them, thought that I had been deceiving them, or was self-deceived. They read signs of intelligence in his idiotic smile, and saw cunning and malice in his stolid insensibility. They rendered a verdict that he was sane enough to be tried—a contemptible, compromise verdict in a capital case—and they looked on, with what emotion God and they only know, upon his arraignment. The District Attorney bade him rise, and, reading to him one indictment, asked him whether he wanted trial, and the poor fool answered, "No." "Have you counsel?" "No." And they went through the same mockery, the prisoner giving the same answer, until a third indictment was thundered in his ear, and he stood before the court, silent, motionless and bewildered.

Gentlemen, you may think of this action what you will, bring in any verdict you can, but I assert before Heaven that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls upon you instead of his own. I speak with all sincerity and earnestness. But I am not the prisoner's lawyer—I am the lawyer for society—for mankind, shocked beyond the power of expression by the scenes I have witnessed here of trying a maniac as a malefactor. The circumstances under which this trial closes are peculiar. The prisoner, though in the greenness of youth, is withered, decayed, almost senseless. He has no father here. The descendant of slaves, that father fell a victim to the vices of a superior race. There is no mother here, for her child is polluted with the blood of a mother and an infant, and he looks and laughs so that she cannot bear to look upon him. There is no brother, no sister, no friend here. Popular rage against the accused has driven them hence, and scattered his children and his people.

On the other hand, I notice the aged and venerable parent of Van Nest, and his surviving children, and all around are mourning and sympathizing friends. I know not at whose instance they have come. I dare not say they ought not to be here. But this I must say, that, though we may send this maniac to the scaffold, it will not restore to life the manly form of Van Nest, nor reanimate the exhausted frame of that aged matron, nor restore to life and strength and

beauty the murdered mother, nor call back the infant boy from the arms of his Savior. Such a verdict can bring no good to the living and carry no joy to the dead. If your judgment should be swayed by sympathies so wrong, although so natural, you will find the saddest hour of your life to be that in which you will look down upon the grave of your victim, and mourn with compunctious sorrow that you should have done so great an injustice to the poor handful of earth that will lie mouldering before you.

ENERGY.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

By energy I mean application, attention, activity, perseverance, and untiring industry in that business or pursuit, whatever it may be, which is undertaken. Nothing great or good can ever be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam-power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with our minds. Hence it is that we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave—and justly leave—their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction, and preferment.

It is this principle in human nature which imparts that quality which we designate by the very expressive term, "force of character," which meets, defies, and bears down all opposition. This is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of those great minds and intellects which never fail to impress their names, ideas, and opinions, indelibly upon the history of the times in which they live.

Men of this class are those pioneers of thought who sometimes, even "in advance of the age," are known and marked in history as originators and discoverers, or those who overturn old orders and systems of things and build up new ones. To this class belong Columbus, Watt, Fulton, Franklin, and Washington. It was to this same class that General Jackson belonged; for he not only had a very clear conception of his purpose, but a will and energy to execute it. And it is in the same class, or among the first order of men, that Henry Clay will be assigned a place.

His aims and objects were high, and worthy of the greatest efforts; they were not to secure the laurels won on the battlefield, but those wreaths which adorn the brow of the wise, the firm, the sagacious, and far-seeking statesman. In his life and character a most striking example is presented of what energy and indomitable perseverance can do, even when opposed by most adverse circumstances.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

HON. WILLIAM SULZER, OF NEW YORK.

(From a speech in the Senate, February 15, 1899.)

The building and the ownership of the Nicaragua Canal by the government of the United States is essential, from a naval and a military standpoint, to the integrity of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. Everyone knows this who is familiar with recent history. Everyone knows also that nothing could help our commerce and our merchant marine so much as a canal across the Isthmus controlled by the government of the United States. No one will or can deny the benefits and the advantages that will accrue to us by the construction and perfection of the canal. In time of war the canal will be an imperative instrumentality for our coast defense, and for our own safety and protection. In time of peace the canal will be one of the great factors in the trade and the commerce of the world. Its benefits to us will be simply incalculable. No one can overestimate the advantages to us of owning and controlling the canal across Nicaragua.

Let me say to the gentlemen on the other side of this House that there are many who are skeptical regarding their sincerity in this canal matter. Some of you, no doubt, favor its immediate construction, and some of you, I believe, desire to delay it as long as possible. The facts will all come out ere long. If you are throwing dust in the eyes of the people, it will soon be known.

Your willful delays and your studied procrastination lend irresistible belief to the statement which has been going around that you do not want to pass any Nicaragua Canal bill during this session of Congress. Why, I ask? Is it on account of the condition of your Treasury? Or, is it, forsooth, on account of the railroads?

The canal should have been built by the United States long ago. No other people would have delayed and dallied as we have. Everybody knows this. Everything that happened during the Spanish-American war demonstrates it. The trip of the Oregon around Cape Horn was an object lesson for every man, woman, and child in the country. It proved conclusively the imperative importance to us of a canal across Central America. The recent trip of the Iowa and her companion ships is another object lesson that has arrested the attention of the thoughtful people of our land, and makes the immediate building of this canal an absolute necessity.

I say to the friends of the canal that we must take action now or we will lose the valuable rights which we have at the present time. We must take action now or we may jeopardize the possibility of the government of the United States ever constructing or ever owning the Nicaragua Canal.

We must take action now, or some other country, wiser and more farseeing than we, realizing the immense possibilities and the innumerable benefits of a canal across the isthmus, may step in while we delay and build and own the canal, to our great detriment and disadvantage.

Let me, sir, say in conclusion, that every patriot in this House who believes in our army and our navy, who believes in our greatness and our destiny, who believes in promoting the safety of our seacoast towns and the integrity of our seaboards, who believes in our commercial supremacy, who believes in our maritime growth, and who believes in our future progress and advancement should stand firm for the

building of the Nicaragua Canal, and bend every energy and every effort to secure its immediate accomplishment, even though it should necessitate an extra session of Congress.

We will be derelict in our duty if we adjourn before we take action on this vital question, and no apology will justify our inaction and our dereliction. Let us sink partisanship and stand together as patriots.

Now is the time to do something. Now is the time to act. Build the Nicaragua Canal, I say, and let us begin at once. Build it with the money of the Republic, build it with the brains and the brawn of the Republic, so that the Republic will not only own it and control it, but it will be our achievement and our monument.

THE POETRY OF WAR.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

(From a lecture on "The Influence of Poetry.")

Under the influence of the imagination, selfishness becomes honor. Doubtless the law of honor is only half Christian; yet it does this: it proclaims the invisible truth above the visible comfort. It consecrates certain acts as right, uncalculatingly, and independently of consequences. It does not say, "It will be better for you in the end if you do honorably;" it says, "You must do honorably, though it be not better for you to do it, but worse, and even deathful." It is not religion; but it is better than the popular, merely prudential, mercenary religion which says, "Honesty is the best policy; Godliness is gain; do right and you will not lose by it." Honor says, "Perhaps you will lose all; life. Lose then, like a man, for there is something higher than life."

Through poetic imagination, war becomes chivalric. Take away honor and imagination and poetry from war, and it becomes carnage. Doubtless. And take away public spirit and invisible principles from resistance to a tax, and Hampden becomes a noisy demagogue. Take away the grandeur of his cause, and Washington is a rebel, instead of the purest of patriots. But the truth is, that here, as elsewhere, poetry

has reached the truth, while science and common sense have missed it. It has distinguished war from mere bloodshed. It has discerned the finer feelings that lie beneath its revolting features. Yes, carnage is terrible. Death, and insult to woman, worse than death, and human features obliterated beneath the hoof of the war-horse, and reeking hospitals, and ruined commerce, and violated homes, they are all awful.

But there is something worse than death. Cowardice is worse, and the decay of manliness and enthusiasm is worse. And it is worse than death—aye, worse than a hundred thousand deaths, when a people have gravitated down, down into the creed, that the "wealth of nations" consists not in generous hearts—"fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow"—in national virtues, in heroic endurance, and preference of duty to life; not in men; but in silk and cotton, and something they call "capital."

Peace is blessed; peace arising out of charity, but peace springing from the calculations of selfishness is not blessed. If the price to be paid for peace is this, that wealth accumulate and men decay, better far that every street in every town of our glorious country should run blood.

Yes, even through the physical horrors of warfare, poetry discerns the redeeming nobleness. During Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Scinde, a detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant with ten men chanced to become separated from the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine. The officer in command signalled the party to return. The signal was mistaken for a command to charge. The brave fellows answered with a cheer, and charged. On they went, charging up that fearful pass, eleven against seventy. One by one they fell, six on the spot, the remainder hurled downwards; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number.

There is a custom among those hillsmen, that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle his wrist is bound with a thread either of red or green, the red denoting the highest rank. According to custom they stripped the dead and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found them stark and gashed, but around both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread.

MODERN WAR IS UNWORTHY OF CIVILIZATION.

DR. EMIL HIRSCH.

The nineteenth century was born while the cannons were roaring and it goes to its grave while the same thunder is pealing. But the war which saw the opening of the nineteenth century had some excuse. The governments of Europe had formed a coalition against the new republic of France, and the French people, filled with the enthusiasm of their new creation, sprang to the defense of their country and their cause. The war which closes the nineteenth has not even the slightest pretense to justice. It is rude and barbaric. It is strange indeed that Christian nations should spend Christmas Day in peppering away at each other with bullets.

In this respect all nations have much to answer for. Our school histories are catalogues of battle, detailing in so many figures how many victories have been won, how many lives lost. Go to Paris, to Versailles. There you will find a museum consecrated to all the glories of France. You enter it expecting to find the picture of some great counselor, the bust of some immortal painter or sculptor, for France has been the friend of arts. But what do we see? One hundred butcheries continued for 600 years. This is what France calls her glories.

There are those who argue that war is necessary to make men patriotic. Bismarck said: "No war is necessary except that where the nation is put to the necessity of waging it to preserve national existence."

Let me apply this to South Africa. No one can claim that the fate of the English Empire was hanging in the balance. Never was war begun so frivolously and I hope will end so disastrously. What little pretext was on the English side could have been explained away. If the glitter of diamonds had never been seen or gold had never been discovered England would not have found it necessary to raise her standard in South Africa.

Modern war is scientific butchery. It is cold-blooded butchery unworthy the followers of the Prince of Peace. Many lie wounded on the field of battle, thirsting for assistance after leaving their homes deserted.

While we are applauding the sentiments which seem to harmonize with our sympathies let us not forget to give them an effective turn and say that love and peace are better than war. Let us have all internal difficulties settled as are those between man and man. Let us erect a tribunal to listen to the complaints of nations and award justice to whom justice is due and declare the nation that declines to submit to arbitration an outlaw.

The Boers are men of peace, defending their homes and fighting for human liberty. I appeal in their behalf not to forget their wounded, but let us contribute generously to the noble Red Cross to enable them to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. My prayer is that the day may soon dawn when ambulances may be needed no longer, when the prophecy has come true, when swords will be beaten into plowshares and lances into pruning hooks, when nations shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war by the intellect of man.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their natures accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in its moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is godlike in man. True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice. But the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of Peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war—like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edge of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fiery field of Lutphen far, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood for so little as a cup of water. The world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war.

As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the Black Forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the

blessings which he has secured, in the good he has accomplished, in the triumphs of benevolence and justice, in the establishment of perpetual peace.

THE LAW OF SERVICE.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

(Extract from the Baccalaureate Sermon at the University of Texas, June 17, 1900.)

Service is the law of life. There is no such thing as independence. For the coffee that you drank this morning at breakfast the berries were probably picked in Mexico or in South America; then they were brought here by the steamship or the railroads, then handled by the merchant and then prepared for the table. Someone raised the wheat in Minnesota, someone else ground it in Minneapolis, someone else brought it here, someone else cooked it. How many men were employed simply in getting for us our breakfast! We are dependent not only on the present, but on all the past. How many broken hearts, how many disappointed ambitions, how many abandoned hopes before the locomotive was perfected which may take you to your homes to-morrow! Can you go to the grave and pay the dead? Can you pay for what the past has done for you? You can only pass on to the future some service in acknowledgment of that which the past has rendered you.

There are only four ways in which a man can get anything in this world. He can make it by his own industry; he can receive it as a gift; he can filch it from somebody else; he can contrive to take it out of the common stock which God meant for all his children. Now, of these four ways there is only one way that is honest and self-respecting for a man with bodily vigor and intellectual ability, and that is to make it by his honest industry.

This law of service is the law of the social organism. We are not merely animals to be clothed and fed and housed like so many horses. We are knitted together in a social political fabric, in counties, states and nations, and as the fun-

damental law of individual life is service, so the fundamental law of political life is service. There are two affirmations of the Declaration of Independence, one of which is often quoted and is not true; the other of which is less frequently quoted, and is fundamentally, essentially and eternally true. The first, that "government rests upon the consent of the governed" is embraced in a parenthesis in the declaration. It grows out of the Rousseau philosophy. He taught that originally all men were free in a state of nature and surrendered their freedom by a social compact for the sake of the advantages to be derived from government. History has long since shown that there never was such a state of nature, such a primitive freedom, such a social compact. The philosophy has gone but the phrase remains. The government of the family does not depend upon the consent of the children, nor that of the school upon the consent of the pupils, nor that of God Almighty upon the consent of humanity.

In Cuba seven hundred men, women and children died each week before General Wood established an order requiring the citizens to clean house. They did not want to do so, but they were compelled, and as a result of the cleaning the mortality has been reduced from seven hundred to fifty or sixty per week. Six hundred and forty died every week before their time because the citizens did not wish cleanliness. But it was just to compel them to do what they did not consent to do, and so save the lives of six hundred and forty without the consent of the governed.

This which is the law for the regulation of the nation in its international relations is the law for its regulation within itself; by it must be determined all questions of local administration. Mr. Croker, upon the witness stand in New York, is asked the question, "Mr. Croker, you are in politics for what you can get out of it?" and replies, "Yes, sir; all day, and every day in the week." This is the answer of a boss. Men say, we must have leaders in politics. Certainly we must. But what we must have, is not a man who is in politics for what he can get out of it all day and every day in the week; he is not a leader, he is a boss. The leader walks in front of the procession and the others follow voluntarily; the boss walks behind with the whip. Leadership and bossism are absolutely inconsistent. Young men, I call

on you solemnly to swear before God and your flag that so far as you can help it there shall never be in your country a government of the boss, by the boss and for the boss, but that it shall be a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Ah, young men, I envy you standing there at the threshold of citizenship in this great nation. If you be men and not "dumb driven cattle," you have before you an opportunity that never has an age given to men in the past. You will be the great men and the strong men of this commonwealth. It seems to me a splendid thing to live in this country of ours in this opening of the new century; to enter into this great organization of industry and try to make the country more prosperous; to enter into this great nation's life and make it purer; to enter into this personal life and make men wiser, better, purer, diviner. It is a splendid thing to be able to live this life of service. And when you are taken up into the high mountains and shown the kingdoms of wealth and the spirit of evil ambition cries out to you, "Bow down to me and I will give you all these," remember, "He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

(See Acts XIX:21-41.)

T. DEWITT TALMADGE.

Ephesus was upside down. The manufacturers of silver boxes for holding heathen images had collected their laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image worship, and consequently very much damaging their business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating and calling one another hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmiths; others the policy of Paul. Finally they called a convention—"for conventions have been the panacea of evil in all ages." When

they assembled they all wanted the floor, and all wanted to talk at once. Some wanted to denounce; some to resolve. At last the convention rose in a body, all shouting together, till some were red in the face and sore in the throat: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians; Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Well, the whole scene reminds me of the excitement we witness at the autumnal elections. While the goddess Diana has lost her worshipers, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and call it political party. While there are true men, Christian men, standing in both political parties, who go into the elections resolved to serve their city, their state, their country, in the best possible way, yet in the vast majority it is a question between the peas and the oats. One party cries: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" when, in truth, both are crying, if they were but honest enough to admit it: "Great is my pocket-book."

What is the duty of Christian citizenship? If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks; and the Siberian is happy in his land of perpetual snow; and if the Roman thought the muddy Tiber was the favored river of Heaven; and the Chinese pities everybody born out of the Flowery Kingdom, shall not we, in this land of glorious liberty, have some thought and love for country? There is a power higher than the ballot-box, the gubernatorial chair or the President's house. To preserve the institutions of our country we must recognize this power in our politics. See how men make every effort to clamber into higher positions, but are cast down. God opposes them. Every man, every nation that proved false to Divine expectation, down it went. God said to Bourbon, "Remodel France and establish equity." It would not do it. Down it went. God said to the house of Stuart: "Make the people of England happy." It would not do it. Down it went. He said to the house of Hapsburgh: "Reform Austria and set the prisoners free." It would not do it. Down it went. He says to men now: "Reform abuses, enlighten the people, make peace and justice to reign." They don't do it, and they tumble down. How many wise men will go to the polls, high with hope, and be sent back to their firesides. God can spare them. If He could spare Washington before free government was tested, Howard while tens of

thousands of dungeons had been unvisited, and Wilberforce before the chains had dropped from millions of slaves, then Heaven can spare another man. The man who, for party, forsakes righteousness, goes down; and the battalions of God march over him.

THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON, OF NEBRASKA.

(Selection from a speech in the United States Senate, 1895.)

If there were nothing at stake but a distant strip of South American marsh and mountain, I should hesitate long before voting to commit this government to any interference.

But, sir, the present question rises high above any Venezuelan dispute. The British Prime Minister, the accredited mouthpiece of the strongest empire in Christendom, has seen fit to officially advise this government that the Monroe doctrine has no place in the law of nations, and is not recognized or accepted by the powers of Europe. The challenge is thrown down. The world is waiting to know whether that great declaration of American policy is living or dead. The people of this country expect this Congress to make answer in their behalf, and they expect that answer to breathe the same spirit of American patriotism as did the answer of Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, as did the answer of Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, as did the liberty bell of 1776. Mr. President, the British position, bluntly, almost insolently stated by Lord Salisbury, has been reasserted from the floor of the Senate, clothed in such splendid rhetoric and presented with such fervid eloquence as even to win American applause. But I cannot believe that the views of the Senator from Colorado will commend themselves to the deliberate judgment of the American people.

I know how grave is the situation. We are calling a halt upon that settled policy of aggression which has characterized England's policy from the hour when her first adventurous prow turned to unknown seas. The history of the English people is an almost unbroken

series of military achievements. Great Britain has cleared her pathway into every corner of the globe with the naked sword. She has mastered the people of every zone. Her navies are upon every sea, her armies in every clime. But this furnishes no reason why Americans should abandon any settled policy which the welfare of America or the honor of this Republic demands.

I share with the Senator from Colorado the heritage of English blood. I glory in the mighty achievements of the English speaking race; but I have not forgotten that England, as a nation, compelled my ancestors to cross the stormy ocean and take up habitation upon the stern and rock-bound coast of New England. I have not forgotten that the persecution of Great Britain followed them across the sea; nor that my grandsires carried muskets and gave their American blood that British dominion over American colonies should be forever at an end. I have not forgotten that our sailors and marines were forced to drive England's navy from the main to make the deck of an American ship American soil.

Our English neighbors seem to believe that our purpose can be weakened by threats against our commercial securities and by hints that the people of the South would gladly take advantage of a declaration of war to renew the old internal contest.

Sir, England has mistaken the temper of our people in the past; tell her, by this resolution, that she mistakes it now. Tell her that the fabric of our national honor is not upon the bargain counter, and that our foreign policy will be neither bartered nor exchanged; say to her that the grave issues settled by brave men upon American battlefields can never be re-opened.

Sir, there is no division of sentiment in the United States; let but a single hostile drum-beat be heard upon our coasts and there will spring to arms, in North and South, the grandest army whose tramp, tramp was ever heard by mortal man, fired with a deathless loyalty to their country's flag, and marching on to the inspiring and mingled strains of Dixie and the Star Spangled Banner.

Mr. President, believing that the honor of my country is involved and that the hour calls for the highest loyalty and patriotism, I shall vote for the resolution. I shall vote for

it not as an affront to any other nation, but to uphold the dignity of my own. I shall vote for it in this time of profound tranquility, convinced that peace with honor can be preserved. But, Sir, I would vote for it just as surely were we already standing in the awful shadow of declared war. I would vote for it were the navies of all Europe thundering at our harbors; I would vote for it if the shells of British battleships were bursting above the dome of the nation's capitol. I would vote for it and maintain it at all hazards and at any cost; with the last dollar, with the last man. Yea, though it might presage the coming of a mighty conflict, whose conclusion should leave me without a son, as the last great contest left me without a sire.

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(Extract from his closing speech to the jury in the White Murder Trial.)

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in the stabbing of Captain Joseph White, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its

depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. He enters, and beholds his victim before him. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! The murderer retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes.

He has done the deed. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

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Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his

face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

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Gentlemen, your whole concern in this case should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life, but then it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If such reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you will acquit him. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You cannot presume to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straightforward one. Doubtless we would all judge him in mercy. Towards him, as an individual, the law inculcates no hostility; but towards him, if proved to be a murderer, the law, and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

LIFE AND LOVE.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

(From "Penelope's English Experiences.")

If thou wouldst have happiness, choose neither fame, which does not long abide, nor power, which stings the hand that wields it, nor gold, which glitters but never glorifies; but chose thou Love, and hold it forever in thy heart of hearts. For Love is the purest and the mightiest force in the universe, and once it is thine all other gifts shall be added unto thee.

Love that is passionate yet reverent, tender yet strong, selfish in desiring all yet generous in giving all—when this is born in the soul, the desert blossoms as a rose. Straightway new hopes and wishes, sweet longings and pure ambitions, spring into being, like green shoots that lift their tender heads in sunny places; and if the soil be kind, they grow stronger and more beautiful as each glad day laughs in the rosy skies. And by and by singing birds come and build their nests in the branches; and these are the pleasures of life.

But the birds sing not often, because of a serpent that lurketh in the garden. And the name of that serpent is Satiety. He maketh the heart to grow weary of what it once danced and leaped to think upon, and the ear to wax dull to the melody of sounds that once were sweet, and the eye blind to the beauty that once led enchantment captive. And sometimes—we know not why, but we shall know hereafter, for life is not completely happy since it is not heaven, nor completely unhappy since it is the road to heaven—sometimes the light of the sun is withdrawn, and that which is fairest vanishes from the place that was enriched by its presence.

Yet the garden is never quite deserted. Modest flowers, whose charms we had not noted when youth was bright and the world seemed ours, now lift their heads in sheltered places and whisper peace. The morning song of the birds is hushed, for day dawns less rosily in the eastern skies, but at twilight still they come and nestle in the branches that

were sunned in the smile of Love and watered with its happy tears. And over the grave of each buried hope or joy stands an angel with strong comforting hands and patient smile; and the name of the garden is Life, and the angel is Memory.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

Adapted.

If ever there was a Christian soldier in the fullest and freest acceptation of the term, General Charles Gordon was one. He was a Christian soldier in this, that he frankly declared what he believed, what his convictions were, what motives controlled him; and for all of these he fought, prayed and died.

Gordon was sent specially to bring out of the Soudan the Egyptian garrisons. It was as a giant going into the night to drag forth its specters. It was literally the unknown he was about to ride into; and he had for arms only a small walking cane and a well worn Bible. Poor missionary! so trustful and yet so doomed.

His government abandoned him early. Red tape tied him tighter than the bonds of Paul at the first onset. Not a single soldier was ever given him. He asked for bare two hundred British at Wady-Halfy. Refused. For bare 5,000 Turks for the whole territory. Refused. For Nubar Pasha as assistant. Refused. For a garrison at Berber. Refused. For money to organize the natives. Refused. A water-gruel diplomat sent out to Cairo to see what was needed, who had never seen Egypt in his life before, dealt with this Samson as with a baby; and bade him live on Nile water.

Poor soul! He still watched on, hoped on, prayed on, starved on, fought on. He saw garrison after garrison surrender, and chief after chief fall away from him. None of his race was by him or about him. His army was made up of everything which would run, sell, desert, betray, steal, rob —do every detestable deed known to man—but it would never fight. No wonder this last despairing cry came from him in his pitiful helplessness—"O, for but one more touch of elbows with the men who stood with me in the Crimea!"

There came a day, however, when he was not to see the sun set any more. First the flour gave out, then the meal. There had been no meat for months. Grass was gnawed on the streets as the wild King Nebuchadnezzar gnawed it while God's curse of madness abode upon his head.

Finally the water-gruel diplomat's bill of fare had become alone possible: Eat Nile water. All day one day they ate it; and that night, six of Gordon's pashas opened six gates to the enemy. He was never seen again after these gates of his defense were sold.

No more precious and peerless valor has any man shown through all the ages. He went, beautiful in the warrior joy of free and accepted death, and took from fate's outstretched hand the martyr's crown—only such crown as is fit for heroes. A simple, faithful, stainless knight, death smote him in the harness, and he died by the standard.

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING RACE.

Adapted.

(Extract from a speech given at a banquet of representative Englishmen and Americans.)

Sir, with all my heart, and I am sure with the hearty assent of this great and representative company, I respond to the final aspiration of your toast—"May this great family, in all its branches ever work together for the world's welfare." Certainly, its division and alienation would be the world's misfortune. That England and America have had sharp and angry quarrels is undeniable. Party spirit in this country has always stigmatized with an English name whatever it opposed. Every difference, every misunderstanding with England has been ignobly turned to party account. But the two great branches of this common race have come of age, and wherever they may encounter a serious difficulty which must be accommodated, they have to thrust demagogues aside, to recall the sublime words of Abraham Lincoln, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," and in that spirit, and in the spirit represented in this country by

the patriots of all parties, I make bold to say that there can be no misunderstanding which may not be honorably adjusted.

For to our race, gentlemen, is committed not only the defence, but the illustration of constitutional liberty. The question is not what we did a century ago or in this century with the lights that shone around us, but what is our duty to-day, in the light which is given to us of popular government under the republican form in this country, and the parliamentary form in England.

A SOUTHERN COURT SCENE.

Anonymous.

A negro trial was in progress in the little village of Jeffersonville. The defendant's counsel had introduced no testimony. A man had been stabbed, had fallen dead, his hand clasped over the wound and from that hand a knife had dropped, which the defendant's wife seized and concealed. The prisoner declared emphatically that the deceased had assaulted him knife in hand and that he had killed him in self defense.

As he began his story, a tall thick-set gentleman entered the room and stood silent. The courthouse was crowded to the door, the anxious multitude catching every word as it fell from the prisoner's lips. When he had ceased, the new comer pushed his way down the crowded aisle, entered the rail, shook hands with the Court and attorneys and sat down. In view of the strong circumstantial evidence the prisoner's story had little effect, and this was easily swept away by a few cold words from the District Attorney. The case was passed to the jury and the Judge was preparing to deliver the charge, when the old gentleman arose.

"If your Honor please," he said, "the prisoner is entitled to the closing argument, and in the absence of other counsel, I beg that you mark my name for the defense."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defense."

The silence was absolute. With eyes intent the jurymen sat motionless. Only this old man, grim, gray, and defiant,

stood between the negro yonder and the grave. The past seemed to speak out of the silence to every man on that bench.

Suddenly his lips opened, and he said with quick but quiet energy:

"The knife found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. The prisoner is a brave man, a strong man, and he would not have used a weapon upon one unarmed.

"Why do I say he was brave? Every man on this jury shouldered his musket during the late war. Some, perhaps, were at Gettysburg. I well remember that fight. The enemy stood brave and determined, and met our charges with a grit and endurance that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away, until at last came Pickett's charge. When that magnificent command went in, a negro stood behind it, watching and waiting. You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame, that storm of lead and iron, a handful drifted back. From one to another the negro ran, then turned and followed in the track of the charge. On—on, he went; on through the smoke and flame up to the very cannon themselves. There he bent and lifted a form from the ground. Together they rose and fell, and this three times until meeting them half way I took the burden from the hero and bore it on to safety.

"That burden was the senseless form of my brother and the man who bore him out; who brought him to me in his arms as a mother would carry a sick child; that man, my friends, sits here under my hand. See—if I speak not the truth."

He tore open the prisoner's shirt and lay bare his breast. A great ragged seam marked it from right to left.

"Look," he said, "that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the souls of freemen, and put it to its highest test the best manhood in the South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife into an unarmed foe."

It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the jury without leaving their seats gave a verdict of "Not guilty," and the Prosecuting Attorney, who bore a scar on his own cheek, cheered as he received it.

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY TO THE HIGHER LAW.

CLARENCE N. OUSLEY.

(Extract from an address to the Literary Societies of the University of Texas, June 18, 1900.)

Whatever our faith or our creed, we must all own the allegiance of the created to the Creator. We must recognize our responsibility to the higher law. We understand the law though we may not comprehend the law-giver, and we cannot transgress the law without becoming criminals.

Even if we could dismiss the decalogue as the commandments of an antiquated God and the injunctions of the Nazarene as the mockery of a false prophet, there would remain to every man the law of conscience, which is common to the savage and the civilized, and which we cannot offend without becoming outlaws.

Therefore, whether we are Deists or Christians or Agnostics, we are subject to the higher law, and if we do not obey it we are law breakers. This is as simple and logical as the consequence of the infraction of State law, and the individual who violates the higher law deserves punishment and execration precisely as the individual who violates the State law deserves the penitentiary and social ostracism. But it is one of the flagrant inconsistencies of the social code that we turn our backs upon the petty criminal and strike hands with the social outlaw. Pure women who would flee from a thief as from contagion will take to their hearts men who know not conscience or virtue; and men who would not walk down the street with a prisoner of the police court will make boon companions of those who abuse the license of commerce or the weakness of the statutes and rob their fellows of millions.

More than we need laws to regulate commerce we need action to educate conscience; more than we need reform crusades we need uncompromising standards of right living on guard at the doors of our homes, and more than we need anything in legislation or social economy we need a universal sense of responsibility to the higher law and the God who framed it.

This is a Christian land, and we owe respect if not loyalty to Christian institutions. They are the safeguards of society. Without them to-day the moral universe would be chaos. We may reject dogma and revile creed; we may ridicule the emotionalism of religion and smile at the threatenings of theology, but we cannot deny the truth of Christian living, we cannot forget the achievements of Christian endeavor, we cannot afford to lose the saving grace of Christian influence.

Christianity is the most intelligent expression of the higher law that has yet been given to the world. It is the most reasonable faith that the religious instinct of the universal man has found to satisfy its spiritual aspiration. It is the latest if not the last formula of the eternal verities. Its teachings are above the philosophic wisdom of all the ages. Its phenomena have given man a conception if not a glimpse of the Almighty Father. Its hopes foretell the spiritual destiny if not the physical translation of the human race. If it is not true altogether, it is so sublime a fiction that it is nothing less than inspiration.

To this supreme and splendid principle of noble and ennobling life we owe personal and mutual responsibility. To the higher law which it expresses we are pledged in the bond of good conscience and in the discretion of the common weal.

I charge you, as you respect yourselves, take heed of your responsibility to your birth and station; as you love your country look well to your relation to your fellowman; as you rank the race higher than the brute, remember the God who made you in his image and gave you the uplift of immortal hope.

THE NATION'S NEED OF MEN.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

(From a Commencement address at Stanford University, June, 1893.)

If government by the people is to be successful, it is you and such as you who must make it so. The future of the Republic must lie in the hands of young men and women of culture and intelligence, of self-control and self-resource capable of taking care of themselves and helping others. If it falls not into such hands the Republic will have no future. Wisdom and strength must go to the making up of a nation. There is no virtue in democracy as such, nothing in Americanism as such, that will save us if we are a nation of weaklings and fools, with an aristocracy of knaves as our masters.

There are some who think that this is the condition in America to-day. There are some who think that this Republic which has weathered so nobly the storms of war and peace will go down on the shoals of hard times; that we, as a nation cannot live through the nervous exhaustion induced by the financial sprees of ourselves and others. We are told that our civilization and government were fit only for the days of cotton and corn prosperity. We are told that our whole industrial system and the civilization of which it forms a part must be torn up by the roots and cast away. We are told that the days of self-control and self-sufficiency are over and that this nation is really typified by lawless bands rushing blindly hither and thither, clamoring for laws by which men shall be made rich whom all previous laws of God and man have ordained to be poor.

In these times it is well for us to remember that we come of hardy stock. The Anglo-Saxon race, with all its strength and virtues, was born of hard times. It is not easily kept down; the victims of oppression must come of some other stock. We who live in America and constitute the heart of this Republic are the sons and daughters of "him that overcometh." Ours is a lineage untainted by luxury, uncoddled

by charity, uncorroded by vice, uncrushed by oppression. If it were not so, we could not be here to-day.

We are here to-day to learn those maxims of government, those laws of human nature, without which all administration must fail. The best work of a Republic is to save its children. The one great duty of a free nation is education, wise, thorough, universal. Reforms in education are the greatest of all reforms. The ideal education must meet two demands: it must be personal, fitting a man or woman for success in life; it must be broad, giving a man or woman such an outlook on the world as that this success may be worthy. It should give a man that reserve strength without which no life can be successful because no life can be free. With this reserve a man can face difficulties because the victor in any struggle is the one who has the most staying power.

A man should have reserve of skill. If he can do well something which needs doing his place in the world will always be ready for him. A man must have intelligence. If he knows enough to be good company for himself and others, he is a long way on the road toward happiness and usefulness. A man should have reserve of character and purpose. He should have reserve of reputation. Let others think well of us, it will do us good to think well of ourselves. No man is free who has not his own good opinion.

When an American has reserves like these he has no need to ask for special favors. The problems of government are problems of right and wrong. They can be settled in just one way. They must be settled right. If representative government is ever to bring forward wisdom and patriotism it will be because wisdom and patriotism exist and demand representation. There is no virtue in the voice of majorities. Truth is strong and error weak, and majorities of error melt away under the influence of a few men whose right-acting is based on right-thinking. Right-thinking has always been your privilege; right-acting is now your duty, and at no time in the history of the world has duty been more imperative than now.

NATIONAL PERPETUITY.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

(Extract from a speech at the banquet of The National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, January 27, 1898.)

I have no fear for the future of our beloved country. While I discern in its present condition the necessity that always exists for the faithful devotion of its citizens, the history of its past is assurance to me that this will be as it always has been through every struggle and emergency, still onward and upward. It has never suffered from any trial or been unequal to any test. Founded upon right principles, and ever faithful to them, we have nothing to fear from the vicissitudes which may lie across our pathway. The nation founded by the fathers upon principles of virtue, morality, education, freedom and human rights, molded by the great discussions which established its sovereignty, tried in the crucible of civil war, its integrity confirmed by the results of reconstruction, with a Union stronger and mightier and better than ever before, stands to-day not upon shifting sands but upon immovable foundations.

Let us resolve by our laws and by our administration of them to maintain the rights of the citizen, to cement the Union by still closer bonds, to exalt the standards of American civilization, encourage the promotion of thrift, and industry and economy and the homely virtues which have ennobled our people, uphold the stability of our currency and credit and unstained honor of the government, and illustrate the purity of our national and municipal government; and then, though the rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow, the nation will stand, for it is founded upon a rock.

TOAST TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

PRINCE WALKONSKY.

(Delivered at Russian banquet at Columbian Exposition in June, 1893.)

When we look at the map of the United States, when we see that big piece of continent between two oceans, all divided in so many different sections, we think it shows us one of the most eloquent pictures of division with the aim of Union; it gives a marvelous sample of development of the single unity for the sake of a common and general whole. Now, if we reduce the unity to its simplest expression, and if on the other part we extend the limits of the whole so far as they can be extended on this earth, we will have on the one side individuality, and on the other side, humanity. We of course cannot know what may be the language spoken in Heaven, but I know that on this earth there are no grander words than these two: Individuality and Humanity. They are at the same time both the starting point and the final aim of all human activity. In fact, individuals lead humanity, but humanity is the beacon that shines for individuals; no individual can pretend to be mentioned by posterity unless he has done something at least for a portion of humanity, and on the other side, no change or innovation brought into the state of humanity deserves the name of progress, if it does not aim at the happiness of the individual.

We, foreign nations, we, too, may be considered as individuals. All of us before coming here intensified our national individuality as much as we could in order to be worthily represented at the Fair. But we would not have come here, had we not known that there is a higher and a wider horizon beyond our private national interests. Patriotism is a grand meteor of a great impulsive power, but it is only the soil which feels our simple activities. The universal sun that shines above and gives them the necessary strength and vitality is Humanity.

Later on the great results of what we see now will come gradually to light. The day will come when all nations, just

like the different stars of the different States, drop their names and lose their color so as to form a constellation on the blue sky of our national flag, so all nations some day will forget and forgive the differences which keep them distant from one another, those unworthy differences which make of one human creature a stranger to another human creature. The day will come when all nations will join in those blue heavens when the words humanity, indulgence and peace make one eternally resplendent constellation.

I cannot resume my wishes in a better and shorter way than in proposing you to drink to the prosperity and glory of that allegorical sign, "The American Flag."

TRUE GREATNESS.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it: it is up with its age and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead the march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain. Let us waste no tears over what the world calls idle talent and idle learning. Real talent and real learning are not at all likely to be idle: it is their very instinct to be active. The man who does nothing is nothing: the man who has nothing important to give has nothing important to keep. The great will have words to speak and a work to do. He who does the greatest amount of good in this world is the greatest man.

The Titans of ancient fable, who piled mountains together and stormed the heavens, were not great, only huge. He is not great who merely wastes the nations: only he is great who saves and serves them. In the long run history settles its account with every man by determining precisely what good he has accomplished. If Napoleon saved France from anarchy, and ploughed Europe with his cannon balls, only in order to reap a goodly harvest of universal freedom; then the world is ready to shout that Napoleon was truly great.

This world has many sins and many miseries. It is not a world for the selfish greed of gain, nor the selfish pantings of ambition, nor the selfish struggles of power; but a world for self-abandonment, for sacrifice, for heroic toil. He who seeks only to get a living here is the merest earthworm. He who sighs for place and fame is the merest trifler. He who builds a throne for himself upon the necks of men shall become a hissing and a byword among the nations. Only he shall be loved of God and honored of men who is found to have accomplished something for human happiness and human good.

THE NEED OF A UNIFORM BANKRUPTCY LAW.

S. W. T. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

(From a speech in the United States House of Representatives, February 16, 1898.)

Mr. Speaker, how pitiable it is to see a man formerly prosperous in business and comfortable, industrious and contented, able to provide suitably for himself and his dependents, reduced to want and idleness and deprivation of all he once enjoyed! How crushing it is, moreover, when he realizes, as he sometimes does, that the better and stronger and more operative years of his life are past and gone; that he can not retrace the journey and utilize a second time the opportunities that once were his.

He appreciates most acutely the truth of the dismal philosophy of that Mohammedan caliph, Omar, I think it was, who said, "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity." In the retrospect, his discomfiture is but intensified when he perceives how and where his troubles might have been avoided, and recognizes too late, and after the fact, the shortcomings which have marked his career.

I can imagine such a man, worried and wretched by day, insomnolent and restless at night, racking his brain, straining to its utmost tension every ingenuity at his command for the betterment of his condition, desiring to do right, willing

if he could to pay what he owes, having just conceptions of all his obligations and a full consciousness of all his duties, and yet, turn as he will, think as he may, see as he can, there are no signs of promise, and only rayless darkness and "woe, irrelievable woe," are all that confront him.

In the morning he wishes it were evening, and in the evening he says, "Would God it were morning." Debt, the gloomy specter, is the last thing to tell him "Good night" and the first thing, in derision, to bid him "Good morning." His pride, his self-respect, his reputation among his fellows, his duty to his family that he be not "worse than an infidel, and deny not the faith," are all aroused, challenge his painful solicitude, and banish his peace; fortune gone, his "torch wasted that it can no longer burn," claims against him that he can not satisfy, debts which he can never by any possibility discharge, with tribulations innumerable and immeasurable pushing and pressing his endurance to the uttermost limit, with all the mien and manner of a wounded spirit which can not sustain his infirmity, "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain," wrecked and stranded, with sorrows unspeakable—oh, Mr. Speaker, such a man is entitled to the ready and cordial commiseration of all humanity, the sympathy of all civilization, the benediction of every generous heart, and every prompt and adequate relief that the law can give him.

We have provided in our bill that every honest individual debtor may claim and enjoy the privileges and benefits of voluntary bankruptcy. And we have gone so far as to declare, in similitude of the laws of the States, that if he be too poor to pay the costs of the proceeding, his plaint shall not on that account be denied, but shall nevertheless be heard. We say to him that if you come into Court with clean hands, and in good faith submit to your creditors your cessionem bonorum for pro rata distribution among them, you shall be discharged from your debts and "go hence without day," protected in all your exemptions by the laws of the State of your residence.

I believe its passage is dictated and commended by sound public policy; that in the case of the creditor it will afford every facility for the protection and enforcement of his rights that he can reasonably demand; that in the case of

the deserving debtor it will "raise the fallen and cheer the faint;" that by its aid thousands of good men will be lifted from "the mire and clay" of despair, endowed with renascent strength, and with "new songs in their mouths" and fresh hope in their hearts will resume the walks of business activity, of profitable enterprise, and of useful citizenship.

"TIME."

CHARLES SUMNER.

The value of time has passed into a proverb—"Time is money." It is so because its employment brings money. But it is more: It is knowledge. Still more, it is virtue. Nor is it creditable to the character of the world that the proverb has taken this material and mercenary complexion, as if money were the highest good as well as the strongest recommendation.

Time is more than money. It brings what money can not purchase. It has in its lap all the learning of the past, the spoils of antiquity, the priceless treasures of knowledge. Who would barter these for gold or silver? But knowledge is a means only, and not an end. It is valuable because it promotes the welfare, the development, and the progress of man. And the highest value of time is not even in knowledge, but in the opportunity of doing good.

Time is opportunity. Little or much, it may be the occasion of usefulness. It is the point desired by the philosopher where to place the lever that shall move the world. It is the napkin in which are wrapped, not only the talent of silver, but the treasures of knowledge and the fruits of virtue. Saving time, we save all these.

Employing time to the best advantage, we exercise a true thrift. To each of us the passing day is of the same dimensions, nor can any one, by taking thought, add a moment to its hours. But, though unable to extend their duration, he may fill them with works.

It is customary to say, "Take care of the small sums and the large will take care of themselves." With equal wisdom and more necessity may it be said, "Watch the minutes, and the hours and days will be safe."

Time is the measure of life on earth. Its enjoyment is life itself. Its divisions, its days, its hours, and its minutes, are fractions of this heavenly gift. Every moment that flies over our heads takes from the future and gives to the irrevocable past, shortening by so much the measure of our days, abridging by so much the means of usefulness committed to our hands.

In the right employment of time will be found a sure means of happiness. The laborer, living by the sweat of his brow, and the youth, toiling in the perplexities of business or study, sighs for repose, and repines at the law which ordains the seeming hardship of his lot. He seeks happiness as the end and aim of life, but he does not open his mind to the important truth that occupation is indispensable to happiness. He shuns work, but he does not know the precious jewel hidden beneath its rude attire.

Others there are who wander over half the globe in pursuit of what is found under the humblest roof of virtuous industry, in the shadow of every tree planted by one's own hand. The poet has said, "The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains." But this does not disclose the whole truth. There is in useful labor its own exceeding great reward, without regard to gain.

Seek, then, occupation; seek labor; seek to employ all the faculties, whether in study or conduct, not in words only, but in deeds also, mindful that "words are the daughters of Earth, but deeds are the sons of Heaven." So shall your days be filled with usefulness,

"And when old Time shall lead you to your end,
Goodness and you fill up one monument."

"THE MAN WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND."

CLARK HOWELL.

(From an address at Buffalo, N. Y., December 21, 1899.)

On the day I received the invitation to address this distinguished gathering, chance took me to the federal military post in the suburbs of my city. The Twenty-ninth Regiment of United States Volunteers, then quartered there, and recently landed on the other side of the Pacific, had that day received orders for their trip of 10,000 miles. The troops were formed in full regimental parade in the presence of thousands of spectators, among whom were anxious and weeping mothers, loving sisters and sweethearts, and a vast multitude of others who had gone to look, possibly for the last time, upon departing friends. Of the enlisted men a great percentage were from my own State, most of them from simple farmhouses and the quiet and unpretentious hearthstones which abound in the rural communities of Georgia. A few had seen service in Cuba, but most of them had volunteered as raw recruits from the farm. There were sturdy and rugged mountaineers from the Blue Ridge counties—strong, steady and intrepid, with the simplicity characteristic of the mountain fastnesses from which they came. There were boys from the wiregrass—plain, unassuming and unaffected, their eyes lighted with the fire of determination and their hearts beating in unison with the loyalty of their purpose. The men moved like machines. The regiment of raw recruits had become in a few months a command of trained and disciplined soldiers. The very air was fraught with the impressive significance of the scene, which had its counterpart in many of the States where patriots enlisted faster than the muster roll was called.

Leaning against a tree close beside me was a white-haired mountaineer who looked with intent eyes and with an expression of the keenest sympathy upon the movements of the men in uniform. His gaze was riveted on the regiment and the frequent applause of the visiting multitude fell apparently unheard on his ears. The regiment had finished its evolutions; the commissioned officers had lined themselves

to make their regulation march to the front for their report and dismissal. The bugler had sounded the signal; the artillery had belched its adieu as the king of day withdrew beyond the hills; the halyard had been grasped, and the flag slowly fell, saluting the retiring sun. As the flag started its descent, the scene was characterized by a solemnity that seemed sacred in its intensity. From the regimental band there floated upon the stillness of the autumn evening the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." Instinctively and apparently unconsciously my tall neighbor by the tree removed his hat from his head and held it in his hand in reverential recognition until the flag had been furled and the last strain of the national anthem had been lost in the resonant tramp of the troops as they left the field.

What a picture that was—the man with his hat in his hand, as he stood uncovered during that impressive ceremony! I moved involuntarily toward him, and, impressed with his reverential attitude, I asked him where he was from. "I am," said he, "from Pickens County;" and in casual conversation it developed that this raw mountaineer had come to Atlanta to say farewell to an only son who stood in line before him, and upon whom his tear-bedimmed eyes might then be resting for the last time. The silent exhibition of patriotism and loyalty I had just witnessed had been prompted by a soul as rugged, but as placid as the great blue mountains which gave it birth, and by an inspiration kindled from the very bosom of nature itself.

There was the connecting link between the hearthstone and the capitol! There was the citizen who, representing the only real, substantial element of the nation's reserve strength—"the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold" had answered his country's call—the man of whom Henry Grady so eloquently said: "He shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted." In him was duty typified, and in him slumbered the germ of sacrifice. There was that in the spontaneous action of the man that spoke of hardships to be endured and dangers to be dared for country's sake; there was that in his reverential attitude that said, even though the libation of his heart's blood should be required in far off lands, his life would be laid down as lightly as his hat was

lifted to his country's call. Denied by age the privilege of sharing the hardships and the dangers of the comrades of his boy, no rule could regulate his patriotic ardor, no limitation could restrain the instincts of his homage.

THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

D. M. HARRIS, D. D.

The new education differs from the old almost as day differs from night. The old education trained only the mind; it gave but little attention to the heart and less to the body. The study of mathematics and the dead languages made but small demands upon man as a physical being. The modern education which sweeps every field of knowledge trains the whole man. The training of the eye to a careful and accurate observation is indispensable to the study of modern science. In every branch of the physical science, the eye is the sense organ chiefly employed. In detecting resemblances and differences and in the classification of animals and plants the eye is almost the only organ used. An untrained eye unfits one to study astronomy or botany or mineralogy. The study of colors and forms constitutes a large part of the study of natural history. However strong and keen the intellect it can accomplish but little without a penetrating eye. The eye is useful not only in observing, but also in revealing to the soul the beauties of nature. When once the eye is trained to detect the most delicate lines and shades of color and intricate forms, it brings to the mind never ceasing delight. The dull and listless eye misses the glory and beauty of a landscape, misses the differences in colors, sizes and shapes of objects, the myriad colors of leaves and flowers and fruits. The trained eye enables its possessor to enjoy the beauties of tree and bush, mountain and plain, earth and sky. The dazzling beauty of the sunset, the majesty of the storm cloud, and the magnificence of the mountain are all revealed through the eye.

AMERICANISM.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Extract from an address delivered at the Jewish Chautauqua, July 23, 1900.)

There are two or three things that Americanism means. In the first place it means that we shall give to our fellow-man, to our fellow-citizens, the same wide latitude as to his individual beliefs that we demand for ourselves; that, so long as a man does his work as a man should, we shall not inquire, we shall not hold for or against him in civic life, his method of paying homage to his Maker. That is an important lesson for all of us to learn everywhere, but it is doubly important in our great cities, where we have a cosmopolitan population of such various origin, belonging to such different creeds, and where the problem of getting good government depends in its essence upon decent men standing together and insisting that before we take into account the ordinary political questions we shall as a prerequisite, have decency and honesty in any party.

Now for another side of Americanism, the side of the work, the strife, of the active performance of duty, one side of Americanism, one side of democracy. Our democracy means that we have no privileged class, no class that is exempt from the duties or deprived of the privileges that are implied in the words "American citizenship." Now that principle has two sides to it, itself, for all of us would be likely to dwell continually upon one side, that all have equal rights. It is more important that we should dwell on the other side; that is, that we will have our duties and that the rights can not be kept unless the duties are performed.

The law of American life—of course it is the law of life everywhere—the law of American life, peculiarly, must be the law of work; not the law of idleness; not the law of self-indulgence or pleasure, merely the law of work. That may seem like a trite saying. Most true sayings are trite. It is a disgrace for any American not to do his duty, but it is a double, a triple disgrace for a man of means or a man of education not to do his duty. The only work worth doing

is done by those men, those women, who learn not to shrink from difficulties, but to face them and overcome them. So that Americanism means work, means effort, means the constant and unending strife with our conditions, which is not only the law of nature if the race is to progress, but which is really the law of the highest happiness for us ourselves.

You have got to have the same interest in public affairs as in private affairs or you can not keep this country what this country should be. You have got to have more than that —you have got to have courage. I don't care how good a man is, if he is timid, his value is limited. The timid will not amount to very much in the world. I want to see a good man ready to smite with the sword. I want to see him able to hold his own in active life against the force of evil. I want to see him war effectively for righteousness.

Of all the things we don't want to see is the tendency to divide into two camps, on the one side all the nice, pleasant, refined people of high instincts, but no capacity to do work, and, on the other hand, men who have not got nice instincts at all, but who are not afraid. When you get that condition, you are preparing immeasurable disaster for the nation. You have got to combine decency and honesty with courage. But even that is not enough, for I don't care how brave, how honest a man is, if he is a natural-born fool he can not be a success. He has got to have the saving grace of common sense. He has got to have the right kind of heart, he has got to be upright and decent, he has got to be brave, and he has got to have common sense. He has got to have intelligence, and if he has those, then he has in him the making of a first-class American citizen.

A RIGHTEOUS WAR.

W. S. WITHAM,
(Of Atlanta, Ga.)

(From an address before the Bankers' Association, at Denver, Col., October, 1898.)

This is an educational war. It is also a righteous war in that it obliterates the difference between brother and brother arising out of our Civil War. I come to you from a land marked by many tombs, and whose long-saddened memories are once more broken by the triumphs of her chivalrous sons, in proof of our oft-expressed loyalty to the Stars and Stripes.

It is a war of reconciliation. Shall the poor man sneer at the rich, since he has seen the charge at El Caney, led by Roosevelt? Shall class hate class after seeing Hamilton Fish, the son of a millionaire, fall at the battle of Seville, caught in the arms of a penniless cowboy from Texas? Shall the white man feel contempt for the black man, since he saw that hero of the colored troops rush ahead of our faltering lines, mount the fort of San Juan, seize and break down the Spanish flag, then fall lifeless, pierced by no less than thirty-two Mauser bullets? Shall the Spaniard hate his American conqueror, who, after taking 25,000 of them prisoners, filled their empty stomachs with American food, gave them free passage home on safe, clean boats, singing, as they sailed, "God be with you until me meet again?"

This, too, is a uniting war. Did you ever see such a Fourth of July as the last one? The blowing up of the Maine made a grave for many brave soldiers, but at the same time it created the cemetery of sectionalism. The burning of Cervera's fleet by our own revealed more than one conquered foe of America—for it left in full view of the world the ashes of sectional hate. There is no Mason and Dixon's line to-day. Yes, it is a divine war, for we find ourselves doubly freed in our endeavor to secure freedom to our neighbor.

AMERICAN LIBERTY.

HAMPTON L. CARSON.

(From an oration delivered at the World's Fair, Chicago, on the occasion of the Dedication of the Liberty Bell, July 4, 1893.)

The institutions established by our fathers we hold in trust for all mankind. It was the Pilgrim of Massachusetts, the Dutchman of New York, the Quaker of Pennsylvania, the Swede of Delaware, the Catholic of Maryland, the Cavalier of Virginia, and the Edict of Nantes man of South Carolina who united in building up the interest, and in contributing to the greatness and unexampled progress of this magnificent country. The blood of England, of Holland, and of France, wrung drop by drop by the agony of three frightful persecutions, was mingled by the hand of Providence in the alembic of America, to be distilled by the fierce fires of the Revolution into the most precious elixir of the ages. It is the glory of this era that we can stand here to-day and exclaim that we are Americans in the broadest, the truest, and the best sense of that word; that we recognize no throne, no union of Church and State, no domination of class or creed.

American liberty is composite in its character, and rich in its materials. Its sources, like the fountains of our Father of Waters, among the hills, are to be sought in the everlasting truths of mankind. All ages and all countries have contributed to the result. The American Revolution forms but a single chapter in the volume of human fate. From the pure fountains of Greece; from the rude strength poured by barbaric transfusion into the veins of dying Rome; from the Institutes of Gaius and the Pandects of Justinian, from the laws of Alfred and the Magna Charta of King John; from precepts of Holy Writ and the teaching of him who was nailed to the cross on Calvary; from the courage of a Genoese and the liberality and fervor of a Spanish queen; from the blood of martyrs and the visions of prophets; from the tongue of Henry, the pen of Jefferson, the sword of Washington, and the sagacity of Franklin; from the Constitution of the United States; from the lips of the living in all lands and in all forms of speech; from the bright examples and the

deathless memories of the dead—from all these as from ten thousand living streams, the lordly current upon which floats our ship of state, so richly freighted with the rights of men, broadens as it flows through the centuries, out into the boundless ocean of the Future. Upon the shores of illimitable sea stands the Temple of Eternal Truth; not buried in the earth, made hollow by the sepulchers of her witnesses; but rising in the majesty of primeval granite, the dome supported by majestic pillars embedded in the graves of martyrs.

And thou, great bell! cast from the chains of liberators and the copper pennies of the children of our public schools, from sacred relics contributed by pious and patriotic hands, baptized by copious libations poured out upon the altar of a common country by grateful hearts, and consecrated by the prayers of the American people, take up the note of prophecy and of jubilee rung out by your older sister in 1776, and in your journey round the globe proclaim from mountain top and valley, across winding river and expansive sea, those tones which shall make thrones topple and despots tremble in their sleep, until all peoples and all nationalities, from turbaned Turks and Slavic peasants to distant islanders and the children of the Sun, shall join in the swelling chorus, and the darkest regions of the earth shall be illumed by the heaven-born light of civil and religious liberty!

THE COLLEGE TYPE OF RELIGION.

CHARLES F. THWING,
(President of Western Reserve University.)

(Condensed from an article in the N. Y. Independent.)

The type of religion prevailing in the college is a very human and humane type. It respects the rights of itself and also of every other individual. It concerns itself more with wholeness of character and wholesomeness of conduct than with dogmatic beliefs, important as these beliefs are.

It builds Young Men's Christian Association buildings, with reading-rooms, swimming-tanks, shower baths, game-rooms, and conversation corners, as well as with a prayer-meeting room. It embodies the type of liberal education which Paul nobly outlined in these words, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

The college man believes in God, and God he loves. He is not, however, inclined to talk or to write about his religion, as his grandfathers were. He is not inclined to think about his religion as his predecessors of thirty years ago were inclined to think. The reason of this condition seems to me to lie in the lessening of the spiritual self-consciousness which characterizes the age. Men are not given to turning the eye inward. Men study science, phenomena, the exterior. Men study themselves in the psychological laboratory through acts, impressions, endeavors, and not through a passing self-consciousness of themselves. The analysis of motives is not common. The questioning and cross-questioning of one's spiritual and ethical self is seldom done. The plummet line of inquiry is not often cast into the silent depths of the soul. The lessening of spiritual self-consciousness which characterizes the age in general characterizes, of course, the college youth who is a part of the age. He does not keep his hand upon his spiritual pulse. His hand he uses in some useful service. He does not ask himself, "Is my soul saved?" He is doing something to cause the salvation of the souls of the other fellows. He does not stay in his room reading Baxter's "Saints' Rest," but he is on the campus playing football and helping the fellows to play an honest and clean game without swearing.

I do not think we need fear that religion is passing from the college. The forms of expression in matters religious change in the college, as well as without the college. The special appeal which religion makes to humanity differs with different conditions, and the accent which its different truths receive may worthily be more or less strong in diverse conditions, but one can be content with the assurance that the

college man seeks to adjust himself rightly to his God. This adjustment is absolutely essential and central. This adjustment he desires to make in humility, reverence, and love. This adjustment is so personal that he is loath to write or to speak concerning it; and the absence of speech concerning it is to be interpreted as a sign, not of its absence, but rather of its preciousness and sacredness.

COLLEGE REBELLIONS.

CHARLES F. THWING.

(Extract from his book, "College Administration.")

In the history of the government of American colleges in the last hundred years, what are known as "college rebellions" have a somewhat conspicuous place. Although the college rebellion has now largely passed away, yet for a century it has in most colleges, at certain periods, played a very significant part.

The college student usually has a pretty keen sense of what we may call "natural rights." He also has a pretty keen sense of what we may call "prescribed rights." What belongs to him by reason of his being a human being, and what belongs to him by reason of his standing in a series of college men and a succession of college classes, he is inclined to appreciate at its full value. Whatever actions of the faculty lessen his natural rights, or any infringement upon what his predecessors were supposed to have enjoyed in prescription, he is inclined to resist.

It is also to be said that a college faculty does not appreciate the natural or the prescribed rights of the students at the same value that the students appreciate them. The faculties are not inclined to hold the honor of the students so high or to feel so sensitive as the students themselves. Perhaps, also, faculties cannot always be so considerate of the limitations or demand, either wise or unwise, of the great body of the students as they ought to be.

It is also to be recognized that students usually stand together. If any one of their number is treated unjustly by the faculty, the whole body of the students is inclined to rally about him, and to give him aid and comfort.

Out of such conditions have grown college rebellions. The Bread and Butter Rebellion at Yale in 1828 is representative of the difficulties which a college finds in setting forth board for its students. Students, like all persons not living at their own homes, are inclined to be dissatisfied with the food spread before them; and, not following the Scriptural injunction, are inclined to ask questions and even to make affirmations as well as interrogations.

In the summer of 1828, at Yale College, much complaint was made of the food provided by the college steward. Representations of dissatisfaction were formally offered by representatives of each of the three lower classes; but these representations did not secure any improvement. At last the condition became so strained that the whole body of the students agreed that they would not continue at the Commons until the changes they requested should be made. A committee was appointed to inform the faculty of the decision. The committee called upon President Day, and were informed that no attention whatsoever would be paid to their complaints thus submitted, as they were in a state of rebellion; but, should they lay down their arms, the matter of the complaint would be considered. A meeting of the whole body of the students followed, by which it was declared in their behalf that they had repeatedly made complaint of their grievances to the faculty, and had been promised relief, but these promises had not been kept. They could not get relief with satisfaction to their dignity and self-respect. They therefore reaffirmed their refusal to return to the Commons.

The next day four students who had made themselves especially obnoxious were summoned before the faculty and asked if they would submit to the rules of the college and go into the Commons. They declined and were expelled. Excitement had now reached its climax. The four men expelled became martyrs. A meeting was held in the open air on what is now Hillhouse Avenue, at which a valedictory oration was pronounced by one of the four men

who had been expelled; and other exercises of a somewhat touching and ridiculous nature were held. A procession was formed, which moved to the college green, and in the darkness of night, falling on the turf with hands joined, the students sang a parting hymn to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The next day the college assumed an unusual quietness, for only a handful of the students remained.

In this rebellion, however, as in most, division means conquest. A few days spent at home with one's parents are usually sufficient to dull the edge of collegiate patriotism. Most of the men were soon ready to apply for re-admission to the college. The faculty caused it to be known that the four men who had been expelled would not be accepted on any terms, but that others might return in case they would acknowledge their fault and sign pledges that they would henceforth obey college rules. Under these conditions nearly all concerned in the rebellion returned.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

(From the Century Magazine of December, 1900.)

Perhaps the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it can be left by will. The right of every man to be six feet high and of every woman to be five feet four was regarded as self-evident, until women asserted their undoubted right to be six feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into the interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

The pursuit of happiness! It is not strange that men call it an illusion. But I am satisfied that it is not the thing itself, but the pursuit, that is an illusion. Instead of thinking of the pursuit, why not fix our thoughts upon the moments, the hours, perhaps the days, of this divine peace, this merriment of body and mind, that can be repeated, and perhaps indefinitely extended by the simplest of all means, namely, the disposition to make the best of whatever comes to us? Perhaps the Latin poet was right in saying that no man can count himself happy while in this life, that is, in a continuous state of happiness; but as there is for the soul no time save the conscious moment called "now," it is quite possible to make that "now" a happy state of existence. The point I make is that we should not habitually postpone that season of happiness to the future.

Sometimes wandering in a primeval forest, in all the witchery of the woods, besought by the kindliest solicitations of nature, wild flowers in the trail, the call of the squirrel, the flutter of the birds, the great world-music of the wind in the pine-tops, the flecks of sunlight on the brown carpet and on the rough bark of the immemorial trees, I find myself unconsciously postponing my enjoyment until I shall reach a hoped-for open place of full sun and boundless prospect.

The analogy cannot be pushed, for it is the common experience that these open spots in life, where leisure and space and contentment await us, are usually grown up with thickets, fuller of obstacles, to say nothing of the labors and duties and difficulties, than any part of the weary path we have trod.

The pitiful part of this inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness is, however, that most men interpret it to mean the pursuit of wealth, and strive for that always, postponing being happy until they get a fortune, and if they are lucky in that, find in the end that the happiness has somehow eluded them, that, in short, they have not cultivated that in themselves that alone can bring happiness. More than that, they have lost the power of the enjoyment of the essential pleasures of life. I think that the woman in the Scriptures who out of her poverty put her mite into the contribution-box, got more happiness out of that driblet of generosity and self-sacrifice than some men in our day have experienced in founding a university.

THE VALUE AND DANGER OF PRECEDENTS IN POLITICS.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

(From a speech in the U. S. Senate, 1900, on the Porto Rican Tariff Bill.)

Let me state, sir, what is here involved. The government says that Congress shall provide such a government for these islands, conquered in our late war, as shall be best for them and for us; the opposition says we can act in only one way toward them, and that was the way devised for our infant states which were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh when they were territories. The government says we must teach and train and guide these children for years, for decades, and in some instances it may be for generations, till they comprehend what free speech, equal laws and all the substance of liberty means, before we give

into their hands that self-government which it required hundreds of years for us to comprehend and hundreds of other years for us to learn how to use. The opposition says we must bestow self-government now.

Sir, the present situation is for us unprecedented Our action must be without example in our history. The decisions of our Supreme Court are not to the precise point, and where analogy applies those decisions to the present conditions, they are conflicting and confused. This is fortunate rather than otherwise. New situations should be met with new methods. Search for precedents where none exist, effort to apply opinions of judges to conditions, neither before them, nor dreamed of when they wrote those decisions, is not helpful.

I admit and assert the authority of precedent. I understand that the philosophy upon which it rests is as deep as civilization itself. But that very philosophy demands that precedents shall apply only to like situations and that the solution of new problems shall not be hampered by fitting them into inapplicable precedents. The very philosophy of precedents demands the creation of new precedents out of new occasions. Surely we can see more clearly before us with our living eyes than our dead fathers with their dead eyes, looking, not at our problems, but at theirs.

Precedent has its rightful authority, but it has its dangers, too. It sanctifies the past, but used beyond its rightful sphere it forbids the future. China, we say, is living in the past. She is living in her precedents. She inquires not the best way; she asks only the way of her fathers. She is reminiscent; not inventive. Her memory is abnormal; her initiative is atrophied. Drugged with the opium of precedent she sits and dreams of ancient glories and the ancient gods. The science of the modern world is the lie to her because her fathers knew it not. Our medicines are poison because they are not inherited from the distant past, and enchantment is efficacious still because her ancestry dealt with the magic of the night. Spirits of evil fly upon the air and workmen fix charms upon buildings while at work to frighten the fell influences of the nether world, because their fathers did the like for a thousand years.

Precedent has shod with lead the feet of this puissant people and put upon her eyelids the somnolent spell of dreams. Happy for China when we shall shake that slumber from her blood and her people, refreshed and inspired by energy of progress, shall meet each new emergency, opportunity and duty by the wisdom of a living mind and not by the wisdom of a brain which for a thousand years has been thoughtless dust and even when quick and vivid was solving not the problems of to-day, but those of the entombed and storied centuries.

IMMORTALITY.

GEORGE PRENTICE.

Men seldom think of the shadow that falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes, the traces of the loved ones, whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life; and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to the dust.

We flourish, and we fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass; and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float another

moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like Angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth; and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and are forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

Finally, why is it that the bright forms are presented to view, then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affections to flow back in Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A hundred years ago, our fathers announced this sublime, and as it then seemed, foolhardy declaration, "That God in His wisdom intended all men to be free and equal; all men without restriction, without qualification, without limit.

A hundred years have rolled away since that venturous declaration, and to-day with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with forty millions of people, with two wars behind her, the great Republic launches into the second century of her existence. The history of the world has no such chapter, in its breadth, its depth, its significance, its bearing on future history.

If, then, this is the sober record, without exaggeration, with what tender and loyal reverence may we not cherish and

guard from change or desecration the spots where this marvelous government began; the roof under which its first councils were held, where the air still trembles and burns with the words of James Otis and Samuel Adams?—The Old South Church.

Its arches will speak to us as long as they stand of the sublime and sturdy enthusiasm of Adams, of Otis' passionate eloquence and single-hearted devotion, of Warren in his young genius and enthusiasm, of a plain unaffected but high-souled people who ventured all for a principle.

Only a sentiment! But what does it feed upon? Let someone point out to you the Old Church Tower, whose lantern told Paul Revere that Middlesex was to be invaded; let someone show you the elm where Washington first drew his sword; let someone show you Winter Hill, whose cannon ball struck Brattle Street Church, at your feet the sod is greener for the blood of Warren, which settled it forever that no more laws were to be made for us in England.

Is there any more sacred or memorable a place than the cradle of such a principle? Athens has her Acropolis, but the Greek can point to no such results. London has her palace and Tower and her St. Stephen's Chapel, but the human race owes her no such memories. France has spots marked by the sublimest devotion, but the pilgrimage of the man who believes and hopes for the human race is not to Paris. When the flag was assailed, when the merchant waked up from his gain, the scholar from his studies, and the regiments marched one by one through the streets, which were the pavements that thrilled under their footsteps? What walls did they salute as the regimental flags floated by to Gettysburg and Antietam? These, these were the scenes that our boys carried with them down to the scenes of battle. State Street, Faneuil Hall, and the Old South Church.

COYOTE.

MARK TWAIN.

The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it.

When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you.

But, if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition.

All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he can not understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer, and he begins to get aggravated.

And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and

swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

"Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere; and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

A PLEA FOR THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

C. C. SMITH.

(From the "Church Union.")

This is the picture of the negro as left by slavery: physically, he was impure; mentally, a child; morally, a curiosity; socially and politically he did not exist at all.

Suddenly the scene changes: all the old relations are broken up. Freed from all the restraints of the past and cast upon his own resources, just as he is, with the heredity of sin upon him, all at once he becomes his own master: he is called upon to govern himself and others; to be his own educator; turned out free—free to become a child of God or free to become an imp of Satan.

In this new state, the first influence brought to bear upon him was that of the "carpet-bagger." He alienated him from his former master, used him as a political catspaw for the accomplishment of his own corrupt purposes, and then left him to suffer the consequences. Then came the usurer, taking advantage of his need and his ignorance to practice upon him extortion. Then came the rum-seller, taking advantage of his weakness to debauch him with strong drink. Then came the licentious to prey upon his impurity. He became

an easy prey for all of Satan's minions. He lost all the protection which slavery gave him and had none of the strength of a true freeman. Ignorance unrestrained became sin; and lust unbridled became pollution. Everybody's distrust of him produced self-distrust; as no one believed in him, he did not believe in himself; and from that day to this he has slept like the swine, eaten like the dog, and herded like the cattle.

Yet for these a plea may well be made. In the midst of this dismal swamp flowers grow, by contrast all the brighter. They all love their homes: tramps they are not. They love their country: aliens they are not. They, in their way, believe in God: atheists they are not. Commit to them a great trust and they will be faithful: traitors they are not. Hopeful and happy they are in the midst of squalor and wretchedness: pessimists they are not. They stand before us with a weird, wild, poetic life, so unique that our disgust is turned into interest and our pity to love. What the negro may become has been shown. You, white man of the South, know what he was when raised near your person. No one need tell you of his right royal gallantry and politeness, of his unique service and fidelity even unto death.

The plea is not for money as alms or for him to control: this would but make him a pauper. It is not that you should go to him as a social equal; for if you do you will lose your power to do him good: some one must come to him from above. Nor is the plea for more political power. He, in his present state, has no more use for it than the little child for the sharp knife. No one can govern a country until he has learned to govern himself.

The plea is, that he shall not suffer because he is black; and that he be protected in his rights by the law of the land, by the law administered as well as the law enacted: that he shall not be condemned until proved guilty. But the main plea is that he have a chance to become a man above the fury of the mob. He cannot do this for himself. The plea is then for Christian schools to train men and women, teachers and preachers, who shall lead their own from the land of bondage to the land of promise.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH.

You say we are in a minority, but there is not a social, political, or religious privilege we enjoy to-day that was not bought for us by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. The chosen heroes of this earth have been those who have stepped out in advance of the public sentiment of their age and stood, like glorious iconoclasts, to break down the Dagon of old abuses worshipped by their fathers. They were persecuted—the very men they worked for hurled at them contumely and scorn, yet they stood firmly at their post—and if you read the history of this world, you will find that one generation has ever been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history.

Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, they were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. Those were in a minority that, through blood, and tears, and bootings, and scourgings—dying the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government, if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; though he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle the avenues with silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

"Troops of beautiful, bright angels"

gathered round him, and God Himself stands within the dim future keeping watch over His own. If a man stands for the

right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

A RETROSPECT OF LINCOLN'S LIFE.

HENRY WATTERSON.

(Extract from his oration on Lincoln, first delivered before the Lincoln Union at the Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895.)

What was the mysterious power of that mysterious man, Abraham Lincoln? His was the genius of common sense, of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions—of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of

the imagination and give itself wholly to the workaday uses of the world—the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning. And asking myself, How could any man have hated that man, I ask you, How can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance or accident. Recurring to the doctrine of inspiration, I say again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how any one who believes in that doctrine can regard him as anything else.

PREFACE TO THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JOHN RUSKIN.

If your life were but a fever fit—the madness of a night, whose follies were all to be forgotten in the dawn, it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours—what toys you snatched at, or let fall—what visions you followed wistfully with the deceived eyes of sleepless frenzy. * * * But if this life be no dream, * * * if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win must be won now; and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never — will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, waste yourselves in the fire for vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? Was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down upon it, but only under it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest: No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of wild olive, mark you—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with gray leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of great honor and sweet rest. Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain—these, and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things—these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine.

ON BEING HARD UP.

JEROME K. JEROME.

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby, and to be ashamed of your address. No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman who would have faced the labors of Hercules has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

It is not actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. Who would mind roughing it a bit, if that were all it meant? What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off? His shabbiness did not trouble him: there were none of his friends round about to sneer at him.

One becomes used to being hard up, as one becomes used to everything else, by the help of that wonderful old homeopathic doctor, Time. You can tell at a glance the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case-hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years, and the poor devil of a beginner, striving to hide his misery, and in constant agony of fear lest he should be found out. Nothing shows this difference more clearly than the way in which each will pawn his watch. As the poet says somewhere:

"True ease in pawning comes from art, not chance."

Dear old ladies and gentlemen, who know nothing about being hard up—and may they never, bless their gray old heads—look upon the pawnshop as the last stage of degradation; but those who know it better are often surprised, like the little boy who dreamed he went to Heaven, at meeting so many people there that they never expected to see. For my part, I think it a much more independent course than borrowing from friends, and I always try to impress

this upon those of my acquaintance who incline toward "wanting a couple of dollars till the day after to-morrow." But they won't all see it. One of them once remarked that he objected to the principle of the thing. I fancy if he had said it was the interest that he objected to he would have been nearer the truth; twenty-five per cent certainly does come heavy.

There are degrees in being hard up. We are all hard up, more or less—most of us more. Some are hard up for a thousand dollars, some for ten cents. Just at this moment I am hard up myself for a fiver. I only want it for a day or two. I should be certain of paying it back within a week at the outside, and if any gentleman among my hearers would kindly lend it me, I should be very much obliged indeed.

THE MAIDEN SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

(Adapted.)

On November 7, 1837, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was shot by a mob at Alton, Illinois, while attempting to defend his printing press from destruction. When this was known in Boston, William Ellery Channing headed a petition to the Mayor and Aldermen, asking the use of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting. The request was refused. Dr. Channing then addressed a very impressive letter to his fellow-citizens, which resulted in a meeting of influential gentlemen at the Old Court Room.

Resolutions, drawn by Hon. B. F. Hallett, were unanimously adopted, and measures taken to secure a much larger number of names to the petition. This call the Mayor and Aldermen obeyed. At this meeting Dr. Channing made a brief and eloquent address. The Hon. James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, followed in a speech of the utmost bitterness. He compared the slaves to a menagerie of wild beasts, and the rioters at Alton to the "orderly mob" which threw the tea overboard in 1773—talked of the "conflict of laws" between Missouri and Illinois—declared that

Lovejoy was "presumptuous and imprudent," and "died as the fool dieth." The speech of the Attorney-General produced great excitement throughout the hall. Wendell Phillips, Esq., who had not expected to take part in the meeting, rose to reply. That portion of the assembly which sympathized with Mr. Austin now became so boisterous, that Mr. Phillips had difficulty for a while in getting the attention of the audience.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "I hope I shall be permitted to express my surprise at the sentiments of the last speaker—surprise not only at such sentiments from such a man, but at the applause they have received within these walls. A comparison has been drawn between the events of the Revolution and the tragedy at Alton. We have heard it asserted here, in Faneuil Hall, that Great Britain had a right to tax the colonies, and we have heard the mob at Alton, the drunken murderers of Lovejoy, compared to those patriot fathers who threw the tea overboard! Fellow-citizens, is this Faneuil Hall doctrine?

"Shame on the American who calls the tea tax and stamp-act laws! Our fathers resisted, not the king's prerogative, but the king's usurpation. To find any other account, you must read our Revolutionary history upside down. Our State archives are loaded with arguments of John Adams to prove the taxes laid by the British Parliament unconstitutional—beyond its power. To draw the conduct of our ancestors into a precedent for mobs, for a right to resist laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memory. The difference between the excitements of those days and our own, which the gentleman in kindness to the latter has overlooked, is simply this: the men of that day went for the right, as secured by the laws. Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead. The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared to gainsay the principles of these resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans

and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up.

"Imagine yourself present when the first news of Bunker Hill battle reached a New England town. The tale would have run thus: 'The patriots are routed—the red-coats victorious—Warren lies dead upon the field.' With what scorn would that Tory have been received, who should have charged Warren with imprudence! who should have said that, bred a physician, he was 'out of place' in that battle, and 'died as the fool dieth!' As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had England offered to put a gag upon his lips.

"I am glad, sir, to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When Liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note for these United States."

SHALL THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BE RE-ASSERTED.

(Adapted.)

The Republican party held its second national convention at Chicago in the spring of 1860. It had been determined that the platform of the convention should be so shaped that the less convinced and more timid members of the party should not be scared from its acceptance by too radical utterances. Among the more advanced of the Republican leaders was Mr. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio. He hoped to make of the party an instrument not only for checking the extension of slavery, but for its ultimate extinction.

To serve this purpose, when the platform was reported on the second day, he proposed to add as an amendment the words of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among

these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Mr. Giddings urged at some length the adoption of his amendment. The great principle it embodied had been the foundation of freedom for two hundred years. And he asked the Republican party not to recede from the position it had occupied at the first formation, when it had based the groundwork of freedom upon these very words. The motion was adopted, and the oldest champion, the one who had received the most scars in the good fight which the party now wished to bring to a decision, left the hall distressed and embittered.

At that moment Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis arose. "It seemed to me," he afterward said, "that the spirits of all the martyrs to freedom were marching out of the convention behind the venerable form of that indignant and outraged old man." He tried to renew the motion of Mr. Giddings. His voice was at first drowned by the clamor of the opposing faction. Folding his arms he calmly faced the uproarious multitude and waited. The spectacle of a man who would not be put down at length so far amused the delegates that they stopped to look at him. "Gentlemen," rang out that musical voice in tones of calm intensity, "this is the convention of free speech, and I have been given the floor. I have only a few words to say to you, but I shall say them if I stand here until tomorrow morning." Again the tumult threatened the roof of the wigwam and again the speaker waited. His pluck and the chairman's gavel soon gave him another chance. Skillfully changing the amendment to the resolution, it made it in order, he spoke with a tongue of fire in its defense, and at last said, "Gentlemen, I have to ask this convention whether they are prepared to go upon the record, and before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence? I ask, gentlemen, gravely to consider that in the amendment which I have proposed I have done nothing that the soundest and safest man in all the land might not do, and I ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the men of Philadelphia of 1776—before they dare to shrink from the words that those great men enunciated."

The speech fell like a spark upon tinder, and the amendment was adopted with a shout of enthusiasm more unanimous and deafening than the yell with which it had been previously rejected. No further opposition was made to reasserting the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

THE NEW UNION.

HENRY WATTERSON.

The duty which draws us together and the day, although appointed by law, comes to us laden with a deeper meaning than they have ever borne before; and the place which witnesses our coming invests the occasion with increased solemnity and significance. Within this dread but beautiful city, consecrated in all our hearts and all our homes, two plots of ground with but a hillock between have been set aside to mark the resting of the dead of two armies which in life were called hostile, the Army of the Union, the Army of the Confederacy. We come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Union. Presently others shall come to decorate the graves of those who died for the Confederacy. Yet if these flower-covered mounds could open and those who inhabit them could come forth, not as disembodied spirits, but in the sentient flesh and blood which they wore when they went hence they would rejoice as we do that the hopes of both have been at last fulfilled, and that the Confederacy, swallowed up by the Union, lives again in American manhood and brotherhood, such as were contemplated by the makers of the republic.

To those of us who were the comrades and contemporaries of the dead that are buried here, who survived the ordeal of battle and who live to bless the day, there is nothing strange or unnatural in this, because we have seen it coming for a long time; we have seen it coming in the kinship of ties even as close as those of a common country; in the robust intercourse of the forum and the market place; in the sacred interchanges of the domestic affections; but, above all, in the prattle of little children who cannot distinguish between the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

HENRY CLAY.

(Delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824.)

There is reason to apprehend that a tremendous storm is ready to burst upon our happy country, one which may call into action all our vigor, courage and resources. Is it wise or prudent, in preparing to breast the storm, if it must come, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to repel European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral energy, and to qualify it for easy conquest and base submission? If there be any reality in the dangers which are supposed to encompass us, should we not animate the people, and adjure them to believe, as I do, that our resources are ample; and that we can bring into the field a million of freemen, ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and to spend the last cent in the defense of the country, its liberty, and its institutions? Sir, are these, if united, to be conquered by all Europe combined? All the perils to which we can possibly be exposed are much less in reality than the imagination is disposed to paint them. And they are best averted by an habitual contemplation of them, by reducing them to their true dimensions. If combined Europe is to precipitate itself upon us, we cannot too soon begin to invigorate our strength, to teach our heads to think, our hearts to conceive, and our arms to execute, the high and noble deeds which belong to the character and glory of our country. The experience of the world instructs us that the conquests are already achieved, which are boldly and firmly resolved upon, and that men only become slaves who have ceased to resolve to be free. If we wish to cover ourselves with the best of all armor, let us not discourage our people, let us stimulate their ardor, let us sustain their resolution, let us proclaim to them that we feel as they feel, and that, with them, we are determined to live or die like freemen.

But, sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see this measure adopted. It will give to her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America,

for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. Mr. Chairman, what appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representative of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms, in her glorious cause, while temples and senate house were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy;—in the year of our Lord and Savior, that Savior of Greece and of us, a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can, go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down; meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrunk from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose; that the spectres of scimeters and crowns and crescents gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

I was a boy ten years old when the troops marched away to defend Washington. I saw the troops, month after month, pour through the streets of Boston. I saw Shaw go forth at the head of his black regiment, and Bartlett, shattered in body but dauntless in soul, ride by to carry what was left of him once more to the battlefields of the Republic. To my boyish mind one thing alone was clear, that the soldiers, as they marched past, were all, in that supreme hour, heroes and patriots.

And you, brave men who wore the gray, would be the first to hold me or any other son of the North in just contempt if I should say that now it was all over I thought the North was wrong and the result of the war a mistake. To the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy we hold out our hands freely, frankly and gladly. We have no bitter memories to revive, no reproaches to utter. Differ in politics and in a thousand other ways we must and shall in all good nature, but never let us differ with each other on sectional or state lines, by race or creed.

We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back, and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said: "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the Colonies into the War for Independence. Side by side, they founded the government of the United States. Morgan and Greene, Lee and

Knox, Moultrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder, and wore the same uniform of buff and blue—the uniform of Washington.

Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, tells that if war should break again upon the country the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts would, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meanings in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

EDWARD J. PHELPS.

If Marshall had been only what I suppose all the world admits he was, a great lawyer and a very great judge, his life, after all, might have had no greater historical significance, in the strict sense of the term, than the lives of many other illustrious Americans who in their day and generation have served and adorned their country.

But it is not, in my judgment, as a great judge merely, or in comparison with other great judges, that Chief Justice Marshall will have his place in ultimate history. The test of historical greatness, the sort of greatness that becomes important in future history, is not great ability merely. It is great ability, combined with great opportunity, greatly employed. The question will be, how much a man did to shape the cause of human affairs, or to mould the character of human thought. Did he make history, or did he only accompany and embellish it? Did he shape destiny, or was he carried along by destiny? These are the inquiries that posterity will address to every name that challenges permanent admiration, or seeks a place in final history. Now it is precisely in that point of

view, as it appears to me, that adequate justice has not yet been done to Chief Justice Marshall. He has been estimated as the lawyer and the judge, without proper consideration of how much more he accomplished and how much more is due him from his country and the world, than can ever be due to any mere lawyer or judge. The assertion may perhaps be regarded as a strong one, but I believe it will bear the test of reflection, and certainly the test of reading in American history, that, practically speaking, we are indebted to Chief Justice Marshall for the American Constitution. I do not mean the authorship of it, or the adoption of it, although in that he had a considerable share, but for that practical construction, that wise and far-seeing administration, which raised it from a doubtful experiment, adopted with great hesitation and likely to be readily abandoned if its practical working had not been successful, raised it, I say, from a doubtful experiment to a harmonious, a permanent and a beneficent system of government, sustained by the judgment and established in the affection of the people. He was not the commentator upon American constitutional law; he was not the expounder of it; he was the author, the creator of it.

The future Hallam, who shall sit down with patient study to trace and elucidate the constitutional history of this country, to follow it from its origin through its experimental period and its growth to its perfection, to pursue it from its cradle, not, I trust, to its grave, but rather to its immortality, will find it all, for its first half century, in those luminous judgments, in which Marshall, with an unanswerable logic and a pen of light, laid before the world the conclusions of his court.

GENUINE REFORMS.

MARY T. LATHROP.

It seems, sometimes, to the careless and gainsaying world as if reforms and reformers came too soon. They are like unripe fruit brought into market after a windstorm, with

immense possibilities in their future, but lacking the days and the months of rain and of sunshine in order to bring them to ripeness and to fullness.

But if we look carefully at the philosophy of reform, when it passes out of the tumult of discussion into the calmness of history, we shall see that reforms always come at the right time, come in the logic of events, and the logic of events is only another name for the logic of Almighty God.

God's year is not all spring time, when under our feet and over our head is the thrill of a new and an awakening life. God's year is not all lavish, glorious summer, when we stand amid the wealth of bough and blossom; God's year is not all autumn, when it drops its ripened miracle into our hands in the shape of purple clusters and golden fruit. Part of God's year is winter, colorless, odorless, flowerless, stilly, sodden deep under the snow.

What is true of God's year in His material universe, that ripens to beauty and perfection its fruitage, is true of the long cycles of His moral world where he ripens human thought and human progress. All of God's centuries are not spring time, full of thrilling life; not all are lavish, glorious summer, not all are ripe and golden autumn. Part of them are odorless, colorless, sodden deep under the snow. But always in God's winter He is getting ready for another spring, and always in the winter of human progress and human thought God is getting ready for moral victories and grand autumns of gathered fruitage.

It was winter for Israel when they were under the bondage of Egypt and Moses was on the "back side of the mountain feeding sheep and learning patience as a leader;" but it was springtime when he stood by the Red Sea, and it was summer when the Israelites were led through the waters.

It was winter for the world when the church had drifted into the darkness of the middle ages and Luther prayed as a monk in a convent. But it was summer when that grand soul, alone with God, nailed his theses to the cathedral door, and awoke not only Germany, but the world.

God's prophets always have the right of way. He prepares the hour for the man and the man for the hour.

SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

T. DeWITT TALMADGE.

What an exalting principle is that which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm, or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic cants, or moves nations. It is no new principle for it is as old as human nature. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, for I could take you into this city, and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

About thirty-eight years ago there went forth from our Northern and Southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They marched till their cut feet marked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after battle, and got it not. They were homesick, but received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. It was the principle of substitution. Suffering for another!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables.

Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward who saw that the prisoner was irresponsible and idiotic, and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what smypathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censure and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow-men, where, even in his heart, I can even expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this time know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the postmortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stormy step of obloquy in the Auburn court-room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile. A noble example of that exalted principle which leads one to suffer for another.

UNITED STATES IN CUBA.

L. B. ELLIS.

(In the Arena for July, 1900.)

"Are the Cuban municipalities self-supporting since the war?" is a question I often hear. In the broadest sense, yes. For municipalities are everything here, corresponding more nearly to our townships. But municipal organization in the island is clumsy and cumbersome, and already in Havana they are trying to formulate something simpler and more effective.

Other reforms are drifting to these people. For us to try to hasten some of them arbitrarily would only retard them. Foremost in this class may be counted the transfer tax, the census or ninety-nine-year tax, and the land tax. The last arrests the attention. Think of a country that reverses Henry George's "ground principle" and taxes land only when under cultivation, thereby putting a certain premium upon idleness! But the Cubans are not ready to accept a reversal of this unjust statute at the hands of their benefactors. There are too many circumstances that make them suspicious of a reform so radical. Yet could this be done at once, and with their full acceptance in spirit, they would be much closer to that industrial revival which must precede prosperity.

Some reforms in the judiciary have been necessary from the first days of our administration, but they have not been easy of accomplishment. There intervened the inevitable and almost daily conflict between the civil and military processes of law. General Wood has already done much to obviate this, stimulating the civil procedure and narrowing the reach of military jurisdiction. By such a policy he has won the confidence of the islanders to a remarkable extent, increasing their admiring affection also by employing Cubans in every position possible, even in his own office and about his person. It should be remarked that this has been done very persistently by all officials and in every department of the United States' Cuban government.

The lately appointed law reform commission has not yet completed its task, but it is well understood that its most

radical innovations will be the establishment of police correctional courts, presided over by salaried judges, and the acceleration of judicial processes so that justice in both civil and criminal cases may be meted out with less delay than under the old dragging system instituted by Spain.

EMMETT'S DEFENSE.

ROBERT EMMETT.

What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and by which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of calumny and false accusation which have been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal I should bow in silence and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will through the ministry of that law labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may live in the hearts and in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me while I look down complacently on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by the blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over men as over beasts of the forest; which sets man against his brother and raises his hand in

the name of God against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard, a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of orphans and the tears of widows it has made.

Let no man dare when I am dead to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could engage in any cause but of my country's liberty and independence. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought on the threshold of my country, and its enemy could have entered only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And now, am I who lived but for my country and who have subjected myself to the dangers of a jealous and watchful oppressor and the bondage of the grave—am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by those artificial terrors that surround your victim, but flows freely and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, and which you are now bent to destroy. Be yet patient; I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is almost extinguished; my race is run. The grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. * * * * * * * I have but one request to make at my departure from this world. It is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for, as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance espouse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace, and my tomb uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.

THE IRON WILL OF ANDREW JACKSON.

(Adapted.)

Both friends and foes have bestowed on Andrew Jackson the characteristic of being a man of iron will. When this is meant to imply hardness of heart, nothing could be further from the truth, but when it means that his sense of duty was strong, and stronger even than his feelings, the term may not have been misapplied.

His iron will was mere firmness or inflexibility in the cause he deemed right. It was an indomitable resolution to carry out what conscience dictated. Judgment and the fruits of it, opinion and corresponding conduct, it seemed to him, ought to be inseparable. He knew of no compromise or half-way measures with what was wrong.

This high moral tone, though often imputed to him as a fault, was in fact the crowning glory of his character, whether as a man, a warrior or a politician. So far as its having proved inconsistent with seeking full advice, and weighing contradictory reasons, and adopting measures of conciliation, where justifiable and wise, it was generally preceded by the amplest inquiries and careful deliberation. But a conclusion having been once formed, his mind and heart were flung into its execution with almost resistless energy, and then in fortitude to resist opposition, and in courage to brave all difficulties, and inflexible perseverance to carry out measures deemed right, he may well have been called a man of iron, a man of destiny, or the hero of the iron will.

AGAINST WHIPPING IN THE NAVY.

(Adapted.)

I love the navy. When I speak of the navy, I mean the sailor as well as the officer. They are all my fellow citizens and yours, and come what may, my voice will ever be raised against a punishment which degrades my countrymen to the level of brutes, and destroys all that is worth living for—personal honor and self-respect. In many a bloody conflict has the superiority of American sailors decided the battle in our

favor. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. But can nobleness of sentiment or honorable pride of character dwell with one whose every muscle has been made to quiver under the lash? Can he longer continue to love a country whose laws crush out all the dignity of manhood, and rouse all the exasperation of hate in his breast?

Look to your history, that part which the world knows by heart, and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace and break his spirit, he never has disgraced her. Man for man, he asks no odds when the cause of humanity or the glory of his country calls him to fight. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and awoke the echo of old Albion's hills by the thunder of his cannon and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor, and the names of John Paul Jones and the "Bon Homme Richard" will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary bag, which for a hundred years had been the terror of Christendom, drove it from the Mediterranean and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to exact? It was the American sailor, and the names of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

In the war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered with disaster, when Winchester had been defeated, when the army of the Northwest had surrendered, when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land, who first relit the fires of national glory and made the welking ring with shouts of victory? It was the American sailor, and the names of Hull and the "Constitution" will be remembered as long as we have a country to love. That one event was worth more to the country than all the money which has ever been expended for a navy. Who was it that only a few days ago carried his gallant ships right into the jaws of the enemy—the haughty "Dons"— and annihilated their entire fleet without losing a single man? It was the American sailor, known in modern history as Admiral Dewey. The American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world for a heroism and prowess unsurpassed.

JURY PLEA.

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS.

(See "Great Speeches by Great Lawyers," p. 85.)

Gentlemen of the jury, this is a case of no ordinary character, and possesses no ordinary interest. Three of the most respectable citizens of the State of Mississippi stand before you indicted for the crime of murder, the highest offense known to the laws of the land. I ask for these defendants no sympathy, nor do they wish it. I ask only for justice—such justice as you would demand if you occupied their situation and they yours.

The ground of their defense is simple. They assert that they did not do the act voluntarily or maliciously; that they committed it from stern and imperative necessity; from the promptings of the common instinct of nature; by virtue of the broad and universal law of self-defense; and they deny that they violated thereby the ordinances of God or man.

The principles of self-defense do not require that action should be withheld until it can be of no avail. When the rattlesnake gives warning of his fatal purpose, the wary traveler waits not for the poisonous blow, but plants upon his head his armed heel and crushes out at once his venom and his strength. When the hunter hears the rustling in the jungle and beholds the large green eyes of the spotted tiger glaring upon him, he waits not for the deadly spring, but sends at once through the brain of his crouching enemy the swift and leaden death. If war was declared against our country by an insulting foe, would you wait till your sleeping cities were awakened by the terrible music of the bursting bomb? till your green fields were trampled by the hoofs of the invader, and made red with the blood of your brethren? No! you would send forth fleets and armies; you would unloose upon the broad ocean your keen falcons; and the thunder of your guns would arouse stern echoes along the hostile coast. Yet, this would be national defense and authorized by the same principle of protection, which applies no less to individuals than to nations.

But Judge Wilkinson had no right to interfere in defense of his brother! so says the commonwealth's attorney. Go, gentlemen, and ask your mothers and sisters if that be law. I refer you to no musty domes, but to the living volumes of nature. What! A man not permitted to defend his brother against conspirators, against assassins, who are crushing out the very life of their bruised and powerless victim. Why, he who would govern his conduct by such a principle does not deserve to have a brother or a friend. To fight for self is but the result of an honest instinct which we have with the brutes. To defend those who are dear to us is the highest exercise of the principle of self-defense. It nourishes all the noblest social qualities, and constitutes the very germ of patriotism itself.

Kentucky has no law which precludes a man from defending himself, his brother or his friend. Better for Judge Wilkinson had he never lived than he should have failed in his duty on such an occasion. Had he acted otherwise than he did, he would have been ruined in his own estimation and blasted in the opinions of the world.

THE CORRUPTION OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

C. H. PARKHURST.

Every solid statement of fact is argument. Every time you deal with things as they are, and name them in honest, ringing Saxon, you have done something. It has always been a trump card in the devil's game to keep things mixed. He mixed them in Paradise, and he has been trying to keep them mixed ever since. If the powers that manage this town are supremely and concertedly bent on encouraging iniquity in order to the strengthening of their own position, and the enlargement of their own capital, what, in heaven's name, is the use of disguising the fact and wrapping it up in ambiguous euphemisms?

Something like a year ago, in company with a number of gentlemen, I conferred in his office with the highest munici-

pal dignitary of this city in regard to the slovenly and wicked way in which he was pretending to clean our streets. In what I had to say to him at the time I addressed him as though he were a man and as though he had the supreme interests of the city at heart: and I have been ashamed of myself from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet ever since.

Our city, in its municipal life, is thoroughly rotten. Gambling houses flourish on all these streets almost as thick as roses in Sharon. They are open to the initiated, at any hour of day or night. They are eating into the character of some of what we are accustomed to think of as our best and most promising young men. They are a constant menace to all that is choicest and most vigorous in a moral way in the generation that is now moving on to the field of action.

If we try to close up a gambling house we, in the guilelessness of our innocent imaginations, might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes cognizance of such matters would find no service so congenial as that of combining with well intended citizens in turning up the light on these nefarious dens and giving to the public certified lists of the names of their frequenters. But if you convict a man of keeping a gambling hell in this town you must do it in spite of the authorities and not by their aid.

But you ask me, perhaps, what is the use of this asseveration and vituperation? What is the good of protesting? What is the good of protesting? Do you know that a Protestant is nothing but a protestant—a man who protests. And did not the men who protested in the sixteenth century do a good deal? Did they not start a volcano beneath the crust of the whole European civilization? Wherever you have a Luther, a grand stick of human timber, all a-fire with holy indignation, a man of God, who is not too lymphatic to get off his knees or too cowardly to come out of his closet, confront iniquity, look it in the eye, plaster it with the baptismal name, such a man can start a reformation or revolution every day in the year if there are enough of them to go around. Why, it makes no difference how thick the darkness is, a ray of light will cut it.

Reality is not worn out. The truth is not knock-kneed. The incisive edge of bare-bladed righteousness will still cut, Only it has got to be righteousness that is not afraid to stand up, move in the midst of iniquity and shake itself. The humanly incarcerated principles of this gospel were able in three centuries to change the complexion of the whole Roman Empire; and there is nothing the matter with the Christianity here, except that the incarnations of it are lazy and cowardly, and think more of their personal comfort than they do of municipal decency, and more of their dollars than they do of a city that is governed by men who are not tricky and beastly.

I have meant to be unprejudiced in my position and conservative in my demands, but we have got to have a better world and we have got to have a better city than this is; and men who feel iniquity keenly and who are not afraid to stand up and hammer it unflinchingly and remorselessly, and never get tired of hammering it, are the instruments God has always used to the defeat of Satan and the bringing in of a better day.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

HERRICK JOHNSON.

What is the Sunday newspaper? Let us be honest. It is not the newspaper in partnership with Sunday, to promote mutual interests and share the profits. The only mutual interests that are promoted are those represented by the maxim of the boy in tossing up the penny, "Head, I win; tails, you lose." The profits all go to the newspaper, and Sunday stands all the losses.

The Sunday paper is simply the daily paper thrust into Sunday. When the newspaper first appeared on Sunday it changed its clothes a little. It was padded with pious homily, as they pad the sacred concerts with "Sweet By and By," and the Doxology in long meter; but the wolf soon got tired

of trying to look like a sheep, and now the wolf enters Sunday with scarcely a bit of the woolly fleece left that he put on when he was keeping up appearances. It is a vast blanket of information. Some of it—a great deal of it—not inherently unwholesome; but all of it secular, worldly, of the earth, earthly; and some of it, very often a great deal of it, pernicious and unclean.

Why is it here? Some say, "Because the people wanted it." This is a free country, and I would be behind no one in defense of personal liberty and the rights of the people. But let that doctrine be pressed, push it far enough, let it once be understood, that what the people want the people must have, and we have begun to play sad havoc with our morals. I suppose the people out in Utah wanted polygamy; they would vote for it to-day, by a rousing majority, but the government does not intend to let them have it. Down South they wanted slavery, and, alas! the government was disposed to foster it, compromise with it; but in the thunder of our civil war God said, "Let my people go." The anarchists of Haymarket Square, Chicago, wanted a larger liberty; but American justice took anarchy by the throat and hanged it by the neck till it was dead, and buried it out of sight. Clearly, what the people want is not always best that the people should have.

Again, it is pleaded that it is a necessity of our times. But there is Toronto, a city of no mean repute. It has no Sunday newspaper. "Yes," say New York and Chicago, "but Toronto is rural, a slow coach, a country town, hardly in touch with the times. No Sunday paper may do for Toronto, but it won't do for a city astir with modern enterprise and vast population. Well, there is London. London is large enough, is it not? London is enterprising enough, is it not? It is five or six times as large as Chicago, and two or three times as large as New York. Yet, London has no Sunday newspaper. Don't you see that the plea of necessity is simply an absurdity? The Sunday newspaper is here simply for the money there is in it.

But is there no religious reading in these Sunday papers? Oh, yes! Here are the bits of lamb-like fleece, by exact mathematical measurement, furnished on a certain Sunday:

The New York Tribune published eighty-one columns of political, special, sensational, criminal, and gossipy matter, and three-fourths of a column devoted to religion; the New York Herald, eighty-four columns, with three-fourths of a column devoted to religion; the New York World, ninety columns, with half a column devoted to religion; the New York Sun, ninety-seven columns, with one and three-eighths columns devoted to religion; the New York Times, sixty-eight columns, with one-eighth of a column devoted to religion. It would be difficult to imagine what possible effect that little homeopathic pill of "sweetness and light" could possibly have alongside that vast dose of crime, worldliness, and sensationalism.

Oh, for a breath of the old Puritan! Doubtless he often looked as if all hope had been washed out of his face. I believe his Sabbath was a little too grim. But what men it made! Men of the martyr spirit, men of heroic mould. Men of the stuff that is food for the stake and the rack. You could trust them, lean on them, depend on them. They were great fearers of God, but they feared neither man nor the devil.

DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO AMERICA.

GRIMKE.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, holier family, our country?

I come not here to speak the dialect or to give the counsels of the patriot statesmen, but I come a patriot scholar, to vindicate the rights and to plead for the interests of American literature. And be assured that we cannot, as patriot scholars, think too highly of that country or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget, let us rather remember with a religious awe, that the union of these states is indispensable to our literature as it is to our national independence and our civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness and improvement. If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that, which has sculptured with such energy of expression, which has pointed so faithfully and vividly the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe; if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies and the revelry of the camp, the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest and the burning cottage; the storm of the sack and the ruin of cities; if we desire to unchain the

furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den; if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers; that the wind should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle; that the very mountain tops should become the altars for the sacrifice of brothers; if we desire that these and such as these—the elements to an incredible extent of the literature of the world—should be the elements of our literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our union, and scatter its fragments over all our land. But if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God and bless mankind; a literature whose smiles might play upon angel's face, whose tears "would not stain an angel's cheek;" then let us cling to the union of these states with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. On her heavenly character as a holocaust self-sacrifice to God; at the height of her glory as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people; American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that union her Garden of Paradise.

"ENTHUSIASM."

A. HARRINGTON.

If there be one want of the time imperious beyond another, it is that of earnest men. Literature has had full enough parasites and charlatans. The church wants men—men as ardent for duty as Alexander for glory—in whose sight the games and gauds of the earth vanish before the cause of truth like vapours before the rising sun. The state, too, can ill afford to substitute officials, partisans and demagogues, for patriots. It wants men with the ability to see and the enthusiasm to feel that policy is duty. It wants men who, sinking all selfish and sectional interests in an all-absorbing love of country, boldly venture position, fortune, life if need be, to compass an object dearer than self; who on this country's altars, swear eternal enmity to all who dare menace the integrity of the Union, or trifle with the constitutional rights of any section.

Examine the muster-roll of Genius, trace the progress of revolutions and reformations through the eras of history, and you will learn the power of true enthusiasm to beautify and better man's condition. Heroes, martyrs, the mighty dead heard, and the mighty living hear its notes and march to its inspiring music.

Without enthusiasm to vitalize their souls, the good never become ruling public spirits. With enthusiasm the bad wield a terrible power. Cortez and Pizarro stand out in the records of infamy as notable examples. Cortez was unrivaled in enthusiasm and unequaled in prudence; Loyala was at once the most delirious enthusiast, and a man of profoundest sagacity; and qualities such as these wield the sceptre over the generations of men. Syllogisms will not check such men; they must be overthrown by superior intensity of will, directed by moral purpose—by Luthers and Washingtons.

Every noble instinct of humanity condemns a selfish apathy in human affairs. Only mean spirits will remain listless, while the world within and the world without continue their manifold pleadings for enthusiasm of life.

Poet, orator, statesman, reformer, be sincere, be earnest, be true; for such the world has honors—humanity its believers—heaven its immortality! Act, then, as best you can, and you shall not be of that number—

"Who fast-rooted to their native spot,
In life are useless, and in death forgot."

PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.

(Adapted.)

James Lane Allen, sitting before an open fire, and watching, with sympathetic thoughtfulness, the burning of an old oak log, said:

"How much we are wasting when we change this old oak back into his elements—smoke and light, heat and ashes. What a magnificent work he was on natural history, requiring hundreds of years for his preparation and completion, written in a language so learned that not the wisest can read him wisely, and enduringly bound in the finest of tree-calf. It is a dishonor to speak of him as a work. He was a doctor of philosophy! He should have been a college professor! Think how he could have used his own feet for a series of lectures on the laws of equilibrium, capillary attraction, or soils and moisture! Was there ever a head that knew as much as his about the action of light? Did any human being ever more grandly bear the burden of life or better face the tempests of the world? What did he not know about birds? He had carried them in his arms and nurtured them in his bosom for a thousand years. Even his old coat, with all its rents and patches—what roll of papyrus was ever so crowded with the secrets of knowledge? The august antiquarian! The old king! Can you imagine a funeral bier too noble for his ashes? He will not keep the wind away any longer; we shall change him into a kettle of lye with which to whiten our floors."

Cornell University, appreciating the harmful effect of the rapid disappearance of our forests and the wholesale destruction of trees, has opened a new course to its students, known as a "Course in Forestry." It is the only college in the United States that is giving scientific attention to a matter that so deeply concerns the welfare of our people.

Aside from the immediate commercial effect of the lessening of timber production is the no less important result of the change in climatic conditions produced by a small forest area. Cornell has 30,000 acres in the Adirondack Mountains secured as a forest reserve. Over one million small trees of different varieties have been planted on this land. The study of their growth will give students a practical knowledge of the trees best fitted to varied conditions of soil, exposure, moisture and the like. There is surprisingly little general knowledge on this subject. It has been truly said that he who plants a tree plants a hope. Many more trees would be planted if people understood the variety of tree best suited to certain soils and conditions.

One of the most pleasing features of European countries is the excellent system of roads bordered by miles and miles of trees. With proper stimulation of interest in tree-planting and culture we might easily rival the great roadways of Europe as far as beauty is concerned. The study of tree growth and structure in the schools cannot fail to awaken an intelligent interest in these monarchs of the forest. Any and all means that awaken a desire to save our forests and beautify our country should be earnestly commended and encouraged. The people have too long looked at trees through eyes trained to see "lumber" and that only.

THE ORATOR'S CAUSE.

JOHN D. WRIGHT.

It is the popular cry now that, in America, the age of orators has passed. I tell you that there is enough true eloquence running latent in business and professional channels to shake this mighty nation to its very roots.

I rejoice at this seeming lack of orators. It is the most flattering sign of the peace and prosperity of these United States. Look over the world to-day, or look into history, and tell me at what periods nations have been renowned for their orators. Is it when their course was one of peaceful prosperity? Far from it! In our own land it was the days of the Revolution, of the anti-slavery struggle, and of the great war that freed the bondsmen. Why are the Irish a race of orators? It is a pitiful answer. Because for centuries there have been tyranny and oppression goading them on to desperate protests, forcing them to plead, and compelling them to threaten. Because this tyranny has left no place for him to speak who does not utterly forget himself, and thus become the living mouthpiece of the men and principles that he represents.

But never, perhaps, in the history of the world has eloquence produced more marvelous results than did that of Mr. Beecher in his brief anti-slavery campaign in England. It was a question of Parliament declaring for the Southern Confederacy, and you know what that meant. A vast multitude had gathered in Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, where Mr. Beecher was to speak. There were many desperate men there that night who were determined that he should not be heard. Men came armed, and certain bold friends of the North, going into the boxes, drew their revolvers and said: "The man who shoots here first shall rue it." There stood Mr. Beecher, perfectly calm and self-possessed, amid this frightful tumult. He had been told that his life was in danger, but on his knees, in the quiet of his chamber, he had yielded himself absolutely to his God and to the cause of the slave.

For an hour and a half he battled with that vast assembly. The hissing and abuse made the blood course through his veins like molten lead, and when he at last gained control there poured forth a mighty torrent of eloquence that swept all before it; and at the vote the "ayes" came out like the roaring of the sea. Was it the man who conquered that audience? Yes; but the eternal principles of right, justice and equality had conquered and inspired the man. There was no resisting the mighty force that stood behind him. He spoke for the freedom of three millions of slaves; aye, for the freedom of the world from the bonds which stopped its progress. Mr. Beecher outdid himself that night. There were depths and heights in his nature unsuspected till this crisis revealed them.

Once in the course of a sermon, he told the story of a feudal knight, far back in the dark ages, who, owning two castles on opposite sides of a deep gorge, conceived the idea of making a huge Aeolian harp by stretching from castle to castle great wires. He did so. The winds came, but no music broke the silence; and the people in the valley laughed at the prince. Years passed. At length one night there arose a mighty tempest. The turrets rocked to and fro. Desolation threatened, but as the terrible blast swept over the great iron wires the huge harp burst forth into harmony, and far down in the sheltered valley the villagers heard the wonderful melody, and thought it was the choir of heaven. So that night, as the storm of hisses and yells swept over the orator's soul, great chords were set vibrating which only a tempest could move.

And so it is, that far down in the depths of a man's nature are hidden chords, which can only break forth into music when all self has been swept away, and the great rough hand of some momentous crisis is drawn harshly over them.

CUBA AND SPAIN.

JOHN M. THURSTON.

(In the U. S. Senate, 1898.)

There are those who say the affairs of Cuba are not the affairs of the United States, who insist that we can stand idly by and see that island devastated and depopulated, its business interests destroyed, its commercial intercourse with us cut off, its people starved, degraded, and enslaved. It may be the naked, legal right of the United States to stand thus idly by. I have the right to pass along the street and see a helpless dog stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can pass by and say it is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable parlor with my loved ones gathered about me, and through my plate-glass window see a friend outraging a helpless woman near by, and I can legally say this is no affair of mine, it is not happening on my premises. But if I do, I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and God knows unfit to die. And yet I cannot protect the dog nor save the woman without the exercise of force. We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war, and war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." No peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve to death their fellow men. I believe in the doctrine of Christ. I believe in the doctrine of peace, but men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace. Intervention means force. Force means war. War means blood. But it will be God's force. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice and oppression has ever been carried except by force? Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the emancipation proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries

of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows at Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the lands on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea; rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union; kept the stars in the flag; made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom that transfigured you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
For God is marching on.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiations, which means delay; but as for me, I am ready to act now; and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country and my God.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(From his Bunker Hill Oration.)

We have indulged in gratifying recollections of the past, in the prosperity and pleasures of the present, and in high hopes for the future. But let us remember that we have duties and obligations to perform corresponding to the blessings which we enjoy. Let us remember the trust, the sacred trust, attaching to the rich inheritance which we have received from our fathers. Let us feel our personal responsibility to the full extent of our power and influence, for the preservation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. And let us remember that it is only religion and morals, and knowledge, that can make men respectable and happy, under any form of government. Let us hold fast the great truth, that communities are responsible as well as individuals; that no government is respectable which is not just; that without unspotted purity of public faith, without sacred public principle, fidelity, and honor, no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give dignity to political society. In our day and generation, let us seek to raise and improve the moral sentiment, so that we may look, not for a degraded, but for an elevated and improved future. And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country, and pride of country, glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended!

And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered around it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, then shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, "Thank God, I—I also—am an American!"

BURKE'S IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MACAULAY.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled under Garter King-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. There were gathered together from all parts of a free, enlightened and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle that no other country in the world could present. There the historian thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when before a Senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painters and the greatest scholar of the age. And there the ladies, whose lips more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

The charges and answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third day Burke rose. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction that more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the people of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and the English presidencies. He then proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

WILLIAM WIRT.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in pursuit of honest ends by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye, which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully-beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered, may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase "honest men" in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-

attesting integrity; in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier and nobler spirit; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be a height of folly to neglect; a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their sickly and feeble course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the Heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

ON THE $50,000,000 APPROPRIATION.

C. H. GROSVENOR,
(Of Ohio.)

(In the House of Representatives, 1898.)

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But we are all of us Danes in our welcome to thee."

Thus spake the heart of the great British public when the daughter of the Sea King came to her shores. Democrat and Populist and Republican are we, but we are all true to the flag of our country to-day. No more inspiring picture can be witnessed anywhere on earth than the demonstrations which we have seen during the last thirty, sixty and ninety days of the power of a great people, a free government, not only to stand for the flag of their country, the unity of the government, the supremacy of the constitution, but for their dignity and calm exhibit in the face of the world.

The American people have had a great deal to stir the blood of enthusiasm, a great deal to carry them off the feet of their calm judgment, but the picture that the world has seen is the picture of a nation calmly studying every question as it arose, and as step by step, danger seemed to come, threatening with its dark frowning face, all distinctions fled away. It will be worth more than $50,000,000 to the American people to know that the great heart of this people is a unit in favor of the government.

I have long thought that it was possible that the war might be a benefit to our country in this direction, but the demonstration of the last thirty days and its culmination, which is to take place in the capitol to-day and to-morrow, takes the place in the judgment of mankind of war as an evidence of the unity of a mighty nation. How magnificently has this duty been approached and performed! A doubt about the American people! Hesitation about the character of the Executive! A man who marched and fought at Antietam and in the valley of Virginia; who followed the fortunes of Sheridan in the great charge of that memorable campaign, who stood from his boyhood of 18 years to his manhood in the face

and fire of battle—does anybody doubt where his loyalty is, where his patriotism is, where his courage is? Calmly and deliberately has he weighed every measure. Calmly and deliberately has he considered every circumstance and calmly and deliberately behind him have stood 75,000,000 of people confident in him, confident in the patriotism of the people, true and faithful to the loyalty that has come to us from a thousand battlefields that saved the Union.

How magnificent it is! I have longed to live until I knew that this people was a united people. I have always felt that the actions of 1861 to 1865 were poorly done, that the blood was ill spilled, if at the end of this long period we had not a united nation. Thank God, I have lived to see the hour come, the day dawn and universal loyalty the watchword of every man, woman and child.

PATRIOTISM OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

The sentiment of patriotism naturally enshrines itself in the supreme crisis of its trial and triumph, and in its supreme personal types. With Americans it turns instinctively to the two master epochs and the two master heroes of our history. Each epoch developed illustrious leaders. The period of the Civil War and its preparatory struggle was resplendent with its matchless group of marvelous men who have commanded the admiration of the world. There was Seward, with his long leadership, his acute vision and his brilliant statecraft; there was Douglas, who was the Rupert of debate and the stormy petrel of our most turbulent politics; there was Grant, with his conquering sword in the field, and Stevens, with his flaming fire in the forum. But out of Illinois, untrained, untutored, except in the self-communion of his own great soul, came the God-given Chieftain to whom the acknowledged princes of statesmanship and oratory were fain to yield the sceptre of supremacy, and whose serene faith and sublime inspiration and almost divine prescience have not been surpassed in all the long and glowing story of liberty's march and humanity's progress. And thus in the incarnation of patriotism we offer our never-ending homage at the shrine of Lincoln, the savior of the Union.

The love of country is a flame that burns in every true heart. But country is not simply rock and dell, or blooming field or stately structure; it is not alone material or geographical. It was not the glory of the Parthenon that kindled the passion of the Athenian. It was not the grandeur of the towering Alps that moved Winkelried to gather in his breast the sheaf of Austrian spears, and through his own sacrifice make a triumphal pathway for his struggling compatriots. It was not the gleaming heather, or the bonnie blue lakes of the highlands, loved as they were, which fired "the Scots who ha' with Wallace bled." The inspiration of these glorious deeds was the love of liberty and the pride of principle which found their home in the mountain fastness and in the classic grove. The Greece and Switzerland and Scotland which held

the devotion of their sons were not the outward symbol but the inward life and the historic character which stamped their attributes and their aspirations.

And so our country, in its true significance, means its essence and not simply its substance. The American Republic is not domain; it is not power; it is not wealth; it is embodied liberty regulated by law; it is liberty resting upon organized institutions, through which society and civilization may blossom into their fullest and fairest flower.

THE CHILD OF THE ALAMO.

GUY M. BRYAN.

In the session of the Texas Legislature of 1852 a bill was introduced for an appropriation of money to care for and educate the child of Lieutenant Dickinson, who fell in the Alamo. Several members spoke in opposition to the bill, claiming that as Texas was deeply in debt no public money should be appropriated to private parties. There was a rule of the House that when the ayes and noes were called a member, before voting, could give reasons for his vote. When the name of Hon. Guy M. Bryan was called, he spoke as follows:

"I intended, Mr. Speaker, to remain silent on this occasion, but silence now would be a reproach, when to speak is a duty. No one has raised a voice in behalf of this orphan child—several have spoken against her claim. I rise, sir, an advocate of no common cause. Liberty was its foundation—heroism and martyrdom have consecrated it. I speak for the Orphan Child of the Alamo! No orphan children of fallen patriots can send a similar petition to this House—none other can say, I am the Child of the Alamo!

"Well do I remember the consternation that spread throughout the land when the sad tidings reached our ears that the Alamo had fallen! It was here that a gallant few, 'the bravest of the brave,' threw themselves between the enemy and the settlements, determined 'never to surrender nor retreat.' They redeemed their pledge to Texas with the forfeit of their lives—they fell, the chosen sacrifice to Texas freedom. Texas, unapprised of the approach of the invader, was sleeping in fancied security, when the Attila of the South was near. Infuriated by the resistance of Travis and his noble band, he halted his whole army beneath the wall and rolled wave after wave of his numerous host against these stern battlements of freedom. In vain he strove: the flag of Liberty, the flag of 1824, still streamed out upon the breeze, and floated proudly from the outer wall; maddened, he pitched his tents and reared his batteries, and finally stormed and took a black and ruined mass—the blood-stained walls of the

Alamo—the noble, the martyred spirits of every one of its defenders had already taken their flight to another fortress not made with hands.

"This detention of the enemy enabled Texas to recuperate her energies, to prepare for that struggle in which freedom was the prize, and slavery the forfeit. It enabled her to assemble upon the Colorado that gallant band which eventually triumphed upon the plains of San Jacinto, and rolled back the tide of war upon the ruthless invader.

"But for this stand at the Alamo, Texas would have been desolated to the banks of the Sabine. Then, sir, in view of these facts, I ask of this House to vote the pittance prayed for. To whom? To the only living Texan witness (save her mother) of this awful tragedy—'the bloodiest picture in the book of time,' and the bravest act that ever swelled the annals of any country.

"Grant this boon! She claims it as a christened child of the Alamo, baptized in the blood of a Travis, a Bowie, a Crockett, and a Bonham!

"It would be a shame to Texas to turn her away. Give her what she asks, in order that she may be educated and become a worthy child of the State, and take that position in society to which she is entitled by the illustrious name of her martyred father—made illustrious because he fell in the Alamo."

—THE END—

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